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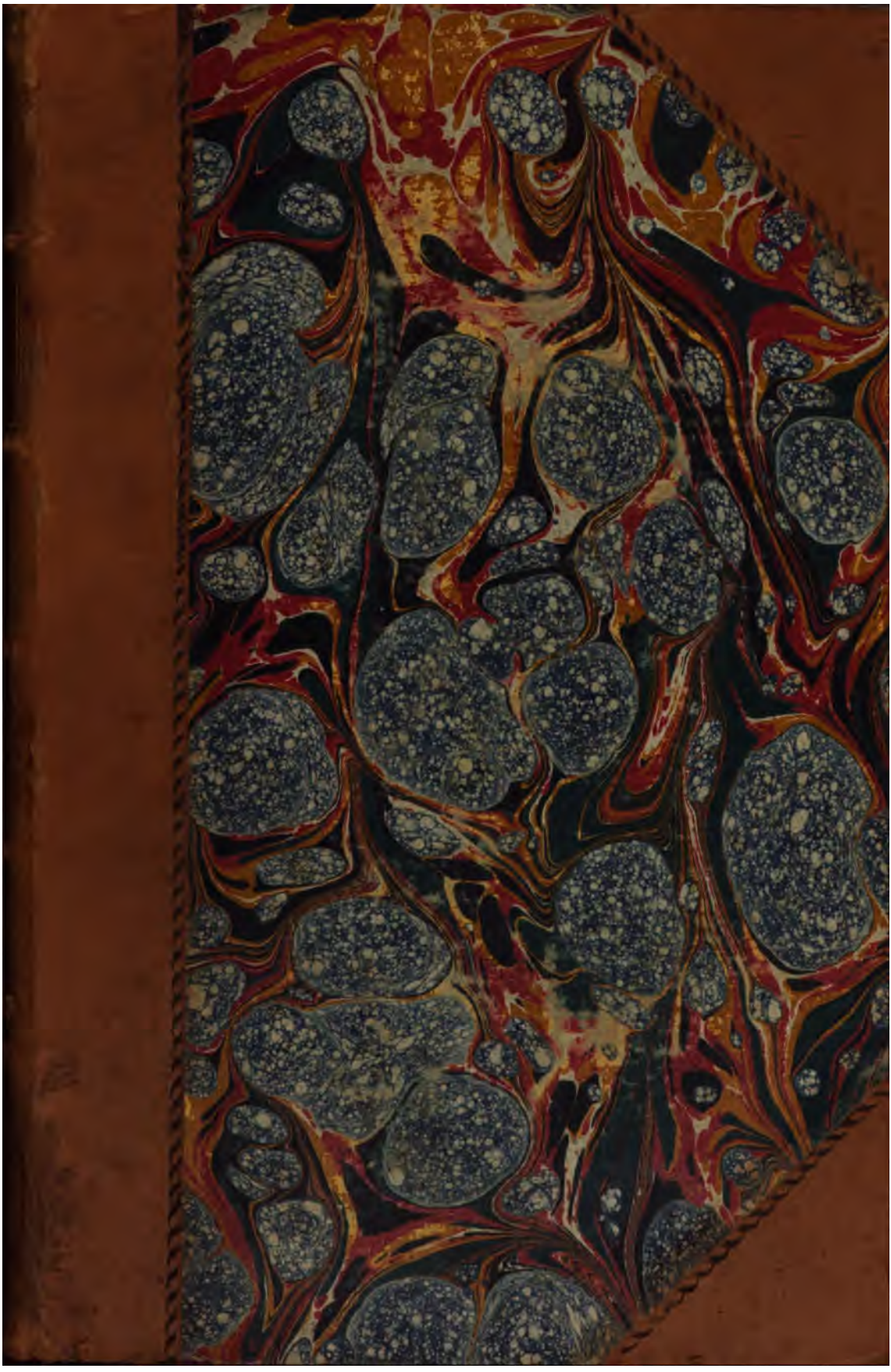

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JANUARY, 1844.

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.*

THE State Trials are worthy of profound attention. They will form a striking epoch in our history. Useful to the lawyer, interesting to the politician, they are pregnant with vital material for government to the statesman. It is not the mere guilt or innocence of the accused—it is not the naked and stubborn struggle for supremacy between the adverse parties—it is not Sir Robert Peel on the one side, and Mr. O'Connell on the other—it is not the abstract vindication of the law sought by the Attorney-General, or the abstract vindication of inviolable opinion contended for by the prisoners, that alone invest them with importance. These various and opposing elements, no doubt, mingle in the strife, and mature its acerbity. But there is a principle which overrides them all, and to which all are subordinate, running through the acts of this solemn national drama, and that is, the claim of the Irish people to self-government. Disguise it as men may, this is "the be-all and the end-all"—the real issue to be tried. Whatever our own opinions may be, it is well to let the truth be known. When the real disease is ascertained, the remedy is more certain of success. It is not our duty or design to inquire into the policy through which, on the one side, this national fever was generated, or, on the other, to censure the intemperate vehemence with which it was assailed, and which, instead of allaying the disorder, only served to aggravate its symptoms. Such speculations would carry no weight, and be of little interest. They would find but poor favour with either party. The preconceived theories of an ideal aggrandizement would be as little likely to yield to our arguments as the unintelligible doctrine that the law and constitution must be vindicated, where they have not been violated.

* A writer in the *Illustrated News* has adopted this heading for his "*Pencillings of the Four Courts.*" The writer of that "Note-book" is not the writer of this.—E. M.

With this strife of contradictory opinions it is not our purpose to interfere. Both are infallible, and, like all infallible pretensions, both are absurd. One might abate its visionary impracticability to save the country from convulsion—the other should reflect that governmental severity never yet secured the attachment of a tributary state, though it might force a temporary obedience, and that it resembles more a thread that will snap asunder, than a chain that will bind. We tread on "treacherous ashes," with the fire still burning beneath—let us, then, avoid the investigation of causes or of crimes which would bring the flame to the surface. It is not through any cowardly apprehension that we speak not with more freedom. There are times when too great candour is as injurious as none at all, and the present is a period when abstinence on that score is wisdom. The Queen's Bench is the arena and the arbiter of a mighty cause—mighty after a fashion of which Englishmen are wholly unconscious. With that we seek not, in its present stage, to interfere. The object of this paper is twofold—first, after some observations on the general character of our state trials, to describe the animating proceedings in the Queen's Bench to the close of the preliminary warfare, and, next, to sketch briefly the characters of the leading counsel for the accused and the crown. In a subsequent paper, we will go through the trial, and the interesting material it is certain to afford.

State trials are the sure indices of unsatisfactory government. They prove unerringly the just indisposition of a people to bad laws or bad administration. In this there is no paradox. The sensibility of an entire population is not slightly provoked, and where it is, if properly traced, we are certain to find all-sufficing causes. There might be in this general excitability, according to some political philosophers, the elements of an imperfect civilisation. We concede it; but state trials are a very inadequate corrector and refiner. Social and civil progress is as much the result of good government as of a tranquil and industrious condition, or, rather, the latter flows from the former. Where the current is interrupted, either the laws are justly distasteful to the governed, or the government, arrayed on the side of passion or oppression, coerces the rights of the people. The English state trials clearly illustrate these propositions. In our own country, we have had numerous prosecutions under the vigilant eye of the state. In these, the humane maxim of the Manchester manufacturer was reversed—"feed, employ, but don't hang them!" With us the hanging was the universal substitute. The only food was for the gallows, and the most active employment for the most cherished of executive officers—the hangman! There was neither mercy in the mode nor measure in the punishment, or, rather, one even heaped-up measure for all—death by indiscriminating law. Worse still than this—we had the trials of the drum-head, whose deeds would make Fouquier Tinville blush. These were our constitutional tribunals. Hence, the Irish people are accustomed to associate state prosecutions with state vengeance. They cannot be brought, or care not, to distinguish between the bloody ferocity of the irresponsible and the honourable and impartial hearing of the legal tribunals. The institution of a government prosecution is with them synonymous with intolerable persecution, and '98

is at once recalled to their minds. How much more exasperated their feelings when their cherished Repeal is sought to be struck down, and such a popular character as Mr. O'Connell is led to the sacrifice! Let us glance at some of our State Trials.

Not to go farther back than the Defenders, in 1793, a turbulent and misguided movement, but instigated by the universal suffering to which the country was exposed, nine-tenths of the accused were miserably executed. Weak and cruel policy! All was high treason—plotting against his majesty's precious life, though not one of the poor Defenders ever contemplated the effusion of royal blood. They plotted only against tithes and rack-rents—against proctors and bailiffs—against hay-stacks and corn-rigs However, the sound constructive principle was revived, and they suffered for high treason. Then came the majestic justice of '98, when an organised confederacy of mercenary ruffians, drilled within the precincts of the Castle, were let loose on society. "The law," says Curran, "is become the protector of villains. Instead of acting as a conductor to draw off the lightning from the heads of the innocent, we behold it blasting them with wide-wasting desolation, while the accursed of God and the abhorred of man not only escape with impunity, but riot in the wages of their iniquity." Even they who, on the faith of the crown, were promised the pleasures of banishment in lieu of certain revelations, were imprisoned for several years after. "Don't you know we can hang you?" was the humane reply of Secretary Cooke to Samuel Neilson, when that functionary was upbraided with the breach of ministerial faith. The next characters of the prolonged drama were the enthusiasts of 1803. They were guilty, it is true, but, on grounds of policy, they might have been spared. We question not the expediency of resorting to rigour in suitable cases; but our argument is, that it has been sought to vindicate the laws by upturning them—that they were converted into instruments of popular torture instead of popular protection—that justice was not asserted, but injustice committed—that if crime was punished, innocence was confounded and sacrificed in the general carnage—that there existed no well-defined line, or any line at all, in the eye of the law, between guilt and suspicion—that, to be a state prisoner, was to be a state victim—and that the sole outlet from the dungeon was to the block or the convict-ship. The apt memorials of sanguinary governments—on the one side the knife of the assassin, on the other the pike of the insurgent and the torch of the incendiary—were the retributive fruits of this infamous system. It is not, then, surprising that the people should regard the recurrence of state trials with dismay. All the former are dwarfed to insignificance beside the colossal importance of the present trials. Every repealer feels the blow aimed at himself. Ireland is the *Afreet* in the Persian Tales, with an hundred upper extremities springing from the same trunk, in which all felt the wound inflicted on a single member. The stroke of the Attorney-General is dealt on millions, though the accused be only nine. There is, however, no blow for blow, and the predictions of the false prophet have vanished into nothingness. There is no rebellion. A salutary reliance on the efficacy of the moral forces has induced the people to lay aside the rude instru-

ments of insurrection. The nerves of the sensitive were disturbed by the signal fires that lately blazed on the southern hills—another *Malise* out on his fiery errand, to summon the disaffected. Accounts had arrived of midnight drills in the valleys of the Galtees. All was ready for the signal rocket—but it has not ascended, and we are still at peace. Having brought our preliminary observations to a close—too tedious, we fear, for a preface, but not, we hope, without due significance and use—we pass to the next portion of our subject, commencing with the arrest, and ending with the last of the series of picturesque skirmishes in the Queen's Bench.

On the day Mr. O'Connell received the polite invitation from the crown solicitor, requesting the pleasure of his company before Judge Burton, he saw the approaching event, and applied himself to the best mode of frustration. The law was to be the arbiter, and he who has the best lawyers is generally supposed to have the best of the law. Like Tatars speeding to all parts of his extensive empire from the imperial city of Saladin, so rushed to all quarters of our less magnificent city, from the office of Mr. William Forde, multitudinous messengers, bearing oblong pieces of paper, and contrawise a note or bank check, crossed with a narrow stripe of red tape. In less sumptuous phrase, retainers were on that day despatched to all the most eminent counsel at the Irish bar. The crown was thoroughly outwitted. Calculating on the strength of the regular body, and setting at defiance or regarding with derision such shallow pretenders as Messrs. Henn, Moore, Pigott, Hatchell, M'Donagh, Whiteside, and Fitzgibbon, there was never a thought among the *habitués* of the crown office about the future. Mr. Kemmis, quiet gentleman! took the matter with the proverbial languor of an experienced official. In the first flush of that triumphant arrest, he and all others concerned were too gleesome or neglectful to attend to common business. After the exultation had subsided, and additional aid was deemed necessary, forms of retainers on behalf of the crown were made up, and duly sent to the fashionable squares and streets where lawyers most do congregate. The general and unwelcome reply was, "Retained for the traversers." Not a light of the forum to be had for the love or gold of the crown! Lulled in the most unaccountable security, or unnerved with apathy, the crown gentry suffered almost every distinguished advocate to pass over to the enemy, and even the second class prizes whom they subsequently picked up, were retained by the accused, but, on punctilious points, they swerved from the noble rule laid down by Lord Erskine, which has always guided the profession. Motives are beyond our inquiry—facts are not. The fact is, the prior receipt of a retainer from the traversers. Of the able and experienced, Mr. Holmes alone was overlooked; a retainer had been forwarded to him on the part of the Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, since dead, but it arrived too late. The crown secured him. In our notice of the counsel, some curious facts connected with the retainers will be noticed.

On the first day of term, Judge Burton charged the grand jury in a long address. Some praised it as correct, others condemned it as unconstitutional—a word which, like the accommodating fairy cap that fits every head, possesses every variety of application. What does

not accord with our own peculiar notions has the merit or misfortune of being decidedly unconstitutional. One lover of liberty sees the violation of this excellence in the too prompt interference of 102 C; another, of higher toned feeling, is shocked that the ark should be invaded in his proper person, when, in fustian phrase, he appeals to Timoleon and Thrasybulus, and wreaths his sword with shamrocks after piercing only in imagination the Saxon Hipparchus to the heart. On the other hand, the inflexible Tory deems it unconstitutional to inform the grand jury that a certain description of evidence is tainted *a priori*, and should sink low in the scale; and that it is no crime to struggle within the law for the repeal of a statute—even such a vital one as the 40th of Geo. III. When the proverbial integrity and judicial intelligence of such a person as Judge Burton are thus questioned, how loud would be the accusing thunders had a less cold and calm expounder mixed up his own feelings with the charge! As to ourselves, "revolving these things in our mind," we deemed all fair. It was not a model, for it was not all perfect. In one or two passages, more careful language might have been applied. In all such grave cases, it is the earnest duty of the judge to leave nothing to the inspiration of the moment. He should weigh every word—for then, indeed, words are things—with the most scrupulous attention. In the retirement of his study he should elaborate every phrase. For every idle word that man shall speak he will have an account to render. Judges, beyond any other class of the accountable, should remember this truth. In ordinary cases, as well as the more solemn, this caution is among the first of judicial virtues; but if ever it was necessary, it was then and there. The first impression gives a colour to all our future opinions. Here that impression was to be made. "The prize they run for was great Hector's life." Give him, at least, a fair start in the stadium of justice, and if he be outstripped in the strife, then let the Attorney-General have the honour of the prize. We blame not Judge Burton—who could? The few words to which we object, perhaps fastidiously, were delivered without the remotest tinge of ascerbity—far too calmly and dispassionately to raise a suspicion that any unfair motive lurked at the bottom. In one passage he exhibited considerable emotion. In alluding to the charge of tampering with the army, he declared it to be one of "*awful importance.*" Here his voice faltered, and sunk below its habitual lowness, while some, of more far-reaching vision than ourselves, declared he shed tears. To him it must have been painful to attach the semblance of guilt to the conduct of one who long enjoyed his friendship and esteem at the bar; nor is it surprising that he should have felt as a man, while necessitated to do the duty of the judge. Most certainly he did not merit the censure of the *Times* in falling below his duty, and yielding to the intimidating pressure which, it was alleged, sullied the sacredness of our courts of justice. There was no such pressure, and, consequently, no such fear. Our courts are as free from such judicial cowardice as that standing model of well-admiinistered right, even Westminster Hall itself. We doubt not the sage-like immobility and high personal character of Chief Justice Tindal. He is a man of whom England might well be proud—who

would hold the scales with an even hand and intrepid heart in the centre of hosts armed with steel or with gold. We admire the grandeur of his intellect, and the firmness of his deportment; but he is not the sole possessor of such virtues. We, poor provincials, have had, and still have, judges as calm, pure, and impartial, as the most panegyrised of Westminster. We have had orators who were suns in eloquence compared to their dim-twinkling stars. We still have lawyers—among them Henn and Moore, whom we boldly and confidently pit against the foremost of the Hall, and have no fear of the result. Derision is a dangerous tool to meddle with. It has essentially contributed to that state of things which is now the alarm of England. Is the continuance wise?

The bill of indictment was the Behemoth of its tribe—biggest of all that prolific lawyer's brain ever created out of chaos. We have looked carefully over all the pleadings in Howell—we have roamed through miscellaneous old reports, in which were vast oceans of words to float a few half-drowned allegations—but in vain have we sought for a parallel to this huge leviathan, covering parchment "many a rood." When the Foreman received the precious deposit, all the "good men" looked incarnations of despair; but, in order to allay the consternation, an abstract was sent up, containing the charges and overt acts *in petto*, prepared by Mr. Brewster. Some more conscientious of the Jurors, however, insisted that Mr. B.'s compilations must lie under the table. Justice could not be safely administered by short notes—it must be as of old—"the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill."

For five days, this formidable infliction on human patience was investigated, and on the sixth the jurors of "our sovereign lady the queen" appeared again in the box. In the interval, the avenues of the court were thronged with anxious multitudes, but on the day of the finding, which was generally expected, the solicitude was intense. Mr. O'Connell and his son occupied seats in the inner bar, and the former chatted very familiarly and cheerfully with all around him. He did not look in the least dejected. Counsel for the accused and the crown were all present. The judges were to a late hour engaged in chamber, and the twilight added considerably to the solemnity of the scene. Mr. Justice Burton first came on the bench. He looked towards the jury-box with an evident feeling of anxiety. When the other Judges appeared, the foreman handed in the important roll to the clerk of the crown. All conjectured the result, but there still existed that indefinable emotion which hopes for hopeless succour in the midst of inextricable danger. Mr. Bourne read out "A true bill," and a murmur ran through the court and galleries. The Attorney-General, in the most profound silence, then rose, and demanded that the four-day rule to plead should run from the finding of the indictment. This was strenuously resisted, on the rational ground that the parties should not plead until they had been charged with the bill, which was when they had been furnished with a copy, or after the indictment had been read in open court. How could they otherwise be aware of the charges to which they were to plead? The crown officers were obstinate. "Oh, very well," said the impetuous Mr. Whiteside; "and now, my lords, we stand on our strict right. Clerk of the crown!

read the indictment—and, as there are nine traversers, it must be read *nine times!*" Mr. Bourne had a good chance of getting through the process in forty-eight successive hours! The Chief Justice looked aghast at this frightful demand. Nine repetitions of that monster would drive Patience herself to suicide. A more gentle intercourse, on the suggestion of Judge Crampton, ensued between the parties, and it was finally agreed the rule to plead should run from the following day.

Now commenced that active war of outposts which worried the court from day to day, and stimulated public feeling to a high degree of excitement. Every new point raised filled the friends of the accused with hope and rejoicing, and one of trivial import decided in their favour was sufficient to set every mountain-top in the south in a blaze of triumph. The able counsel for Mr. O'Connell met immediately after the finding, and mapped out their operations. The plans and combinations were skilful, and well calculated to bring their clients over the dangers of the term. Let the pleadings pass into Hilary, and all was safe. But the court and Attorney-General ordained otherwise. First of all came the fair demand to compare the furnished copies with the record. Refused. They next demanded a list of the witnesses. Refused again, though the soundness of the decision is very questionable, both in law and principle. Though defeated, they were not disheartened. Of all difficult things, the most difficult is to dispirit a lawyer. Every fresh fee is a fountain of courage. Application was next made for a copy of the caption, or the formal heading of the record. Court still in the withholding mood, Judge Perrin dissenting. The first quiver was now emptied, and not a shot told. The rule to plead expired, and Mr. Attorney-General expected that the game was now fairly beyond the cover. The day was a very stirring one—standing room at a high premium. Mr. Forde, just before the close of the crown office, appeared, on behalf of Daniel O'Connell, and handed in a plea in abatement, signed "Colman Michael O'Loughlin." The souls of the crown contingent were filled with inexpressible apprehension! There was a general rush of wigs to the library, to get a glimpse of the fortunate statute on which the plea was framed—the possessor of a copy was the centre of a listening throng. With breathless speed in came Mr. Napier. He called for the 1 & 2 Vict. ch. 37. A kingdom was at stake! He devoured in silence that first section half a dozen times, and then declared there was nothing in it, though his countenance seemed to intimate a different conviction. So confounded was the Attorney-General, that his usual promptitude forsook him, and he demanded until next day to consider his course.

Hope now ran high among the friends of the traversers. On the following day the Attorney-General argued against the reception of the plea, on very narrow grounds, and was defeated—a consummation accelerated by the too smart reply of Mr. Brewster. He then demurred generally, and pettishly insisted on an immediate rejoinder, contrary to all practice. Four days more were, however, allowed, which prolonged the pleading contest to the last week of term. The validity of the plea was argued with great learning and ability by Sir Colman O'Loughlin, but the court were unanimous in disallowing it.

The accused were then called to plead over at once—they pleaded "Not guilty," and the Attorney-General, in the overflowing of his heart, muttered to his neighbour, "We have them at last." The following Friday he applied for a trial at bar, on the eleventh of December. He was met by Mr. Henn, in an argument of surpassing effect, which prevailed with the court. On the fifteenth of this month, the great scene of this mighty drama will be unfolded, and the man who has wielded more solid power, short of the sceptre and the crown, than any other in the history of the world, will stand at the bar! The accused is worthy of a more lofty accuser than the Attorney-General. We understand he will address the jury in his own behalf;—then God grant Mr. Smith a happy deliverance! Let his friends pray that the thunderbolt be averted. Pity for the head on whom will fall that avenging eloquence! In the mean time, we proceed to fulfil the last and most characteristic part of our duty, which is a rough portrait of each of the eminent counsel engaged on both sides.

Mr. Henn is a vast accession to the traversers' cause. Neither ambitious of office nor fond of money, he takes no pains to bring himself prominently forward in the public eye. Many in Westminster Hall have never heard the name of Jonathan Henn, though his superior is not found in that bar, eminent as it is. When he works, he works like a master; but the occasions are rare when he chooses to sound the depths of his faculties. He would, on any spring morning, prefer the hooking of a salmon to a chancry brief. Isaac would love him, and Sir Humphrey Davy take lessons from him in the art and mystery of fly-fishing. The sequestered and prolific mountain lake has more pleasures for him than the crowded court. This parenthesis will show the natural complexion of the man better than the most laboured disquisition. But we must draw him into the rough contention of the forum. Two retainers were sent to Mr. Henn, by the traversers and the crown. He accepted the first. The usual license was applied for, but delayed, the crown claiming a lien on his services. The public has a deep and incalculable interest in the independence and fearless honour of its lawyers, and Mr. Henn well maintained his title to both. He demanded that the crown should instantly make its election, either to grant or withhold the license, and in the latter event, it was rumoured that he would resign his silk gown. The license was issued after some deliberation, and the crown saved from the dishonour of such a resignation. The importance of his adhesion was not underrated, and it was to all matter of wonder that when the crown had a choice, the first did not fall upon him. Mr. Henn did not regret the neglect. He was under no obligation to the party in power. He was passed over in the distribution of paltry honours, which would add nothing to the man, but rather be dignified by his acceptance. His political principles are decided, but unostentatious and inoffensive. He would be a strength and honour to the government, not more by his distinguished abilities than the moral elevation of his character. Of all the able men for the defence, he is first in intellectual power, professional skill, and commanding authority. He is alike eminent for the soundness and general elevation of his views—the unlaboured clearness and compactness of his reasoning—and the calm but earnest

simplicity of his style and manner. He is collected, deliberate, consecutive, without ever sinking into tameness or swelling into extravagance. There is about him no affectation—no endeavour—no pretence, for true mental power is of all things the most unpretending—the most gentle—the most able to repose on itself, and the most willing to do so. In directness of purpose and manliness of understanding he has no equals. What he says once is always well said, and never weakened by repetition. Not a word he utters is thrown away. Each has s distinct meaning and direct application. Some lawyers will seek to impress by painful reduplication. The Attorney-General will strike the same nail a dozen times, and after all perhaps not drive it home. Mr. Henn strikes once, and the object is attained. His knowledge of the law is a solid structure on a firm foundation, not a tottering erection on piles driven into the quicksands of technicality and sophistry. He resembles Mr. Moore in his abstinence from book learning, relying more on general principles than particular cases. His tact in the conduct of a cause is equal to his clear sense and strong judgment. In the great trials to come, he will rise with the occasion. The opportunity of great distinction will not be lost on him. He will swell beyond the measure of his past renown, and add to a reputation already the most distinguished.

In cross-examination he is perfect, particularly where an educated witness is to undergo the uncomfortable process of being turned inside outward. Let such a person be on his guard against Jonathan Henn. Let him be calm, collected, and, above all, truthful, otherwise he must paint his own character from his own lips. It is for this reason, as rumour goes, that the cross-examination of the chief witness for the crown will be subjected to the care of Mr. Henn. He must be a man with the nerve of Van Amburgh, and with a conscience marvellously limpid, who will come unsinged out of the terrible fire which the advocate will pile around him. Like the Hebrews of old, he may walk unharmed through the blazing furnace—Providence may manifest itself in his favour—but unless he be an exceptional case, and fortunate beyond ordinary mortals, that cross-examination will damage his moral purity. We seek not to anticipate or prejudge—we only draw an inference of what is probable from analogous circumstances. Mr. Henn will address the jury on behalf of Mr. John O'Connell. There is a weight in his style and a gravity in his manner which tell powerfully on juries. He does not bluster or play the Bobadil to coerce, or the smooth-tongued adulator to cajole into a verdict. He does not, like certain swaggerers, assault with coarse vehemence, or startle with rude remonstrance. Beginning with a winning quietness as gentle as unsuspecting, he shuffles, for some seconds, the papers which lie before him, and throws out a few cold and hesitating periods. Gradually he evolves his case, and warms as he progresses. It is not the warmth of superficial declamation, but of an intense conviction, which he assumes with the most consummate art, so as to justify the expression of Lord Erskine to one of his cotemporaries, that "a rotten cause looks more convincing in his hands, than a sound one in the hands of another." In the only great nisi prius cause in which we ever heard him, the

Corporation of Limerick against the Fishermen, he made a speech of surprising power. The fishermen sacrificed burnt-offerings, in the shape of tar-barrels, to their eloquent deliverer.

In a review of the Irish bar, there would be good reason for neglecting Mr. Whiteside, if he resembled his cold cotemporaries, who speak from their briefs without eloquence or imagination—without any of those felicities of thought or of language, which are now as rare as the blooming of the aloe—if his speeches had been aggregations of dull matters of fact—of insipid commonplaces blown out to the last degree of tenuity—scarcely tolerable in any form, but thoroughly insupportable when prolonged into wearisome addresses. Though his speeches are not without a portion of the usual professional prolixity and redundancy, yet there is about him a vigour and originality, a facility and fertility of diction, which, considering the impossibility of preparation in most instances, stamp him as a man of no ordinary mould. His mind is a healthy natural fountain, not a dull forcing-pump. Whatever flows, flows from him freely and spontaneously. The waters may not be always pure, but yet they gush forth without mechanical assistance. We therefore listen even to his greatest extravagancies with pleasure, with very different feelings from those with which we listen to the dreary frigidity of many of his cotemporaries. He is not a very sound lawyer, or, with the knowledge he possesses, a very safe one. He is too bold and adventurous, striking away right and left, more with the *abandon* of a heated gladiator, than the cautious self-possession of an experienced master of fence. He throws out multitudinous points over the field of argument—disperses at random a cloud of skirmishers in the shape of cases—all formidable enough when no other enemy appears on the wide champaign, but soon driven in under the pressure of heavier metal. His principle appears to be, that the greater the number of cases, the greater the chances that some will stick: and, besides, attorneys place little faith in one who is not dropsical with reports, and can tap in every emergency. Still Mr. Whiteside is a clever man. As an advocate, he is a favourite with the most fastidious. Few can more ably stimulate attention. At the Irish bar, at present, he is the only representative of the old eloquence. Rapid, earnest, and enthusiastic, he launches forth, though not without compass and rudder, and all the echoes of the court are called into resonant requisition. He is a tall, thin man, with a face indicative of strong emotion, and expressing even in its most tranquil mood the fire with which he is animated. His voice resembles the fierce puffing of a steam-engine, rushing out in quick and violent blasts, as though they would burst asunder his unsubstantial frame. While arguing on the side of the accused with all his wonted fervour, we once observed Mr. Shiel's glittering eye fastened on him, and expanding with delight as Mr. Whiteside lifted up his energetic voice and discharged a flood of Greek fire. With all his impetuosity and irritability, he is good-hearted kind, and joyous—himself a dispenser of mirth, and relishing it in others. Neither is there a man who less suffers his principles to interfere with his duties. In the trial of Hughes, for the murder of Mr. Powel, he was counsel for the prisoner. The present Master of the Rolls, then Attorney-General, went down to

conduct the prosecution. He was the fountain of honours, and Mr. Whiteside had claims on a silk-gown. Not subdued by the official reverence which confounds the less resolute of spirit—intent on his duty and determined to do it, he fearlessly impeached the conduct of the crown in the construction of the jury panel. The falcon eye of the Attorney-General flashed speaking reproach, but he only rayed out the more in accusation, and vindicated his claim to the high character of independence and eloquence. On the trial he will bait the law officers to the very verge of the unendurable, and particularly Mr. Smith, who is as hot as an Indian curry. Resistance is the element in which he moves. He is never at home but in the swell of the battle. Like the sea-bird, he glories in a storm—the louder it rages the more intense his delight. A word brings him up, but a word will not easily set him down. If the court interfere with the old and useful apothegm,—one at a time,—he will be *the* one for the time. His interruption is often unseasonable and often in excess, but it is his constitution, and any attempt to suppress only tends to excite it. When he does get a set down from Judge Crampton, he drops rapidly into his seat, muttering something between the fence of his teeth, and thrusts his hands into his trouser-pockets; but the next moment sees him up again as nimble-tongued and elastic as ever. We have heard some say that he will crack the heartstrings of the Attorney-General, but we have more faith in the honourable gentleman's self-possession. Mr. Whiteside will labour under one great disadvantage—the separation from his *callaborateur*, Mr. Napier. Like emulous alchemists, though working by different processes, they find equal pleasure and profit in throwing their material into each other's crucible. They are now asunder, working on opposite sides, and thus each loses half his strength.

The ablest tactician on the side of the traversers is Mr. M'Donagh. To this opinion exceptions may be made—but we aver our belief that he is the most prompt, sharp, and nimble of all the able host. He is a fellow of infinite sagacity—like Ducrow's celebrated *Beda*—"one in a thousand." Who like him to butter up or slidder down—to wind his approaches to the favour of the court by the most graceful condescension, backed with the most finished subtlety, and a proportionate dash of gay effrontery? Nothing can disconcert—nothing can overreach him. He is a thorough master of his business, and none can do it with more effect. His manner is good, though adulatory—his learning ever ready—his temper imperturbable. Let no man depreciate the abilities of Mr. M'Donagh. He has talents of a very high order, without which he could not have risen to his present position. There is a class of men at the bar—always moving about on stilts—vain, conceited, pompous, artificial,—very learned in the law in their own high esteem, but labouring under the misfortune of being unable to turn their profundity to profitable account. This frivolous set are envious of Mr. M'Donagh, and run him down within their own narrow circle: but he laughs at them all. He has the cream, let them enjoy the sour whey. A short tale will illustrate the auspicious commencement of his career, which he has improved to a very lucrative maturity. The *auctor fabulæ* is now a high dignitary—we give it in nearly his own

words :—" One day, as I was conversing with Mr. H——, M'Donagh, then young at the bar but intelligent in his profession, was making a motion in the King's Bench. ' A clever fellow that,' said Mr. H——. I answered approvingly. ' Did you ever hear,' said he, ' what Lord Eldon said of O'Connell? The first time he appeared to argue in the House of Lords, there was great anxiety among the English lawyers to hear him, and even old Eldon shared in the excitement. He sat near one of the bishops. When O'Connell opened the case, he was all cold attention, neither approving nor disapproving. When, however, Dan got fast in the argument, his lordship grew fidgetty—drumming on the bench with delight at O'Connell's masterly argument—and in the height of his enthusiasm stooping down to the right reverend father, ' Do you know what, my lord?—*That is a damned clever rascal.*' "— The application was on the surface. Mr. M'Donagh is exactly hit off in Lord Eldon's illustration of a far greater man, omitting the last suspicious compliment. He is, in truth, a gay, bold, dashing thief, who steals away judgments or verdicts by ready knowledge or polished artifice. He is subdolous as the serpent,—sly, soft, and silken-skinned,—from whose bewitching tongue nothing is safe. His mellifluous tones would charm the hooded snake. What a tale of woe does he construct out of the indubitable rogueries of that *Scapin* of a client of his! If addressed in his behalf to the Lord Mayor of London, " Friends to humanity" would make the knave's fortune in a single week. Mr. M'Donagh is the motion-lawyer: therein lies his business and his skill. He distances all competitors in the easy and off-hand style with which he unfolds the most complicated statement of facts, and the facile familiarity with which he serves up the law. He is never unprepared. No matter how the argument may shift from the original position, his quickness of perception and versatility are so great, and his knowledge so thoroughly under his command, that surprise is impossible. He may be defeated, but he goes down with colours flying. He is the most finished artist at the bar, though he sullies qualities otherwise brilliant and incomparable, by the unmasculine form in which they are presented. He was among the first engaged, and took part in all the smart skirmishes which preceded the close of the first act. In the blasts of ill-temper which the Attorney-General discharged in the commencement of the management, the first volume fell on Mr. M'Donagh. After making a cursory observation, it was tartly observed by Mr. Smith, that he was only an *amicus curiæ*, and demanded his license! The Attorney-General is a gentleman, and, of his own will, would never have so insulted a brother. He yielded to the suggestions of vulgar vindictiveness, and stained himself by the ungracious act. Mr. M'Donagh did not resent the attack. There is a dignity in silence, and perhaps he properly yielded to that sovereign influence; but there would have been more dignity, or, at least, more effect, in a display of manly resistance. The rebuke was unprecedented in rashness, and uncovered the conduct of the crown to an indignant reply; but Mr. M'Donagh kept his temper cool, and his tongue quiet. Had Mr. Whiteside been so questioned—had his license been demanded in open court, what an impetuous torrent would have drowned the daring interrogator! The privileges of the bar as well

as personal honour would have been maintained with that lofty energy for which he is conspicuous. Perish silk gowns!—perish honours!—perish all before "that dignity which doth become a man!" The suddenness of the attack must have caused Mr. M'Donagh's silence, for he rallied on the next argument, and hit the Attorney-General with some sharpness.

In a former paper we gave the distinguishing attributes of Mr. Moore's character, and as we may be tempted hereafter to venture on a more prolix analysis, we shall be brief in our present observations. He is counsel for Mr. O'Connell. In the structure of his intellect he bears a strong resemblance to Mr. Henn, being like him a lawyer of principles, as contradistinguished from the case and point-hunters. In argument he is somewhat more energetic, and his hard though not untuned voice is an admirable vehicle for strong, substantial reasoning. We are not quite so certain that he will prove as efficient a leader as Mr. Henn, but he will prove an able auxiliary in discussing the important questions of evidence which will be raised on both sides. He has been hitherto very active in the motion warfare, and on one occasion, when the Attorney-General declared that the practice of the court should yield to the privileges of the crown, Mr. Moore, lifting up his spectacles and looking fiercely at the propounder of departed prerogative rights, expressed his astonishment that such doctrines should find a living voice in those days. Whether jealousy of the crown touched the spirit of the bench, or the common rules of the court are inflexible in their application, be the suitor a sovereign or a subject—whichever of the courses be correct, Mr. Moore succeeded in obtaining four golden days, though he declared, with the solemnity of Solomon, that the "law's delay" was not of his solicitudes!

Mr. Fitzgibbon is a shrewd, clear-headed, hard-cheeked lawyer—tough as yew and unbending as oak. Without the address of Mr. M'Donagh, he is his match in all things else. He is good at a cross—bold and yet circumspect in a speech—lucid and wiry in argument. His style is modelled on that of Chief Justice Pennefather when at the bar. He enunciates his propositions separately and in order, not suffering them to trip up the heels of each other; and the result is, a well-arranged system of disciplined reasoning. Of all the combatants whom Mr. M'Donagh has to encounter, the toughest and most inflexible is Mr. Fitzgibbon. He knows all the varied arts of his antagonist, and seeks to refute or ridicule them with a severity which makes Mr. M'Donagh laugh outright, though his feelings run in a less joyous current. If Mr. Whiteside is a mastiff, Mr. Fitzgibbon is the Irish wolf-dog—staid and sober until roused, and then he attacks with bitter pertinacity. We have much faith in the firmness of Mr. Fitzgibbon. Some say he is too dogmatical, never retreating from a position until he has defended it to the last breath, daring even to incur the manifestations of impatience exhibited by the jaded court, sooner than abandon the post which he still hopes to make good. This is not dogmatism—it is earnestness,—and no man ever deserved a fee, ungifted with that sterling and sincere quality. Others assert that he has a wicked tongue. It is doubtless cutting and caustic betimes, but

where it wags offensively, be assured the victim deserves his flaying. Passages at arms have occurred between him and the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, with all courtesy, however, on both sides; but in the one gentle encounter we witnessed, we must say that the reason and the triumph lay with his lordship. When on the finding of the indictment, the traversers resisted the entry of the rule to plead until furnished with a copy, Mr. F. stood at the side-bar among a "multitude of counsellors," with no room to sit, and very little to stand on. From this uncomfortable situation he addressed the court in a short but most expressive argument. He is retained by Mr. Barrett, of the *Pilot* newspaper, whose paper-shots in former times were lavished on Mr. Fitzgibbon with slashing prodigality. All these things are now forgotten, and Mr. Fitzgibbon will do his duty.

The remaining leaders are Messrs. Shiel, Pigott, Hatchell, and Monahan. The first is associated with Fitzgibbon, and will speak, we believe, on behalf of Mr. Barrett. He reserves himself for the grand display, and a splendid piece of declamation will he contribute to the next volume of Howell. On him, more than any other, with the exception of Mr. O'Connell, is the eagerness of the bar concentrated. There is quite a *furor* among the rising generation of barristers to hear the "shrill, ear-piercing fife" of the eloquent member for Dungarvan. Visions of delight float before each eye. To hear Mr. Shiel nature will be sacrificed. Already devices are being contrived to secure early places. Some will take an early breakfast on sandwiches—some bribe the doorkeeper—some walk the hall through the night—some will sleep in the judges' chairs—and all to hear the member for Dungarvan! What a magnificent variety of fireworks! purple, green, and golden!—what serpents, stars, and revolving-wheels of dazzling light, will he scatter about in profusion! The liberty of the press the theme — most fascinating incentive to ample liberty of tongue! Mr. Hatchell must be dispatched briefly. His tact in cross-examination is most masterly. That little smart grey eye of his is the window of his soul. If there be any well-prepared fabricator on the side of the crown, the parts of his story must cohere with wonderful exactness, or Mr. Hatchell will slip in through some of the open joints. He is the most dexterous unraveller of the accomplishments of low roguery. Step by step, he unconsciously leads him forth, until he stands confessed, what he struggles in vain to avoid,—a villain. Mr. Monahan is a very sound and able man—rapid of utterance and ripe in learning. Under the Whigs he was fast rising to distinction, and, in the event of a change, had a passing fair chance of the solicitor-generalship; but his scale, like that of many others, ascended, and all await the restoration. Having limited our notice to the senior bar on both sides, we cannot, without injustice, pass over the powerful aid found by the traversers in the junior bar—Sir Colman Loughlin, the worthy representative of an illustrious lawyer, the late Master of the Rolls, Mr. O'Hagan, and Mr. Close. As is the duty of all juniors, they were the secret streams that fed the open fountain—theirs was the thunder, though others hurled it, or, in less metaphorical language, they supplied the staple of the arguments. The first argued the demurrer learnedly and logically; and the second, the traversers'

right to the list of witnesses and the caption, with closeness, vigour, and eloquence.

Having developed the professional and intellectual characteristics of counsel for the accused, so far forth as lay in our feeble power, it would be invidious and altogether unfair not to deal in the same spirit by the less popular servants of the crown. The Attorney-General, by his office as well as by his reputation, stands at the head of her majesty's legal chivalry. Having failed, as we right truly prophesied, in vindicating the claims of our country to eloquence in parliament—having fallen even far lower than our estimate in sustaining his character as a debater within his own peculiar province, and thus sunk into ministerial disfavour, he has resolved to retrieve his position as a lawyer by prosecuting the indictment with the utmost rigour and effect. Most unfortunately was that unpopular obligation cast upon him! How many more enviable Attorneys-General had passed with velvet pace to the realization of all their hopes, without being committed in a desperate struggle with the prejudices and passions of the country! How many stole from an inferior *status* at the bar to the blushing honours of the bench, scarcely affording a public intimation of their fortunate progress! And behold Mr. Smith, not yet a year in office, standing out in bold relief the mark for general odium! Persecution is most abhorrent to our feelings—we hate it through every shape it may assume—we pity and sympathise with the object on whom it falls—enough for us that he passes through public duty to persecution. We would deal justly with all men. His enemies do not deny that Mr. Smith has a bold and manly spirit, and would scorn to commit himself to dishonour; but even his warmest friends must acknowledge that his temper is irritable—that his deportment in the earlier stages of the prosecution has been often injudicious, and that his dislike to the accused or their cause found vent in gusts of extreme bitterness, most unbecoming in a public officer. Proofs ought of justice precede assertion. No man is so severe as he who confounds his duties with his antipathies. It is this self-delusion that operated, in the beginning, on the mind of the Attorney-General, but he afterwards overcame this fatal error, and passed through the subsequent stages if not with much approbation, at least without much censure. He cannot be well blamed for seeking to establish his case, but for that end he was bound to resort to only legitimate means. He was imprudent and precipitate in the outbreak; but the formidable power of public opinion, to which tribunals the most serene and distant from its penetrating influence are amenable, as well perhaps as a conscientious sense of honourable duty, induced him to try less rigorous courses, and we frankly recognise in the good grace with which he yielded to Mr. Henn's proposal, the candid desire that justice should not be sacrificed in the strife. Making due allowance for trivial infirmities of disposition, for all Attorneys-General are not invested with the impassiveness and impersonality of Sir Frederick Pollock, his conduct has been that of a gentleman. This, it may be said, is but a poor panegyric, but the objectors should reflect on the many causes suggestive of violence and recrimination which our political condition affords, and more particularly when the snares of the law are laid to encompass the feet

of such a person as Mr. O'Connell. Mr. Smith has once acted with severe and reprehensible injustice. He prejudged the case. The law of England presumes innocence—he has presumed guilt. There is no verdict without evidence—he has pronounced one without any. He attacked the press for seeking to influence the public mind—how was the Attorney-General more within the constitution when he denounced untried men as "Conspirators?" That was beyond his duty. He is accused of ignorance. That is unfounded. He knows his business, but he knows it too well, for he surrounds the accused with a set of technical traps which are only unspringed by the equal vigilance and intelligence of his adversaries. He is contrasted in his deficiencies with the superior knowledge of the English law officers. The contrast does not operate to his discredit. They were cooler, but not more professionally skilful. Lord Campbell's common law erudition did not prevent the acquittal of Earl Cardigan on the misdescription of a name, for we do not believe the voluntary omission. Sir William Follett passed over a miserable defect in the venue on the chartist trials, which, in the days of his dock-splendour, the practised eye of Burke Bethel could not fail to have discovered. We did not then hear of galling and fierce invective lavished on the law officers of England—we did not hear that they were charged with gross ignorance. Why refuse the same measure of justice to the Irish Attorney-General? Neither, in truth, is to blame.

The charge lies more fairly against the laws—the humane laws of England—which do not suffer the dispatch of the Roman *Rota*, but surround the accused with a *chevaux-de-frise* of forms, all which must be won before the prosecutor can penetrate to the heart of the citadel. These generous provisions may be so many obstructions to justice in the eye of the philosopher, but they are the law. Under their protection, the accused stands entrenched—his safety consists in their subtlety and difficulty of detection. Let the crown get at him through the invisible network as best it can, but there is no short path. The highway must be travelled by all alike. Until the process of accusation is simplified, and despotic institutions supersede the free, there will remain shadowy and evanescent points to elude or provoke the sagacity of lawyers. It is because Mr. Smith could not overleap this sacred fence, and at once strike down the accused, that the attacks of his own party have fallen upon him without measure. We would rejoice in the failure of the indictments. A government having recourse to such coarse vindications of its authority, understands not the true direction of its interests or those of the people. But an officer of the crown must stand by the measures of the crown. It is the condition of his office. If Mr. Smith was intemperate, he was not insidious. We would prefer the man whose heart we could read in his countenance, to the sly, crafty intriguer, who, under the mask of affected mildness, would coolly strangle his victim. He is anxious for a conviction—he too warmly displayed that feeling—but that very anxiety roused his opponents to greater caution, and to that extent there was a decided advantage in his impetuosity. The points of defence are more numerous and available than those of attack, and the strategic skill with which they were directed, proved eminently

embarrassing to the law officers. Had Mr. Smith behaved with more grace, the commiseration would have been greater. He must catch Mr. O'Connell, and to that end paid too much attention to vicious advisers—

> "I beseech you
> Wrest once the law to your authority—
> To do a great right, do a little wrong,
> And curb this wicked devil of his will."

One would imagine Shakspeare wrote for the familiars of the Attorney-General. What he will accomplish at the trial remains to be known. He has promised mighty events. He will unravel the hidden links of the most "dangerous conspiracy" that ever threatened the repose of the world. He will be the Cicero of another Cataline—the great stay of the republic—the true father of his country. Haughtier promises have often ended in vapour. We can at least promise that he will not rival the Roman in eloquence. What if the Irish Cataline should confront him? He will prove a more terrible adversary than the debauched patrician. It is supposed that Mr. Smith's statement will occupy two days; and if his oration possess no other merit, it will be remarkable for the nice arrangement and application of the evidence, a feat of advocacy in which he has few equals. His friends are not quite sanguine of his success, though nothing to which time, labour, and learning can subserve, will be overlooked. He is now in the full height and depth of preparation, sounding the recesses of the State Trials for material. The heads of his grand *Catalinarian* are already disposed in due order, and the subdivisions drilled under their respective leaders. The fifteenth will be his triumph or his ruin.

The Solicitor-General, Mr. Greene, actively co-operated in the management; and well had it been for the Attorney-General that he had his practised prudence and discretion. It was impossible to have behaved with more moderation and tempered good sense than Mr. Greene throughout the proceedings. He used no irritating or offensive language—keeping himself strictly to the legal questions he was called on to argue, he neither transcended or fell behind his duty. He was calm and dispassionate—the alkali which neutralized the acid of his less reserved brother. With a moiety of the responsibility, and more than a moiety of the labour—for by him, it is said, the voluminous indictment was prepared, yet the general censure has left him untouched—he escaped the scorching flame to which Mr. Smith was exposed, simply because he abandoned predictions and prejudgments, and executed, what devolved upon him, with temper and sobriety. He conjectured nothing—inferred nothing—stated nothing beyond his instructions; hence his just escape and comparative popularity. He is rather a nervous man, unfitted for times of peril, when extraordinary occasions require vigorous and energetic minds, whether to subdue or resist. The Solicitor-General would prefer walking quietly through office, instead of sharing the weight of such a burthen—moving from Chancery to the Exchequer all the live-long day is more suited to his quiet habits, than entangling his character in state prosecutions. He is no petrel—he loves not the tempest. His

mind is essentially calculated for repose. He has always endeavoured to avoid popular collision. Serving under opposite administrations, no servant of the crown has less elicited the dislike of contending parties. He has been from the beginning a commissioner of national education—a fair test of moderate opinions. In these times, the even temper of such a mild adviser is of some value. He should be listened to, for he will direct the crown in the path of safety and prudence. Being, as we observed, less a man of war than peace, the question is, whether he will stand out the fiery pressure. Judging from the past, our opinion is that he will not fail. The clear intellect of Mr. Henn, and the logical precision of Mr. Moore will find in the Solicitor-General a ready and skilful adversary. The grand reply will fall to his lot, embodying a mass of matter such as no recorded cause contains—and though he cannot be eloquent, he will be lucid and argumentative. He will lay down principles clearly and forcibly. This is his peculiar power. Without the earnestness of the Attorney-General, he will make a deeper impression on the jury by the sincerity and sobriety of his language and manner.

Mr. Brewster is the real Attorney-General. He is the *mens agitans molem*—the influence which pervades the mass, and directs it towards its destined end. Mr. Smith is the conduit-pipe which conveys his feelings and opinions, so that he bears the double weight of his own and Mr. Brewster's sentiments. He is unquestionably a clever man—a good tactician, but a coarse one—skilled in the conduct of a case, but exaggerating his importance by putting himself too prominently forward, and arguing most unarguable points, rather to prove his zeal than establish his cause. He is fond of saying sharp things, which speak more for the ill-nature of the mind than the quickness of the intellect, or the solidity of the judgment. A keen and polished sarcasm is power misdirected, but still power—while a lax and angular rudeness, without wit to vivify, or common humour to make it palatable, can never be mistaken for strength. It is the merest, most worthless husk. There were times when this quality was in high repute in our courts—when the old practitioners of the Common Pleas, under the able direction of a Norbury, rivalled each other in garrulity and grotesqueness—when abusive brow-beating was the pass-word to favour, and the scenes of the penny theatre were enacted in the grave temples of justice. Advocates then played to applauding galleries, while the judge shook with convulsive laughter, and exploded in a pun. Of this system Mr. Brewster is a mitigated representative. He is the last shoot of the decayed tree, and we hope the species will not be further propagated. Decency in an advocate is like drapery in painting—it covers a multitude of defects—where it is not, be assured the higher qualifications are only vanishing quantities, and even the secondary are weak. True intellectual power loves repose. Mr. Brewster is quite a paragon in the careless facility with which he pumps out a flood of severity on whoever crosses his way. He is of the "pitch-into-him" school, disdaining all self-control, and making his tongue one of those instruments of torture which we read of in the history of the Inquisition, straining the muscles and sinews until they cracked, and the eye-balls burst from their sockets. Where an

honest witness is to be discomfited, or a bad cause buttressed with adroit manœuvres, he is the man for one and the other. He will draw his silk gown more tightly about him—cast down his eyes and erect his eyebrows—look up at the witness with his mouth drawn into a most expressive oval, signifying a high state of incredulity—then the brazen-headed ram is applied to the walls, and a breach effected. This, however, is not the fitting occasion to complete the details of character. We have only given an imperfect outline of the *third* law officer, and the character of the co-operation which he is likely to afford on the coming trials. Mr. B. must change his tactics. Fierce resistance—reproachful language—the attribution of foul motives—the insinuation of false swearing, may do very well in ordinary cases; but this occasion is too solemn and momentous for any such displays. Nay, even that most characteristic winking ought be abandoned, and the pursing of his cheek dispensed with. Let him poke in silence the right side of the Attorney-General—let him fill the hollow of his ear with marvels of knowledge—but no sneering—no "thrashing" of solicitors—none of the vulgar bye-play. Let all these syrups be corked up for a future day—their acidulous properties will not deteriorate with time.

Passing over Mr. Bennett, the kind and considerate father of the Munster bar, whom, in our hearts, we could not restrict to the limits of a single page, our utmost disposable allowance,—we alight on Mr. Tomb. He is a most able lawyer—a finished gentleman, and a most crafty advocate. In him the crown has a choice man, quiet as Somnus, but vigilant as Argus and cunning as Mercury. We rank him above all the officers of the crown in caution and shrewdness. His judgment is of the first order. In the prosecution or defence of prisoners, no man approaches him in the delicate art of eliciting an important admission from a hard-grained falsifier, or in deadening the effects of one which operates against himself. He scratches the lower region of his ear with his forefinger, and with the semblance of the most unaffected fair dealing, puts in a sober question, technically called a "lurcher." If the answer be not to his satisfaction, he skims the palate of his mouth with his versute tongue, as if he were about to stammer, and repeats the dose with a different gilding. Thus he goes on—probing with exquisite keenness, and generally succeeds in his filch. The most fatal answer to his case is disposed of with inimitable coolness. When a witness strikes a mortal stroke, Mr. Tomb passes it off with an "*exactly so—I am aware of that!*"—not a muscle moves—he appears as little disconcerted as if there were nothing at all in the matter. When crown prosecutor on the north-east circuit, not an *alibi* could escape him. The best-contrived inventions could not stand against his searching scrutiny—he took them asunder with marvellous ease, and during his regime they were gradually sinking into disuse. Now, however, they are again on the ascendant, and the chances of escape improve. Mr. Tomb enjoys the sobriquet of the "Artful Dodger," to which he is eminently entitled. He looks the subtle trepanner. Mr. Holmes said, "his face would make his fortune as a comic actor;" and certainly there is a touch of Liston about his features, but without any of his solemn ugliness.

As we have introduced Mr. Whiteside in our procession, it would be unjust to omit his double, Mr. Napier. His talents deserve honourable record, and we forthwith enrol him. Sensible of the advantage which both parties would derive from his abilities, there was a rush of both to secure them. The crown was the more fortunate. And herein lies a question connected with the ethics of the retaining system, which merits some investigation. The first was sent to his house by the traversers. Happening at the time to be luxuriating in the scenery of Rosstrevor, the crown forwarded a retainer to Mr. Napier on a subsequent day, which came to hand in due course. On his return, both sides insisted on his services, the traversers on the ground of a first engagement, the crown on the ground that their retainer first reached his breeches-pockets. The position of Mr. N. was in some degree a delicate one, though he might safely satisfy a scrupulous conscience by following the usual and well-recognised principle of "first come, first served." Mr. N. hesitated—he refined on the nature of retainers, and felt strongly on the fact of having first received the crown money—the attorneys on the opposite side urged the dangers which would arise if lawyers were not bound by the "house-practice. How were they to know whether he happened to be at home or not? To suppose a case—A lawyer of sufficient importance to attract the anxiety of contending parties, and whose avaricious eye might look to a larger fee from the rich than the needy client, had only to escape for a few hours from town, and receive in his retreat the rich man's retainer, though the poor man's in the meanwhile might be lying under red tape on his writing-desk. Three solicitors, chosen by Mr. Napier, decided the point in favour of the crown! The tribunal was unnecessary. Mr. Napier, who is so attached to precedents, might appeal to invariable usage—to the *lex et consuetudo* of the profession. Against his election the attorneys for the accused entered a formal protest, lest future lawyers should sacrifice the public interests in attending too closely to their own. Mr. Napier is gifted with too high a sense of honour, and a spirit above the mean and the mercenary, to abandon his duty, or fritter it away with nice distinctions—what was done we doubt not was conscientiously done; but the community demand a protection, independent of individual conviction. So far as to the introductory matter.

Mr. Napier is *facile princeps* at the head of our pleaders. Whatever of the abstruse or perplexing in that department is to be accomplished, finds its way into his ingenious hands. He takes as much delight in elaborating a difficult set of pleas as Burke Bethel in a venison party and a bottle of claret. He is a very walking machine of points and crotchets. He would detect a curve in the straightest line, and demonstrate the perfect inequality of two right angles. The plainest surface is with him uneven—where a billiard ball would roll for miles, his inventive genius would raise mountains. There is nothing impossible to his powers of argument *e contra*. Where all is clear and direct, he will take the opposite side, and raise up a pyramid of contradictions "most marvellous to see." When his feelings are earnestly enlisted in any cause, he is apt to grow rhetorical, and enliven the dreary landscape of a law argument with the hues of fancy!

He is wonderfully acute as a reasoner, but often refined beyond intelligibility. We would consider him the most law-learned man at the bar. Dowling's Practice cases "are not too hot," or Lutwich and the year books "too cold for him." Like the player in Hamlet, he is thoroughly at home in everything. It is said of Lord Campbell when at the bar, that a junior unexpectedly asked him about some cross question of practice, and that he referred the interrogator to a case in point, naming the volume of the report—tradition does not add the page. If Lord Campbell did not, Mr. Napier could. Pope lisped in numbers. He must have lisped in cases, for he has them all spread out before him, mutually aiding and comforting each other, like the branches in a royal genealogical tree. But Mr Napier has not chewed the leaves of old reports alone—the labour of a life, and a long one—he is a person of cultivated mind and literary taste, in which he is forbidden to indulge, more from his business than his inclinations. He is a great favourite with all their lordships, and with the profession, from his gentle manners and obliging disposition. There is no glory without some attendant ill. Mr. Napier is unhappily afflicted with a degree of deafness, which militates against his court success, and mars the enjoyment of his high position.

Mr. Holmes would have been more prominent in our notice, had he not exhausted our approbation on a former occasion. He was the first in our "Note-Book," and we see no reason to alter our early opinions. He is now gifted with the *rudis*—not the Latin adjective, but the Roman symbol of long and faithful service, and he might retire from the arena where he has so often triumphed. It would give us more pleasure to see him among the counsel for the accused. The other props of the crown are Mr. Freeman, a leading advocate on the Munster circuit—Mr. Martley, a lawyer, scholar, and gentleman—Mr. Smiley and Mr. Baker, stuff-gownsmen, the last distinguished for his general as well as professional attainments. And here we rest. We have aimed at impartiality—have we found it? It is often difficult, and always invidious, to touch on the virtues or failings of those whom we meet in the walks of private or the crowded thoroughfares of public life. If friends were reasonable, and opponents generous or even just, our task would be less arduous, and we might hope, if not for approbation, at least the candid acknowledgment that we sought or said nothing at the expense of truth. Whether we are so fortunate we know not, but in what we have written we have been as little influenced by favour as by fear.

*** Since the notice of Mr. Napier was written, the correspondence between him and the attorneys for the traversers has been published. The following extract from his letter puts his defence on the strongest grounds, though the main question and principle involved seem to us almost untouched.

"A fortnight has elapsed this day since I forwarded from Belfast in due course of post a formal communication to Mr. Mahony that I had received and accepted a retainer for the crown before I had been apprised that he had left for me a retainer on behalf of Mr O'Connell and his son. During that interval I have appeared in court on several occasions as one of the counsel for the prosecution, taking part in the consultations, and shared the confidence of the law officers of the crown with reference to this case; and I am now for the *first time required*, upon what you state to be your anxiously considered and deliberate opinion of the duties of my profession, 'to take my place amongst the counsel for the traversers.' Whether there could be found at the Irish bar a man who could be guilty of treachery so base and meanness so contemptible, it is not for me to say; but I will affirm that instead of occupying the honourable position of one whose services might be considered desirable by both parties, he would be unworthy the notice of either. I cannot for a moment suppose that you intended seriously to propose I should then compromise my integrity and my character. Whatever may have been your real object, it

LA BELLE BLANCHE AND HER ABIGAIL

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

My heart has not one joyous string,
Oh! Love has broken it, poor thing!
These men they have such flatt'ring arts,
To win upon our simple hearts;
Mine has been pierced with many darts.
Heigh-ho!
Lord John declared he could not tarry,
He was in such sweet haste to marry;
But see, at court he lingers yet!
Some maid of honour's his new pet;—
The Eau de Cologne! I'm faint, Babette!
Heigh-ho!

I'll rouse my pride, and break his chain;
Remember, when he calls again,
To say, Babette, I'm very ill;—
No, no—I'm out with Lord Quadrille;
I'll rouse his jealous fears, I will.
Heigh-ho!
Pray, don't forget the kalidor,
Pearl powder too; oh! what a bore!
'Twould vex the spirit of a saint,
These vile cosmetics, dress, and paint;—
My viniagrette! I'm growing faint!
Heigh-ho!

I've often heard my mother say
That men were better in her day;
That lovers then would kneel and sue,
And girls were not obliged to woo,
And coax the men, as now they do.
Heigh-ho!
I'll go to Lady Dangle's ball,
I'm sure I shall eclipse them all:
That dress with roses; pray, Bab, mind
The breast is well with stuffing lin'd,
The bustle, too, more full behind.
Heigh-ho!

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is but right to inform you of the true facts. Mr. Mahony's retainer was dated as the 21st October, and left at my house about the 25th. It was notified to every person who inquired, that I was in Belfast, but daily expected to return. On the 27th Mr. Mahony had a consultation, of which I had not any intimation; he was aware on that day I had not returned. A clerk from Mr. Kemmis's office called at my house and was informed I was in Belfast. He left a retainer for the crown, and Mr. Kemmis addressed and forwarded a letter to me at Belfast containing a duplicate retainer. This reached me before I was apprised of Mr. Mahony's retainer, and I accepted that which was first offered. Mr. Mahony's docket reached me after I had sent off my answer to Mr. Kemmis, and by the very next post I wrote to Mr. Mahony that I had for the first time ascertained that he had left a retainer, and that before I was apprised of it, I had accepted a retainer for the crown. This letter, I presume, reached, Mr. Mahony on Tuesday, 31st October; on that day I returned to Dublin, and having (to my surprise) heard from my friend Mr. Whiteside that Mr. Mahony still expected my services, and being desirous to act with every regard to professional propriety, I waited on Mr. Holmes, and at his suggestion I made inquiry from several of the most experienced and respectable members of your own profession as to the course of practice on such an occasion. They all concurred in the opinion that, according to the practice in Ireland, where papers are not received through the intervention of a clerk, as in England, a personal communication had priority.

I'm only twenty-one to-morrow,
And yet the fates have wrought such sorrow!
So pretty, stylish, and well-bred,
And yet such trouble to get wed;—
This comb's too heavy for my head!
Heigh-ho!
Go, Bab, and fetch my Paris bonnet,
I'll call on dear old Lady Sonnet;
Her boudoir 's always full of beaux;
I'll praise her last new work, "La Rose,"—
'Tis stupid as herself, heav'n knows.
Heigh-ho!

Bless me! this cap 's a perfect fright!
Bab, put the poodle's pillow right:
There! pretty Dido mus'n't bark,
And John will take it in the Park;—
A carriage drawing up, Bab, hark!
Heigh-ho!
Oh, heavens! 'tis Lord John, I vow;
Well, that is very lucky now!
Quick, Bab, my slippers—the last new—
The green Victoria, not the blue!
My gloves! there, tell me, shall I do?
Heigh-ho!

That curl 's too long; quick, Bab! the glass
Is placed so awkwardly, alas!
This dressing, it fatigues one so,
My face is in a perfect glow;
I really am not fit to go.
Heigh-ho!
Yes, yes, he loves me, I've no doubt:
Mind, Bab, whoever calls, I'm out;
To all,—to Lady Juliet,—
I've not forgot their waltzing yet:—
Come, Dido, darling! there 's a pet!
Heigh-ho!

BABETTE, *alone.*

Well, thank my stars, she 's gone, a fidget!
We servants lead a blessed life:
Miss Blanch is worse than Lady Bridget;
She'll make a pretty sort of wife.
Look, here 's a room, a perfect litter!
She thinks there's nothing else to do;—
This dress wants stuffing, that don't fit her;
I wish Lord John *may* wed her, too.
Young ladies now, if they can't marry,
They get so nervous and so cross,
'Twould try the temper of Old Harry:
I'm sure I've found it, to my loss.
Heigh-ho!

THE PALAIS ROYAL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER V.

"The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong;
If she hath time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours."

SHAKSPEARE.

ST. MAUR had not been many minutes in his precarious retreat, ere the annoyance he felt was changed to dismay and extreme alarm for the imprudence he had been guilty of. The astrologer had thrown aside his mask, and disclosed features which could not but be well known, at least throughout the capital. It was the Cardinal Mazarin who sat thus lowlily at the feet of the lady; and she, by the language used, if other evidence were wanting, could be no other than the queen-regent, Anne of Austria, as she was popularly called. By degrees, for the confusion of the young man was so great, that he could not readily connect his ideas, the mystery of the last twenty-four hours was disappearing. He heard enough to warrant the general opinion of the extreme regard, if not affection, entertained by her majesty for the minister; and by incidental remarks he learned the extreme caution adopted by the Queen in preserving their more private interviews a secret, even to the confidential members of her household. Often when it was believed in Paris, and even in the Palais Royal, that Mazarin was closely shut up in his hotel, afraid to venture out through fear for his personal safety, and also, that his presence at the palace should not compromise his royal mistress in her pretended overtures to the party of the Prince of Condé; and when it was supposed that the Queen herself, distracted with her perilous situation, and the imminent danger which hung over the young King, was at prayers in her oratory, or had retired for that holy purpose to the convent of the Val-de-Grace—a convent which she had removed from the valley of that name to Paris, building for the nuns a sumptuous edifice, and endowing it with rich revenues—she was in reality in close conference with the minister—either at his own domicile, to which she had resorted in disguise, or at the Val-de-Grace, or other favoured spot.

It did not require much sagacity to identify her majesty with the elder lady, whom our young adventurer had had the honour to escort to the convent. If he had been himself more at ease, he might have admired the courage or obstinacy, as many called it, of the queen, in clinging at all risks to her favourite minister, and incurring such peril for his sake. But his own danger he deemed very great, for although he had by some rare accident found very easy access to the privacy of majesty, he could not but suppose that aid was close at hand in the

[1] Continued from vol. xxxviii. page 368.

event of surprise. What little reasoning power was left him, was at work to trace the connexion of his fair charmer with royalty, and also her position in the great world of Paris, and whether she were really the mistress of the mansion he was now in, and invited her gay friends to the pleasure of a masquerade, as affording a convenient opportunity for secret and unsuspected interviews between the Cardinal and her royal mistress, or if she were a more humble, though faithful confidant, and the queen indebted to some other dame of high degree for the place of meeting.

As they sat, for the Queen had resumed her seat, St. Maur had the leisure, though not often the courage, to venture a glance at the illustrious pair. The Cardinal was about forty, well made, though not handsome, yet possessing passable features, smooth and unruffled by passion; a face which, in its laugh, indicated cunning without ferocity, and when at rest, exhibited a plain gravity of aspect befitting a dignitary of Rome and a minister of France. His manner towards the Queen was humble and decorous—and Anne would not have brooked other behaviour even from him—yet his language evinced a settled purpose of having his own way in the matters under discussion, and a surety of gaining it, though obliged to use all the form of reverential courtesy.

The Queen was older than the Cardinal, yet retained much of the beauty which had formerly captivated the gay Duke of Buckingham—that far-famed gallant, whose diamants adhered so lightly to his garments. that he could, by shaking cloak and plumes, bestrew the presence-chamber;—her form might have lost some of its symmetry, but her features were still lovely, and the arm and hand worthy of the odes addressed by the poets of France. Her majesty, as was also the case with the other important personages of the kingdom, had been thoroughly kept in subjection by Richelieu: so subjugated to his will was herself, her husband, and the court, that she had not even the choosing of her own attendants and ladies of honour. And Richelieu dead, his iron sway broken, Anne, who had been accounted weak and spiritless, began to show her true character. The great depositories of power, themselves erewhile the slaves of Richelieu, and who had severally planned schemes of passion, deemed easy of success during the reign of a minor and feeble woman, were unexpectedly checked by the determination of the Queen to reign without control. Her talents for public affairs were but mediocre, but her courage, which amounted to obstinacy, stood in place of the more varied and subtle powers essential to a ruler, and being ever directed to one end, the preservation of the prerogative, involving in her eyes one of its most important functions, choice of a minister, she was often enabled, by the consistency of her pursuit, to triumph over the changing aims and pursuits of the Condé faction. A large share of coquetry was often of advantage in dazzling and enticing over some vain noble from her enemies' ranks.

Thus in a nation, whose constituent elements, after a long state of torpor, had suddenly awakened to restless activity, and in which the problem was still unsolved—with whom should reside the power—Anne stood, not unworthy to maintain the post she occupied.

There were meetings, perhaps, in which the Queen was forgotten in the woman, and the affection she entertained for the Cardinal permitted to show itself; but fortunately for the decorum of the court, on the present occasion, when by some strange mischance a stranger had obtruded himself on the stolen interview, the conversation was almost exclusively political. A crisis was at hand which might terminate even fatally for royalty, and Anne had too much sense to trifle away the precious hours of their incognito. Those conversant with the practices and intrigues of courts can alone be fully aware what a lengthened march the Cardinal and his royal mistress gained over their opponents in these unsuspected interviews—when the simple fact, of its being known that royalty and its councillor have had an interview, is sufficient to destroy and circumvent the best-chosen ministerial plans.

Often did the Cardinal beseech her to allow him to retire from the kingdom, and thus by one act, restore peace and tranquillity to the throne and people; but as often did the Queen reject it with indignation. Was she, as she asked, to throw herself and her son into the power of the fiery and sarcastic Condé, and become the slaves of the hot-willed and impatient prince, a worse tyranny than that of Richelieu? Should she choose for counsellor, the libertine coadjutor De Retz—or the vacillating Orleans—Beaufort with his troop of fish-women—or should she take refuge with her loyal parliament, which daily professing the utmost veneration for royalty, was actively engaged in inciting the people to submit their treasonable petitions for its consideration? They were all equally detested by her, and were only powerful through union; and the faction was composed of elements too discordant to act long in concert. It was quite time, she continued, to permit his Eminence to cross the frontiers when peril actually menaced herself and her family.

"It does at this very moment," exclaimed Mazarin; "Paris has been in rebellion to-day—and Condé levies imposts!"

St. Maur shrunk within himself at these words; he could not misunderstand their appliance. The queen demanded an explanation, upon which the Cardinal detailed the lawless proceeding of Gourville, as set forth in the complaint of the goldsmith; an act which they could not doubt had been done with the concurrence of the prince, and which amounted to the open levying of war even in the proximity of the palace. But, as the minister remarked, there was some deeper mystery in the transaction; for the goldsmith and his assistants deposed that the bracelet which had been offered for sale belonged to her majesty, and had been but lately repaired by them and returned to the palace; and as his Eminence observed, he himself recollected the jewel when his eyes had been irresistibly drawn to the arm which gave it lustre. Saying this, he regarded the Queen attentively, awaiting a solution of the enigma.

Anne blushed slightly, but whether at the compliment of his Eminence, or at her own discovered indiscretion, it were impossible to say; but she now found it necessary to be more explicit in the recital of the previous night's adventure. The Cardinal knew only of the attack on the carriage on its leaving the hotel, and the providential

escape of the Queen with her attendant undiscovered; and this had furnished one weighty argument of his previous theme, that he should abandon Paris, and no longer expose her majesty to such disasters and disgrace. But when he heard from her lips their rencontre with the youth—his attentions, which diverted by their bashfulness, and which, together with his apparent ignorance of Paris, threw her majesty, as she admitted, so far off her guard, that she permitted herself to bestow on him a token which might so easily, as indeed it had almost effected, destroy her hitherto well-preserved incognito wanderings, he became even vehement in his censures. Mazarin had been too well schooled ever to utter a word unweighed, though seemingly thrown off in the heat of passion; but with him passion itself was entirely subservient to judgment, and adopted rhetorically. In his present well-acted despair, he did not scruple even to take the Queen to task in no very measured terms, deeming that such would be more than forgiven, as a proof of zeal and affection. Nor did he judge unwisely.

Those accustomed to observe minutely the effects of emotion on the frame, will have remarked how it dilates and seeks expansion with the increasing warmth of the feeling, till it can no longer remain in a state of quiescence. Even so was the Cardinal impelled by his real or simulated earnestness. He arose from the footstool, and began to walk hurriedly to and fro, lamenting, in pathetic strain, that he had ever left his native Italy to become the ruin of so generous a lady as his royal mistress had proved. But there was yet time to save the throne, he exclaimed;—the course lay with him, and by mornings dawn, with the aid of the good steeds he kept ever saddled and ready, he would be far from Paris, and take refuge with his friend the Archbishop of Cologne, that rare pattern of ecclesiastical piety, and upholder of the supremacy of the holy faith.

Anne, who, as has been hinted, was vain, coquettish, and fond of flattery, firmly resolved that the Cardinal should not depart, yet did not check a train of discourse so pleasing to her feelings. She allowed his Eminence to run on, enjoying the gratification of having created a passion in a breast, which all the world deemed incapable of other than the cold selfish sensations arising from political success.

How long this interview would have lasted it were impossible to predict—at what particular crisis in the passion of the Cardinal, the tenderness of the Queen would have found vent in declaring herself inseparable from his Eminence—and how much solicitation he would have endured ere he gave up the intention of crossing the frontiers—these must remain matters of speculation. But our poor youth St. Maur, who found his situation one of torture, could endure it no longer. It was but a few steps to the door of the chamber—a very few paces more to the parterre, and there stood the little staircase by which he might escape to the lobby, and by the grand staircase to the hall in front of the mansion. He commenced the retrograde movement, stepping lightly as ever fairy tripped; but alas! those treacherous robes of the *Saint Esprit!*—unaccustomed to so much drapery, he trod on the folds of his own garment, fell forward, and in reaching out to save himself, upset the sereen, which fell rudely on the chair of royalty.

The Queen shrieked with terror; but the Cardinal, who was not destitute of courage, instantly suspecting the presence of an assassin, sprung forward, and kneeling on the already prostrate form of the youth, drew a poignard and uplifted his arm to strike. St. Maur from his position was powerless—his head prone on the floor, he could only cast back his eyes in the hope of meeting the gaze of her majesty, moving her compassion by his mute appeal; but whether owing to the Queen not having sufficiently recovered from her fright, or that she was indignant at the intrusion, there was no pity manifested in that quarter. He struggled with his hands, too much encumbered with the robes, to avoid the stroke—it was arrested, but not by him. At the moment of the steel glistening over him, he heard a faint cry, the arm of the Cardinal was dashed aside, and the fair form of the Sybil lay interposed between the youth and the prelate's weapon.

The Cardinal never had the reputation of thirsting after blood; he was spiteful and malicious, but not ferocious, and now that his sanguinary purpose had been frustrated, he gave up the attempt. Rising deliberately, he addressed the deliverer of the youth, saying,

"Isoline! You have perhaps saved for a few hours a life—but your negligence has nigh cost a life worth us all."

"He is no assassin, monseigneur," said Isoline on rising, "but one who has done her majesty good service, and no later than last night."

In spite of the entreaties of Isoline, his Eminence, whose mind was filled with ideas of plottings and assassinations, and not perhaps without cause, was proceeding to summon assistance, that the person of the youth might be safely secured, when he was recalled by the Queen, who asked very sharply if he were prepared to give evidence to the masqueraders in that suit of mummery. This remonstrance recalled the Cardinal to his self-possession."

"We seem each acting a foolish part, saving your majesty," said the prelate; "but let the epilogue be spoken by you, young man. Treason is in your footsteps; but if you discover your accomplices, mercy yet may be shown."

"May it please your majesty," said the young man, kneeling, and addressing the Queen, "and you, monseigneur, to listen. Let whatever punishment await my presumption, for I am guiltless of treason, I am too happy in the recent discovery that it was my felicity to be of trifling service to my liege lady. And your majesty is not dishonoured by my attendance, for I am noble by birth, and my ancestors have performed offices of honour to their sovereign. My name is Henri St. Maur, son of Etienne St. Maur of Dauphiny, who fell a victim to the anger of the Cardinal Richelieu, through his friendship for the Constable Montmorenci. My father, noble lady, believed Richelieu your enemy, and would have helped to relieve you from his thraldom. He died for attempting it; and his son has nothing left of his possessions but his loyalty."

"This may be well," exclaimed the Cardinal; "but why here—why track our secret council? You are, I remember now, a partisan of that dishonoured child of France, the Prince of Condé."

St. Maur started and looked confused, not so much at the imputa-

tion of partisanship, as that the Cardinal should be aware of his slight connexion with the prince; he who had deemed himself of such insignificance, that he did not suppose his existence in Paris known except to Condé, and several officers of the household, and the miserable company at the Golden Angel. He had yet to learn, that one in Mazarin's position would make himself fully acquainted with the history of every human being who entered the portal of the Hôtel de Condé, or was anyways connected with the leaders of the faction.

The Cardinal noticed this confusion, and believed it sprung from a darker cause than what we have just explained. He doubted not but that there was yet some plot of Condé's to unravel, and perceiving the youth's timidity, deemed it the readiest course to harass him into confession.

"You spoke but now of your poverty," said Mazarin, "that was known to me before this night. Though I sleep on the northern bank of the Seine, my ear is ever present when Condé gives audience to his followers!"

The Italian paused a few seconds, as though he were endeavouring to recollect some communication or intelligence relating to the youth —he then continued as follows:—

"You have, if I recollect aright, some notion of claim on the patronage of the prince. That may be. He looks for plunder soon to satisfy the cravings of his satellites, and he may have promised you a share—but, young man"—and Mazarin in speaking these words approached the youth, almost menacing violence, "have you not been already paid the wages of treason, and are now caught in the act of earning the price of treachery? Whence came the gold you lost in the rooms above? You look guilty, Monsieur St. Maur—nay, do not answer; I have answered that question for you myself—but tell me, tell her majesty, if you have any thought of mercy, what led you to this house—what made you dog me among the masquers?"

To speak truly, St. Maur looked as confused and abashed as though he had been really guilty of the high crimes laid to his charge. He saw that, to confess the truth, he must implicate the fair object of his love-dream—she had, indeed, invited him to the Place Royal—she had unwittingly brought him into danger, but she had preserved his life—but what he prized above all, the fair Sybil had, as he perhaps too flatteringly believed, given evidence of her preference. Honour and love forbad bringing upon her the wrath of the prelate; and he was silent and embarrassed.

For the first time, Anne appeared to exhibit an interest in his fate. Seeing the confusion of the youth, she declared to his Eminence, that she did not believe Condé would make use of such an instrument. "And it belongs not to us," continued she, rather haughtily, "to give credence to anything so vile in a son of France. Be the prince ever so much our enemy, neither our son nor ourself can forget Lens or Rocroi, or the brave fight at Nordlingen!"

The Cardinal was here made sensible of the delicate ground he trod on—how perilous it was for one of his origin to censure a prince of the blood in the presence of the sovereign, however deserving of blame. He saw that it touched too much on the self-love of those who rule by

divine right, for a subject to dare assert dishonour of the blood royal. Experience taught him readily to retrace his steps, and though inwardly sighing at this and similar checks, a penalty which even his greatness was forced to pay, he bent to the humour of the Queen, and prepared to question anew the youth.

Isoline remained a silent though deeply interested spectator of the scene; and as she reclined against the chair which the Queen had forsook since the alarm, she presented a picture which St. Maur might be excused for gazing at, despite the peril which threatened him. Her mask was thrown aside, and in the struggle to arrest the weapon of the Cardinal, her hair had escaped, falling wildly over her neck and shoulders. Scarcely twenty years of age, with features regular, though piquant and expressive, and under other aspects coquettish and playful, strongly marked with the national characteristics, were heightened by her emotion, and she looked like a youthful prophetess or sybil of old.

The silence of St. Maur taught her it was now her turn to speak, and she confessed to the eccentric invitation which she had given at parting at the convent gate. She had dictated the costume, that she might be certain of knowing his disguise, and so please herself with the actions of one whom, from his air and converse, she deemed a stranger to such scenes. By this contrivance also, Isoline was enabled to give such orders to the domestics, as ensured the admission of the noviciate. How St. Maur had at length penetrated her disguise, she could not guess at, but his having done so was doubtless the cause why he watched so closely monseigneur, whom he had seen talking with her.

The Queen, who had listened to this explanation with some surprise, evinced not the slightest displeasure; she appeared rather pleased, and reminded the Cardinal, that even Isoline, whom he had so often praised for her sagacity, had been fully as imprudent as herself. Then turning to St. Maur, who was still bent on one knee, she upbraided him good-humouredly for parting so lightly with a lady's gift, which she presumed he had done, commanding him to rise, and relate what mystery there yet remained in his adventure.

He readily but modestly obeyed the command; and the poverty to which he confessed, and his inability even to attend the masquerade without parting with the bracelet, won him pardon in the eyes of the Queen.

But the Cardinal meanwhile, who took no part in this discourse, exhibited signs of moodiness and distrust, which St. Maur, who watched all parties by turns, could not regard without alarm. At length breaking silence, he signified very respectfully to the Queen, that it was fitting Isoline should wait on her majesty till she saw her in safety, and in the meantime, the security of the state required that he should have some further conversation with St. Maur.

Isoline seemed unwilling to depart, lingering while she adjusted the mantle and fastened the mask of the Queen, whom, as it appeared to St. Maur, was to mingle with the departing guests; once or twice she seemed about to address the Cardinal, but refrained. Anne received the salutation of the youth graciously, and bidding the prelate

remember that he was under her protection, withdrew with the Sybil, who on her part seemed reassured by these words, and left the chamber with her mistress.

CHAPTER VI.

" Ministre avare et lache, esclave malheureux,
Qui gémis sous le poids des affairs publiques,
Victime devouée aux chagrins politiques,
Fantôme révéré sous un titre onéreux."

HAYNAUT.

The youth and Italian thus left together, there was a pause of some moments' duration, in which neither spoke. St. Maur was embarrassed at his situation and with the conflict and disorder of his reflections; he was in the Cardinal's power, and had wit enough to know that it would be a work of great difficulty to escape from the toils, being unfortunately the depositary of more than one state-secret. Mazarin was perplexed from the very abundance of means which cunning suggested to rid himself of the youth, but to each suggestion there was some hindrance or impediment, which rendered the course unwholesome or dangerous. The Bastille—removal on board a vessel bound for the New World—placing him within reach of the Algerine cruizers—or dooming the youth to a more sudden exit nearer home—were each thought of, and inwardly discussed; but the Queen had unfortunately interposed her word, and what was done must therefore appear the result of accident; for Anne, who in matters of state of the highest importance yielded almost implicitly to the wisdom of the Cardinal, yet in minor affairs, those affecting her own pursuits and partialities, she was as headstrong and obstinate, acting against the wishes of his Eminence in many court affairs, as she had displayed herself to the nation in so closely allying the royal dignity with this hated foreigner.

The Cardinal was never more to be feared than when displaying an extreme complacency; his nature assimilated to that of the feline tribe. Gradually losing reserve, he catechised St. Maur on his history—his connexion with Condé—and finally, proposed that he should quit so barren a field, and take service with himself—that is, with the Queen;—for the Italian thought, that if he first ruined him with the prince, the youth would then be totally in his power.

But this proposal was peculiarly distasteful to St. Maur—Condé had taken strong hold of his imagination, in spite of the penury in which he suffered him to exist; and he also thought himself bound by a principle of honour, and of feudal service, not to forsake the representative of the Montmorenci family.

These objections were at first laughed to scorn by the Italian, but when he found this mode only hardened the youth, and was creating the spirit of defiance exhibited at the gaming-table, he changed the mode of attack, and represented that, according to his own feudal principle of honour, if the Queen commanded his services, he was bound to forsake the subject for the sovereign. He added, that he

had evidently found favour in her eyes, and did not seem much less a favourite with the young sorceress who had been the cause of all their misfortunes.

St. Maur was perplexed, was even dazzled with the prospect which the prelate had conjured up of being united in the same service with Isoline, and he proposed to the Cardinal that he should solve the difficulty by laying the matter before the prince, and asking his permission.

This exhibition of simplicity so amused the Italian, that he could not forbear laughing outright. It was not often, however, that he was known to laugh sincerely; and on the present occasion, the sudden mirth soon gave place to angrier feelings. A covetous or avaricious man, or one guided by a sense of his own interest, he knew how to deal with, but here was what appeared a born fool, emitting some sparks of fire and courage when struck hard, but totally blind to the paths of fortune, and insensible to the allurements which attracted men of the world.

At fault himself, he grew angry, and totally changed his tone, telling the youth very plainly, in terms and with gesture not to be misunderstood, that there was no medium course of safety—that he was either his friend or his enemy—and that he knew too much to be trusted at large.

It is very probable, as the young man afterwards conjectured, that some portion of their discourse had been overheard by Isoline, who presented herself at this juncture before the Cardinal, announcing her majesty's safety, and that she was the bearer of the Queen's request, that Monsieur St. Maur should be left in her charge, as her prisoner and at her risk.

The Cardinal darted an angry glance at the lady; but was evidently forced to submit, for he withdrew, reminding the youth that they should meet on the morrow, and to beware of treasonable practices for his own sake, and for her who had become his surety.

Isoline followed his Eminence beyond the precincts of the chamber, but soon returned, and after carefully closing the door, declaring that there should be no interlopers a second time, she approached the youth, and in the same tone of *badinage* adopted in the first interview, said,

"Well, Monsieur St. Maur! my guests, save one, are all departed—not a mask left to make or mar his fortune. The *maître d'hôtel* has fed the violin-players, and sent them home—the lights in the saloon are extinguished, and we are almost as solitary as when we crossed those dreary streets to the Val-de-Grace."

"And am I to take this as an invitation that I should follow the way of your guests?" replied St. Maur.

"You are not in a condition either to accept or refuse invitations!" exclaimed Isoline, hastily. "Are you not aware that you are a prisoner? I do not distinctly know how you found the way so aptly to this retreat, whilst I, who ought to have been a faithful guardian, played truant—but you bear your fate bravely!"

"And my peril amuses you?" asked the youth.

"Spite of your misfortunes, monsieur, you amuse me very much,"

replied the lady. "Rich and poor in one hour—and the change affects you so little as to leave inclination and leisure for eaves-dropping! No one seeing a gentleman so unmoved, could believe that bare steel had been so close to his heart—and even now, your life hanging on a single thread! 'Follow the way of my guests!' Indeed, in your situation, I should be afraid to turn the corner of a street through fear of the assassin. Do you know his Eminence? Are you aware how queens and ministers feel towards those who have possessed themselves of their secrets? Have you not, most daring cavalier, her majesty in your power? At what price would the Cardinal purchase oblivion of all you overheard—would a life be too great a cost? And yet, it strikes me, that if permitted, you would depart home—and if you reached it in safety, sleep off all that has occurred, as though it were a dream!"

"Far from the truth!" exclaimed the young man. "I feel chained to the spot—I could live here content for ever. But have pity on my confusion. So many strange adventures have crowded upon me during the last twenty-four hours, that I scarcely know yet whether I shall not awake, and find it all a dream."

"What can I do to convince you that you are in your waking senses?" said Isoline, gaily—"Stay—you must be hungry, and I will not prove a cruel gaoler."

She left the room, leaving St. Maur in astonishment at her lightness of spirits, and the jest she made of his position with the Cardinal. Could the peril be so imminent, thought the youth, if she make so light of it?

These reflections were dissipated by the return of the lady, accompanied by the *maître d'hôtel* bearing refreshments. He was a man of middle age, sly and forbidding in aspect; and it very much excited the astonishment of St. Maur that such a man should have been selected by Isoline as a confidential domestic. He placed the viands before the guest and withdrew, casting one searching look on the youth, but instantly withdrawing his gaze when he found himself the object of scrutiny.

The fair hostess probably guessed what was passing in his mind, for as soon as the *maître d'hôtel* had closed the door, she said,

"Let that wine, monsieur, prove whether you dream or no—it is a present from the Emperor of the Turks; but if its potent qualities fail, the man who has just left us, the Sieur Bartholin, *major domo* in this house, and your keeper to-night, will bring you to your senses. He has received my orders, and I fervently hope he has not had other instructions."

"I do not dream, fair Isoline," exclaimed the youth; "let me thank you for the life you have bestowed——"

"Rather reproach me for the invitation!" exclaimed Isoline, interrupting him.

"We mock each other, sweet lady," cried the youth, kneeling, and taking a hand which was not withdrawn; "I feel I owe you more than I yet know of—but all is a mystery—even yourself, whom while I greet as mistress of this splendid abode, seems subject to strange

unworthy influences. Do I err in believing you unprotected—an orphan, perhaps, like myself—your destiny cast among strangers, subject to their will, and living a life of splendid servitude? Forgive me if I judge wrong, but if rightly, do not despise the homage I offer in true sincerity—my services, though humble, are offered with a true heart—may that hour arrive when I can hope——"

"Hope for nothing, Monsieur St. Maur," cried Isoline, disengaging her hand, and speaking with a calm gravity which he felt as a reproof—"hope for nothing but strength and resolution to escape from your present peril!"

She then, pleading the apparent indifference which he affected to his own danger, as an apology for the confidence about to be reposed, declared that her majesty was afraid of the intentions of the Cardinal; but that even the Queen, though unwilling he should suffer, was highly displeased and alarmed that a stranger should possess her secrets, and that it was only from a sense of the services rendered the evening previous, that she yielded to Isoline's entreaties to afford protection against Mazarin's designs. Yet even shielded by royalty, there was but one secure path, and that was to enter the service of Anne.

The youth, delighted with the interest in his welfare, thus expressed by one to whom his heart paid homage, all but openly avowed, scarcely regretted the peril incurred, attended with so sweet a recompense. Isoline, who could not fail noticing this visible pleasure, was perplexed at the slight impression produced by her recital; she recurred again to the subject, lamenting that her influence with the Queen extended no further than permission for St. Maur to remain under her roof, provided he was also under the *surveillance* of the Sieur Bartholin.

"And who is this Sieur Bartholin?" cried the youth. "And may I ask, how it happens that the menial has more power than the mistress? Or is this one of those secrets of state which may not to be told?"

"A most sensible question," said the lady. "I have now some hopes of you. Pray dissipate that dreaminess and insensibility which shuts from view the precipice on which you stand. You would know my history. You shall have it, for I never give confidence by halves. When you have been longer at this court, you will discover that none are able to advance themselves, or even maintain their ground, without leaguing with others for mutual protection. It is the same with cardinal or queen, chancellor or plain gentleman-usher Our liege lady herself is sometimes obliged to make a party against his Eminence to bring him to her views. I am without support save her majesty's affection; but I enlist you, monsieur, into my service."

Commanding him to assume the Cardinal's seat, while she occupied the regal chair, she proceeded to narrate her history.

Isoline de Noailles, at a very early age, became a *protegée* of the Queen, and childhood exempting her from the suspicions and *surveillance* of Richelieu, she was permitted to remain in the royal service, every year developing charms of feature and person, which promised to render her the ornament and grace of the court. She made many conquests, and the Queen at length bestowed her in marriage on

M. du Plessis, a gentleman who had recently purchased the charge of captain of the archer body-guard.

Du Plessis bought a château on the banks of the Seine, a few miles from Paris, hired valets who were good violin and flute players, and dined each day that his duties permitted, at his villa, to the sound of music—passed the mornings in hunting, and the evenings in the society of gay associates, allured to his house by the revelry and profusion. His constitution, undermined by excesses before marriage, could not support the toil of daily routine of fatigue and pleasure. His character, redeemed by the single trait of devotion and affection to his young wife, was in every other respect that of a finished libertine. Anne was grieved at the unfortunate choice which she had allowed her fair ward to make; but regrets were now without avail.

There might be some slight touch of insanity in the mind of Du Plessis; it were difficult otherwise to account for the mad recklessness of conduct, and waste of the powers of body and mind, coupled as it was with a full and reflective consciousness of his own imprudent career. "A short life and a joyous life," was often his cry, as borne from his horse by friends or attendants, in the midst of the hunt, he reclined gasping against a tree, till recruited nature found strength for fresh trials. He died at length, without heir, leaving Isoline a lawsuit for portion, and his debts, which were discharged by the sale of all available effects.

Madame du Plessis was but too happy to return to the service of Anne, herself a widow, and beset by pretensions which threatened both peace of mind and the security of the throne. Chief amongst the throng who besieged the court was the Duke of Beaufort, who with ambition far beyond places, pensions, and governments, aimed at the affections of his royal mistress. Anne, forced to temporise till she could consolidate her power, arrayed the pretensions of one candidate against the other, and kept all in suspense. In the negotiations which ensued, Isoline exhibited an aptness of talent infinitely serviceable.

About this period, Mazarin by adroitness was fast distancing all competitors, and when at length he became installed as prime minister, was not slow in discovering that Madame du Plessis enjoyed the advantage, singular in this respect amongst the favourites of the Queen, of being uninfluenced by, and safe from the control of relatives, who might have used her as a means for their own advancement.

To her surprise, the law-suit, which had languished for several years, was, by some unseen agency, terminated in her favour. It established the legality of a mortgage, which the other party would not or could not redeem, and thus Madame du Plessis found herself mistress of the Hôtel in the Place Royale.

Of what avail was this large mansion without resources to furnish the saloons, hire domestics, and purchase an equipage? Still, to Isoline's surprise, the bounty of the Queen and the Cardinal decorated the reception-rooms, engaged a suite of servants, and completed munificently the department of the *ecurie*. Without resigning the rather subordinate station at court, she entered on the duties and hospitalities of the hôtel; and as it was believed that litigation had gained her

more than the empty walls in the Place Royale, she was courted, flattered, and had all the homage ever awarded to a young, beautiful, and wealthy widow.

It was now that the fair Du Plessis discovered the motive of the extreme bounty of the Queen. Under her roof, the Cardinal and his royal mistress could meet undiscovered, converse freely, and, what was above all price, arrange a system of attack or defence, before it was known to their enemies that they had had an interview. If matters had rested here, Isoline would have been content, for the affection she bore the Queen, to undergo all the drudgery which her post demanded; she had been bred in a court where everything that was thought worthy of being won, was attempted by putting in action all the machinery of leagues and counter-leagues, plots and counter-plotting, flattery and dissimulation; and to baffle these, when directed against her liege lady, had been Du Plessis's delight. She was not, therefore, averse to the scene being changed to her own domicile; it was pleasing to the vanity of the fair youthful diplomatist, to entertain royalty, even by stealth. But when Mazarin proposed that she should enlarge the circle of her acquaintance, so as to include supporters of all the contending parties, and partly by acting the spy, and partly through her blandishments, draw to light the secrets of his enemies, both modesty and delicacy were shocked, and her pride revolted. His Eminence was angry at refusal, and firm to the intent proposed; it was not to gain trifles that the Cardinal could relax his avarice, and disburse the treasures of the exchequer as he had done in the appointment of Isoline's splendid establishment. She appealed to the Queen; Anne yielded to the entreaties of her favourite, and promised that his Eminence should not insist on offices so derogatory to a lady of birth, so offensive to womanly reserve. But the Queen was weak where her passions were not excited, and could not withstand the Italian's determination. She was thus forced to become a suppliant, and solicit Du Plessis to yield to his Eminence: but Anne found in the favourite a germ of obstinacy equalling her own, and based on loftier motives.

Hence arose distrust and dissatisfaction, and Isoline was too quick-witted to be ignorant, that she could not long expect to enjoy a benefit, if she did not comply with the tenure by which it is held. Bartholin, her *maître d'hôtel*, she knew to be a spy in the pay of Mazarin, and so placed, in order to pick up information casually let fall from the lips of her guests, or overheard by direct eaves-dropping. This man, she felt, might now perform the same office on the actions of his ostensible mistress; the idea was galling; it revealed the yoke of her servitude; she was humbled and distressed, yet knew not what to do. It was while under the influence of these feelings, that St. Maur crossed her path; his form pleased her eye, his actions gave assurance of fidelity. In a defenceless state, our minds instinctively look around for support, and cling to whatever affords promise of help. It was so with Isoline. And the growth of this feeling had brought about, in the few eventful hours which had rolled away since their first meeting, the intercourse and mutual confidence expressed, which we have recorded.

Much of what is here narrated was necessarily but lightly touched on, coming from the lips of the fair Du Plessis, and her auditor a youth of her own age.

When she had finished, he was silent and reserved. Her history revealed the misery oft dwelling in high places, and he thought more kindly of his own poverty and humble garret.

But it was not in the nature of Isoline to be long sad, or suffer sadness in others. She rallied her young friend on his rapid acquirements of the fashionable accomplishments of the Parisian youth—his encounter of skill with the disguised minister approached the daring recklessness of De Retz.

"You do me extreme honour, madame," said St. Maur, "to compare me with the Archbishop elect of Paris. But may I ask how came his Eminence with the defaced coin? I am certain it was not brought from the *Quai des Orfevres.*"

Isoline replied, that as he had gained so much of her confidence, and being herself now in a state of suppressed enmity with the Cardinal, she would not conceal that his Eminence could not quit one very mean habit, which he had probably acquired while a comparatively indigent adventurer at Rome,—that of selecting and putting aside all the light uncurrent pieces to pay debts of honour, carefully depositing the weightier coin he received in another pocket. Such a course, remarked the lady, was extremely bad policy, for it might have betrayed him with those who knew his failing.

"You watched his Eminence so closely," continued Du Plessis, "that he believed himself discovered. Perhaps the bright unsullied coin he won of the knight may soften his resentment—but remember, monsieur, there is no safety for you but in the service of her majesty—nothing but that can save your life, or, at least, preserve your freedom!"

St. Maur still objected to the course. Could he forsake the heroic Condé, to be subjected to similar humiliating offices which were sought to be imposed on Isoline?

But she, who knew the Cardinal well, was resolved that the youth should not be lost, if her entreaties could prevent it. Gourville's unscrupulous actions much aided her arguments, and he at length consented to sleep over his doubts.

"Then I will summon your gaoler," exclaimed Du Plessis, rising.

CHAPTER VII.

Fortune dont la maine couronne
Les forfaits les plus inouis,
Du faux éclat qui t'environne
Serons-nous toujours éblouis?

The few days elapsed since the conversation narrated in the last chapter had worked much alteration in the fortunes of St. Maur. Our scene changes to the Palais Royal, where he occupied the charge of usher and attendant on the sittings of the cabinet council. Such were the strange results of intercourse with disguised royalty. From the petty tavern to the palace of the sovereign was a wide leap, hardly

achieved by any calculation or foresight—a pure freak of the blind goddess. But our successes are ever clogged with a counterbalance of evil; we never taste the gifts of fortune unmixed; on arriving at the coveted station, it is found we have spent half our resources to reach the ascent. So it was with St. Maur. No longer ill-fed, ill-lodged, desponding of the morrow, he was basking in the sunbeams of the royal favour, but far, very far, from being happy.

The Cardinal noticed him flatteringly, but he had been taught to dread his smiles. Isoline warned him—and his own sagacity predicated ominously of the prelate's extreme complaisance. It was uncertain, however, where or when the shaft would strike; he was forced, therefore, to rely on the protection of the presumed sanctity of the Queen's service, and her own pledged word.

Without doors, even his insignificant appointment had created much ferment, and, with certain parties, considerable dismay. St. Maur, whose silent unobtrusive career had, in his own estimation, doomed him to obscurity, was surprised to discover in public rumour that one of Condé's most trusted and confidential friends had forsook his service, and become a Mazarinian; whilst those pretending to more sagacity believed that the new adherent of the court had not separated from the prince, but was employed in bringing about a reconciliation between his Eminence and the hero of Rocroi. What gave some colour to this surmise, was the circumstance of our young adventurer being often employed by the Cardinal in offices foreign to the duties of his station. The Queen and her minister met as frequently as heretofore, and St. Maur, possessed already of the secret, there was no fresh risk incurred in leaving to his conduct the management of the interviews. Nor was it an unpleasing task for the youth to visit the hôtel in the Place Royale; even the convent of the Val-de-Grace, whither he occasionally attended on the footsteps of royalty, was dear to the sight, renewing to the imagination the enshrined picture of memory, as it appeared when Isoline vanished from view on that eventful night.

On becoming one of the household of the Palais Royal, he wrote to Gourville, requesting him to assure the prince of the deep sense of his royal highness's courtesy, which would dwell for ever in his memory, and that, in taking service with the sovereign, he did not resign the fealty he owed the houses of Montmorenci and Condé.

Once, and only once, since this event, had he encountered the prince and the master of the horse; the latter sneeringly remarked on the good fortune of the family of St. Maur, in other days sending forth leaders of armies, and now, a descendant to brush clean the chair of an Italian parasite. Condé's silent rebuke he felt more keenly; the prince glared on him in passing without speaking, barely returning his salute.

Vexed with himself—dissatisfied with the change of party which he could not reconcile to honour—serving a master whom he knew would gladly compass his destruction—a mistress careless of his fate—there was only one bright star in the horizon of hope. He soon discovered that Anne had no interest in his advancement, throwing around him a feeble protection for the sake of the fair Isoline. To her he turned as his sole support, the beacon which was to guide him through perils which threw their shadow before.

One morning, loitering idly in a recess of the gallery, he was joined by Du Plessis, whose looks bespoke the herald of important tidings. Mazarin, on arriving at the palace, had been closeted with the Queen in her little gray chamber—a boudoir of audience so named, adjoining her private oratory—and the result was a summons for St. Maur to attend the Cardinal at the Hôtel Mazarin.

"There must be further advancement for you yet," continued the lady; "the secretaries, I hear, are already jealous."

"And heralded by so fair a messenger, I will meet my new honours gaily," replied the youth. "Yet, if I could but recover the Dauphiny lands, be paid my claims of compensation by that grim treasurer D'Emeri, rebuild the chateau, and persuade—"

"Persuade some silly creature to give up the pleasures of the city," cried Isoline, interrupting him, "for the barbarous region you name Dauphiny, you would be perfectly happy!"

"I would certainly disobey all summons and commands saving those of the 'silly creature' you allude to," rejoined St. Maur.

"I allude to, monsieur?" exclaimed Du Plessis—"you mistake."

"Nothing more likely than that M. St. Maur should err!" said a voice suddenly breaking in upon their discourse.

They turned to confront the intruder; it was the Count de Nogent, a colonel of the Swiss guards, and a licensed prattler, who occasionally amused the evening assemblies of the court circle.

"Nothing so likely as that a young courtier like monsieur should err in his duties," continued the count; "there are three messengers in quest of him at this very moment. The Cardinal is growing impatient, but monsieur has a happy excuse for his absence."

"What other news have you, count?" asked the youth, who felt disposed to be vexed, yet very prudently avoided the display.

"It is rumoured," replied De Nogent, "that the prince is anxious to clear himself of the imputation of the deep insult offered her majesty by his creature Gourville. For a subject to levy money almost within sight of the palace, is an insult to the throne which a prince of the blood could never own himself guilty of."

St. Maur perceived that this was aimed at himself; but, as the count derived the little importance he possessed from his auditors sometimes unwisely listening to his impertinences, the youth pleaded the Cardinal's commands, and withdrew.

A very short walk from the palace brought him to the Rue Vivienne, where stood the Hôtel or Palais de Mazarin, hidden from the street by a lofty wall, at either end of which admittance was obtained by a carriage entrance, protected by strong gates, well studded with iron. Much caution was exercised in the admission of visitors; they were reconnoitred and their business demanded by the porter, ensconced behind the massive portals, and parleying through a strong grating of metal. Admittance gained, the visitor was led across the courtyard, and into the hall or vestibule of the building, where waited, night and day, armed domestics, allowing no passage to the stranger until permission was obtained from the interior.

With the exception of the armed attendants, the hall breathed an air of voluptuous refinement and civilization to which the regal palace

could lay no claim of competition. On each side was a display of statuary, partly the workmanship of the renowned age of Leo X., and partly the remains of the classic ages of ancient Greece. The only violation of correct taste was in the allotment of two suits of tilting armour, so mounted as to present the attitude of sentinels, at the foot of the staircase, with protruding lances meeting over head, and from which was suspended a lamp of Venetian make. The walls of the staircase were covered with rich paintings from the hands of the Roman and Florentine artists, and invited the ascent of the visitor; the stairs covered with a carpet of tapestry, an innovation on the polished oak and chestnut of the royal houses of France; everything bespoke the presence of a luxury yet unknown north of the Alps.

"Is this the habitation of the man," St. Maur asked himself, "who ran such risks to win of me a trifle of gold, and who is mean enough to play the cheat with light coin?"

It was hardly credible, he thought, as he lingered behind the domestic, catching hasty glimpses of the pictorial treasures which enriched the walls. Above ran a gallery, opening into divers apartments. Between and above the doors was exhibited the same gorgeous profusion of paintings; the deep recesses of the windows were almost sanctified by small cabinet pictures of the Madonna, heads of saints, and divine subjects exclusively; each resembling a little chapel, enclosing its shrine with the effigies of a tutelary saint, and inviting the worship of the stranger.

There was one large picture which attracted the attention of St. Maur, and to gaze on which he besought the attendant to allow him a moment's leisure, ere conducted to the closet of his Eminence. Perhaps its interest in the eyes of the youth was owing to the freshness of the colouring, and the modern costume and equipments of the figures. It was a battle-piece. Two armies, one French, as St. Maur recognised by the scarf and bandolier of the soldiers, were drawn up in array; the signal of onset had been given—matchlocks were lowered, and the French lines were about to pour in a fire on their enemies, when one from the opponent's ranks, mounted on a black steed, and habited in an ecclesiastical robe, bare-headed, and with long locks streaming in the air, is seen galloping towards the French, by his motions deprecating the onslaught; the general, respecting the motive, is issuing his command to restrain the fire.

Lost in contemplation of the picture, one moment endeavouring to assign a name to the French general, too old for the heroic Condé, the next instant his eyes rivetted on the ecclesiastic, whose face was familiar, yet where seen, or to whom belonging, he could not remember—he was unconscious of being himself the object of close scrutiny. Suddenly turning to solicit an explanation of the subject of the picture from the domestic, he encountered the figure of the Cardinal, reclining with folded arms against a marble plinth or column, very quietly awaiting the leisure of her majesty's usher.

The colour flew to his cheeks in being thus caught in the very act of loitering whilst under the commands of his Eminence. He was stammering an apology, when Mazarin good-humouredly interrupted him by asking if he recognized any face amongst the groups. The

youth replied that two minutes since he was dubious of the features of the principal personage in the picture, but now all doubts were solved.

"It is not a very close likeness," said the Cardinal, a faint cold smile crossing his features, "at least since I have been elected to her majesty's council. A priest looks not well on horseback, and harnessed with the trappings of war; yet, young man, I do not repent me of the action there pourtrayed—it will read more benignly in my epitaph than a record of all my labours in this unruly city! Do you know the history?"

Now that memory was refreshed, St. Maur was at no loss to understand the details of the painting, but had enough tact to acknowledge that his information was very scanty.

To many in the Cardinal's situation, it would have been no easy task to be the narrator of his own exploits to an inferior, and almost dependant; to steer clear, on the one side, of affected humility, and, on the other, to have the grace to avoid drawing too largely on the forestalled praises of a retainer. But Mazarin, except in relation to the highest aims, was without vanity. To live and die chief minister of France, even if he reached no higher station; to marry his nieces to the best blood of the kingdom; to amass kingly wealth, and surround himself with the rarest objects of art and luxury, were doubtless themes to which vanity, in secret and silence, clung with sweetness and delight; but on lesser matters he was calm, passionless, and seemingly indifferent.

Plainly, and as an act which he deemed worthy of praise and remembrance, he related how, in earlier youth, being then attached to the house of Savoy, he had—after using all other means of preserving peace between that state and France—rushed between the contending parties, on the very stroke of battle—by his prayers gaining a momentary cessation of strife, which he improved into a more lasting accommodation of differences.

"I do not use this language without purpose, Monsieur St. Maur," continued the Cardinal; "what has been done once may be performed again. I gained a name with the christian princes of Europe in preserving the peace of rival states; let me now, with the same holy purpose, compose, if possible, my differences with the nobles and blood-royal of France, unhappily arrayed against me—but who will be the herald Mercury to step in between my unworthy office and the heroic Condé?"

The Cardinal paused. St. Maur did not immediately reply; but seeing from the manner of the prelate that he should be obliged to give utterance to his thoughts, he said, there were many, very many, who would be eager for the honour of such an embassy.

"All corrupt—unfitted by their intrigues for such a task," rejoined Mazarin. "No, no! St. Maur—you alone would Condé listen to. There is a fair road for fame and honour—glory to be won in the eyes of beauty—love is but a poor dissembler, Monsieur St. Maur—but go—go to the prince. We know he wishes to see the Queen respecting your friend Gourville; tell him I am commanded not to resign, or I would gladly lay down my office; say her majesty has convened a council, to which she commands the attendance of all the

princes of the blood, and that we of the cabinet, myself and colleagues, approve the Queen's act, for the peace it may bring."

The youth was dazzled with the vision, to which the Cardinal added an interest by the allusion to what he, falling into the usual mistake of lovers, deemed a secret, hidden from all eyes save her to whom the homage was paid. But what if some treachery were intended?

"Will monseigneur pardon a question I would ask?" said the young man.

"Speak on," replied the Cardinal.

"When you undertook to propose peace to France, had you not surety from Savoy that the conditions you agreed on would be strictly adhered to in all honour and sincerity?" asked St. Maur.

"Most surely," replied his Eminence, "for mine own honour and satisfaction; and do you be as careful of your honour as her majesty and her humble adviser are of their pledge, that, as you deal honourably, so you will be dealt honourably by. We will not take the prince unawares; let to-morrow and the next day intervene ere her majesty's council meet—Thursday next, and the hour eleven."

The Cardinal made a slight obeisance, turned on his heel and withdrew, leaving the youth to wander amongst the storied riches of genius which adorned the palace. But he was in no mood to enjoy their beauty. Neither the severe grace and beaming intelligences of Raphael, nor the voluptuous forms of Rubens, had power to arrest his steps.

He was now called upon to exercise a calm judgment under the most trying circumstances. There was no door of escape by which he might seek safety in a medium or nugatory course. The duties of his station required obedience to the Queen and her minister's commands; he had been avowedly chosen for the task, as one of whom the prince, of all within the pale of the court, would have least distrust in matters of personal safety. Could he, therefore, with a knowledge of the Cardinal's general duplicity, so far put faith in his sincerity on the present occasion as to be the means by which his old patron and feudal chief might be brought into dire peril? It were everlasting disgrace and self-doomed infamy if such should prove the result. Neither could he decline the office, except by openly assuring the Queen, as well as the minister, that their united pledge was to him valueless. What course, therefore, could he pursue?

To bring Condé into peril was an act which he would suffer death rather than perpetrate; his judgment was therefore tasked to ascertain whether he could trust in the pledge of her majesty and the honesty of Mazarin's intentions;—if he could not, why, then, farewell to the Palais Royal, to the society of Isoline, and the service of her majesty.

Men are often influenced by latent motives of which they are themselves unconscious; could St. Maur have looked deeper into his own bosom, he would have discovered that the partiality imbued for the precincts of the court caused him to attach too much value to the Queen's promise. Her pledged word that he should not be employed in aught that affected the honour and safety of his former patron, would certainly exonerate him in the eyes of both friends and foes, in the event of treasonable practices; but, with the knowledge of her

subjection, in most important matters, to the rule of the unscrupulous and designing Mazarin, was he justified in perilling so much on her good faith?

He did decide, however, in favour of carrying the olive branch to the prince. Nor was the train of thought suggested by the artful prelate absent from mind; he could not avoid dwelling on the personal importance which would accrue if he participated in bringing about an accommodation. He would at once be elevated into the sphere so much coveted by the ambitious spirits of the age—possessing the reputation of acting in, and giving a turn to, the course of political events.

These reflections carried him swiftly to the portal of the Hôtel de Condé, where, loitering on the steps in the inner courtyard, stood his friend the master of the horse.

Gourville's sagacity quickly suggested that no slight matter would bring the youth to encounter voluntarily the scorching glance of Condé; despite, therefore, of his own desire of exercising a vindictive spirit, and subjecting St. Maur to a most humiliating lecture for changing party, and, above all, deserting such a powerful protector as the Gascon, he yet suppressed all outward manifestations of anger, in expectation of gleaning quietly the purport of the young man's visit, which possibly might have some relation to himself or his actions, which of late had been the subject of much unpleasant comment.

In this manœuvre he was foiled, for, with all his art, he could draw nothing farther than that the usher of the council had something of importance to communicate to the prince. If possible, this made him more anxious to be master of its purport; but a very little practice at court makes a man an adept in parrying aud turning aside unwelcome inquiries. Gourville, discontented, grew furious, reproached the young man with acting the part of a spy in thus venturing to obtrude on the privacy of the prince, and hinted very plainly that his reception would be such as to make him regret his visit to the hôtel.

St. Maur, though cowed by these threats, and, from other causes, feeling an extreme dislike to the interview, was not the man to be deterred from a course after having fully made up his mind to its pursuit. Saluting the master of the horse with a formal reverence, which the other affected not to notice, he passed onwards to the interior of the palace.

VISION OF TIME.

I LAY in a fitful sleep—'twas the last day of the year;
My eyes were sealed, but yet my sense was definite and clear;
A spirit came in my dream, and led me to a room
One part all bright, with a dazzling light, the other part all gloom.

Dim shadowy forms were there—I had not seen before;
And yet a strange familiar look upon their brows they wore:
As they went up and down, the Spirit bade me mark,
How some did stray in the glittering ray, while others kept the dark:

The old old Year in his bed, was lying a wrinkled crone:
His breath was coming short and fast, his feet were cold as stone.
A light was yet in his glance, but his pulse was quick and dry;
Old Dr. Time slow shook his head, and said he soon must die.

A little way from his couch—a little cradle lay;
An infant there lay slumbering—an infant brave and gay:
He seemed about to awake, for the clock was stealing round,
And the shadowy forms while they onward swept were listening for its sound.

"Oh! who are these," said I, "which flit round the old year?
Why cannot they leave him quietly, to faint upon his bier?
Why wander they up and down? why hover they round his bed?
And why are their looks so icy cold, and their tears drop down like lead?"

The spirit sadly smiled—"Oh, these are the summer friends
Who loved the old year while he was strong, and who now wait for his end.
That form in the pale gray robe, with long dishevelled hair,
Is Sorrow, who slowly walks by the side of her sister, Care.

And the shade that silently weeps, with head bowed down on hands,
Is Love, which has struggled with Time and Toil, as it wandered o'er many lands:
Its time, too, is drawing near; with the old year it sought to live;
But it dies without Hope; and the new, new year, has never a hope to give.

I looked in a mute amaze—the clock kept ticking on;
The months which had nursed the pale old year had vanished one by one;
The fateful minute came; the hour struck loud and long;
The old year died, and the new year dawned, 'twixt a mingled sob and song.

As the lamp of the old year sank, a shadow came to my side,
And held out its hand with a mocking smile I could not well betide.
I strove to touch its hand; but the hand was snatch'd away;
And the shadow faded, as shadows fade, 'neath the opening eye of day.

"You cannot stay its flight," the spirit said in my ear.
"He was once your friend when your heart was young, and your spirit fresh and clear;
But now he is fled and gone: he never will come back.
And look how the ghosts are crowding on, and stumbling in his track."

I looked as they rushed away—I fell like one who is dead—*
And anon I woke from my fitful sleep, in a spasm of pain and dread:
For I knew that the stumbling shades, were Pleasure, and Sin, and Crime;
And that that I had striven in vain to clutch was the phantom of long-lost Time!

H. M.

* "Io venni men così com' io morisse,
E caddi come corpo morto cade."
DANTE.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER I.

"A flowrie hown between twa verdant braes,
Where lassies use to wash and spread their claes,
A trotting burnie, wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peebles shining smooth and round."—ALLAN RAMSAY.

SUCH was the scene in the Highlands of Scotland, on which Janet M'Rea again turned to look, on the last evening that she should ever bear the name of M'Rea! It had long been the wish of Mr. and Mrs. M'Rea that such an event as that of her marriage with Gustavus Schutz should be consummated: it was an event that, though it would take from them their only and justly much-beloved daughter, would, as they fondly hoped, add all that was wanting to complete the happiness of their dear Janet. Her conduct to them as a daughter had been unexceptionable; and though it was indeed a trial to them to think all claims to the every-day attentions of their affectionate daughter must be given up, still, they had talked themselves into the belief that really they could resign her with perfect composure—that old people like themselves had best look only to each other for comfort, and that to feel Janet had a home and a kind protector, when they should be for ever removed from her, would be a comfort and blessing for their last hours, well repaid by any present sacrifice they might make. Janet's heart yearned on her dear fond parents; it was not to be denied, since Gustavus Schutz had appeared at the side of the "trotting burnie," Janet had found there was another face whose eyes she liked to see wandering over the beauties of the quiet den,* or watching the setting sun, when the mountain's top had been climbed, expressly to be at its height when the sun declined: she *had* thought her fond parents' admiration quite sufficient; *now* she found every evening, on his absence from their quiet home, she had a *wish* crossing her mind, that Gustavus could see how peculiarly beautiful the setting sun was to-night: or she called to her father and mother, as they preceded her a few steps—"Only look back, father, how beautifully the light has fallen over the burn—it was just so the evening Gustavus and I walked here"—so, in a manner imperceptible to herself, Gustavus had wound himself into all her thoughts. Her parents still had all the same dutiful attention, but, encouraged by their fond wishes, and her own attachment for Gustavus, she had at length given the promise that was to unite her to him, and this last evening was come, when, bending her footsteps back from the little hamlet, whither she had been to bestow some last remembrance among her poorer neighbours, she was lingering by the side of the "trotting burnie," and meditating how long, long a time it would be ere she should again walk

* A den, in the vernacular language of Scotland, is synonymous with what in England is called a dingle.—*Beattie.*

over that ground, endeared by a thousand fond recollections: in the words of our own poet, it was the bride who

> " Lingers upon the threshold of her home,
> And through the mist of parting tears surveys
> The chamber of her youth ;"

and she

> " With something of a clinging fondness looked
> Upon the flowers and trees."

But the evening wore away, and she returned to spend the last night with those dear parents, from whom, for nineteen years, she had never been separated. Could she have felt there was any one to take her place, she would have been altogether happy; but this one idea now was uppermost, and she wished, she longed, for the next few months to be past, for she dreaded the separation, and by that time, she hoped, Mr. and Mrs. Schutz would find themselves happy in each other's society, in the Island of Antigua, at which place he had an appointment to fix him for many years, and a good and thriving estate, which only wanted his presence to bring, he believed, all his worldly affairs to a state of great prosperity.

The narrator of this tale has the advantage over poor Janet, and can sink all the misery of parting, after the good parents' blessing had been given on their marriage. Neither need there be any lengthened detail of the first few years following this event, for all went on apparently in the train most to be desired. The voyage was prosperous, and far, far exceeding expectations was the accumulation of wealth, but to be settled by deeds. All had the outward semblance of prosperity, and the reports conveyed to the " dear Highlands" nothing but what served to gladden the hearts of the old couple; neither did any other account stray back from them to Janet but the perfect satisfaction they had in their daughter's prospects. It was true, they could not speak of themselves as gaining strength; time was, perhaps, making greater inroads than they wished her to know, and perhaps her absence was felt more than they even wished themselves to believe; but so it was—greatly as they had desired to see their Janet Mrs. Schutz, and strenuously as they urged it, they did not, could not, feel the sad loss her absence would make to their personal comfort till she was gone. She had been their only child, and they had now entered upon what is commonly called " the wrong side of life;" her father was many years his wife's senior, and ill health had made her apparently in advance of years to him; so after not uncheerfully, nor repiningly, but still greatly feeling the change, in a few short years this good old couple sunk, within a few days of each other, into the silent tomb, and with their last words they asked a blessing for their dear absent Janet, whose lot in life, they hoped, would run on in calmness and happiness: they left her with a husband they believed every way deserving of her, and one child to be her comfort, they hoped, as she had been theirs, and with affluence and wealth which they knew they would bestow so as to turn it to a peculiar blessing; therefore, nearly the last words of comfort from the dying lips of Mrs. M'Rae to her husband were, " Weep not for me, you will soon rejoin

me, and as for our Janet, we cannot have a wish for her now." The old man's tears were not long suffered to flow; and ere the death of one parent, communicated by his own hand to his loved Janet, could be despatched to Antigua, the kind pen of a friend added that of her father also;—but the sorrow of Janet on this intelligence can be felt, and need not now be described.

CHAPTER II.

"It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle mair,
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest." BURNS.

So felt poor Janet Schutz, when she again tried to exert herself, after the birth of her second child—"her little Janet! Yes, it should be Janet, after her dear departed mother; and it should have Garth added also," (as, according to the custom of the Highlands, she was oftener used to hear her father called Garth, after the name of his estate, than M'Rae,)—"yes, Janet Garth Schutz. I cannot think Gustavus can object to that, since our boy bears his name, Gustavus; he did not like me to add what he called the ugly name of M'Rae to Gustavus; nor Robert, which he said was as bad: I cannot think Janet Garth will sound harsh to his ears: and now, since I have lost both my dear parents, this will be so soothing to me." And, for a wonder, Gustavus Schutz did not object to Garth being added to the name of Janet; nor, for a still greater wonder, did he seem other than the same Gustavus Schutz who had enchanted the father and mother, and won the confiding love of the beautiful Janet M'Rae.

Gustavus Schutz had seen in Janet M'Rae of sixteen, the only person who he ever thought he could love. He had gone to the Highlands on a shooting expedition with a friend, whose estate joined that of Mr. M'Rae's, which was called Garth: he had seen what he called "a vision," by the side of the trotting burnie that flowed through the Garth estate.

"Yes, Scott," said he, "I saw a form of such beauty, and such a face, intently gazing into that burn, as you call it, that I never saw—could not before imagine the world contained;—tell me who and what have I seen, if you laugh at my vision?"

"Why, you have seen the Flower of Garth! the Pride of the Highlands! and you may travel far and wide without seeing either such a form or such a face, or 'e'en the witching grace' of that Janet M'Rae!"

Time and opportunity were not wanted, in the three remaining years of absence from Antigua, to improve an acquaintance with Janet, and we have heard the result; but Gustavus Schutz had found a naturally capricious, indulged, and therefore commonly bad temper, may be

altogether concealed to win the love of a Janet M'Rae, or the consent of her parents, that she might bear the name of Schutz. Gustavus did not mean to practise a fraud, and appear more than he was; but he had found, for the first time in his life, something that gave him a sincere desire to correct a temper he too well knew was allowed to go unbridled. He was the spoilt child of fortune: had he, instead of being surrounded with the blessings of prosperity, been placed in the school of adversity, probably nothing would have been wanting in Gustavus Schutz; but now his own heart was his constant tormentor; to keep under his indulged temper, it was necessary to feel he was putting a bridle on himself; and this, unless to win a Janet M'Rae, he did not take the trouble to do; though he "meant, yes, fully intended the last outbreak of his horrid temper should be the last—it was a disgrace to himself, and the torment of all around him—positively, cost what it would, the bridle should be kept on." But, no—the indulgence of self constantly made him forget such a good resolution. The wife is different from the to-be-won Janet M'Rae, and what he would have given half his fortune Janet M'Rae should not see, Janet Schutz was silently lamenting over every day of her life. She lamented for herself, for her boy, for her servants, for her friends,—but, far more than all, for Gustavus himself; the spirit of contradiction from mere caprice, the whim of the instant, and the hasty unsubdued temper, which she full well knew must be making an aching in that heart she so tenderly loved, (and that really loved her as warmly as ever,) that none of the advantages he otherwise had could do away with. She never mentioned it to him; she appeared not to notice it;—and why? because Gustavus too well knew it himself—she felt that it had the power to make him a self-tormentor, though he had not sufficient command over himself to make the exertion to, as he called it, "put on the bridle!" He had lost his only remaining parent, a most truly estimable gentleman, whose life he felt had been embittered by seeing the wilful temper of his son; and when he could no longer have the opportunity to show that parent he had put a restraint over his own temper, which he could not but deny was, as that parent said, wearing the health of his dear young wife—then he felt

"The heart, the tortured heart around
A serpent's deadly coil is wound;
Yes, such the never-dying pain,
The bitter sense that must remain
Of injuries and slight to those
O'er whom the grave's dark portals close,
To whom we never can atone
By deep contrition's heaviest groan;
No, nor by floods of heart-wrung tears,
Nor by the long, long grief of years,
Nor by the hopeless, changeless gloom,
That shall go with us to the tomb.
Oh! when some heart, warm, true, and kind,
Has loved us with affection blind,
And we've repaid that fondness too
With love as tender and as true,
Yet grieved it oft with wayward mind
Betray'd to hasty speech unkind,

Repented of as soon as spoken—
How, when the mortal thread is broken,
And death hath snatch'd away from us
Those we have loved, yet injured thus,
How do our faults, once deem'd so light,
Start broad and hideous into sight,
While all our hearts ascribed to them,
We cease to see or to condemn.
How easy now (we think) 'twould be
Things in the light they saw to see
To mould by theirs, our tastes and views,
Enjoyments as they chose to choose;
Or, if a petty difference rose,
No proud remonstrance to oppose,
With gentle words and answer kind,
To sooth the irritated mind.
Could we uncounted millions give,
How cheaply were they paid to live
Over again (with hearts how changed!)
The years with time's dark shadows ranged,
But the strong current ebbs no more . . . ." *

Gustavus had lost this opportunity, and for ever, of showing his kind father, who had lived with them, that Janet, nor any one else, should no longer grieve for his "horrid temper," which if he could, he would have supposed ungovernable; but his father's reproof, "that it could be curbed beforeall the M'Raes at Garth," for ever sounded in his ears, and he felt he had no right to render his young wife so miserable by his failings. He often thought she took it too meekly; if she did but find fault in her turn, it would be better; but she never murmured nor complained: she could not help sometimes his seeing how deeply she felt it, but it was with the look of pity and of love. He felt himself miserable, and resolved, as before, the change should be made. Her temporary absence from the sitting-room had made him more particularly feel the comfort she was to him, and now he was willing to be everything to her.

"Janet Garth," he replied, "or anything else that would meet her wishes would be his: he could never forget Garth, and all its happiness: he regretted it was entailed on others; he should like her to have possessed Garth! Janet had a double advantage; it was hers, and her mother's name, Janet Garth: well, so it must be!"

The christening over, the dear elder Janet was again presiding over the comforts of the sitting-room, and delighting in the playful pranks of the little Gustavus, and looking with a sweet smile at her little placid Janet; and really rejoicing in the hope that this last misfortune, (his father's death,) which she too plainly saw had not only the bitterness of affliction, but carried with it some pangs of remorse to Gustavus, might be of lasting benefit to her husband, and remove for ever the failing which, though so completely able to embitter her life, was his only one—when her husband was called, by some necessary settle-

* If memory would kindly assist, the authoress should be quoted.

ment of affairs in the exchange of an estate, to go to Barbadoes. There he caught the yellow fever, and poor Mrs. Schutz found, after only a fortnight's absence, she was no longer a wife. The nature of the disorder was such, that she had not even the comfort of seeing his mortal remains, for he was buried amongst strangers at Barbadoes.

Now, indeed, did the trials of life seem increasing upon Mrs. Schutz, and at twenty-three she found herself a widow in a strange land, with a boy of two years old, and her Janet hardly nine weeks. Having wealth, she had of course all the comforts that wealth can buy, but barring that, she felt indeed now as if she knew not how to fix her mind upon anything. The future seemed a long and gloomy scene, the exertions that must be made to manage her house, and to educate her children, were such as she could not even bear to think upon; and all the uncertainty of what her future plans should be. Had she had Garth to return to, she thought that dear and peaceful spot would do much towards tranquillizing her mind: she had not now for the first time to learn the real comforts and supports of affliction—then, indeed, she would have been in a state of utter hopelessness; but she had to fortify her mind to meet affliction as it should be met; she had to try to exert herself with composure for that dear playful boy, whose sorrow could not be lasting—she had to rouse herself for the sake of her helpless little Janet; and all these exertions must come from the dictation of her own mind: all her friends were absent—relations now she had none—those of Mr. Schutz that yet survived him, she did not know, and now the link between them was gone for ever. Her strength, and energy, and even health, seemed to sink; but fortunately for her, what she deemed another misfortune, proved a blessing, (which perhaps is often the case, could we but truly feel as we often say, "all is for the best.") Gustavus began to droop his languid limbs—his unusual inertness alarmed his widowed mother, and "shall I be called on to part from my boy, my only Gustavus?" now was the thought uppermost in her mind. Dr. Penrith was called into consultation, and looking from mother to son, "My best advise will be, let me be commissioned to find you fit accommodations on board the Zephyr, now in the harbour, and quit Antigua: the climate is too hot for Gustavus, and you must seek, both for himself, and far more for yourself (though excuse the advice not asked for)—for *yourself*, another clime."

"But whither shall I go now," said Mrs. Schutz, endeavouring to conceal the intensity of her grief; "I have now no object anywhere."

"Say not so, dear Mrs. Schutz! Health is an object, your *son's health*, which you believe paramount to your own; but remember, you have not only Gustavus to think about, there is the infant—you must support yourself for both. Sad as is your situation at present, what would theirs be without you? You feel now the bitterness of grief, and have not that friend to turn to, who would divide your sorrows. Allow me, therefore, to take the privilege of a friend: let me fix your plans—let me advise you; go to the neighbourhood of Cheltenham; or, though it may appear irksome, let me speak plainly at first, go direct to Cheltenham, recruit your own health with its

waters; then you will have time to fix on what may eventually suit you better, and another year you may go to your own Pitcaithley, but Scotland is too bracing now. Let me urge my request—it may be thought over this night, and to-morrow send me your answer. I will not weary you with importunities, but leave you to that natural good sense I know you to possess; and I hope, when a few years hence I may be permitted to return to England and Scotland, I may find the doctor has proved, as so many may do, not only the skilful physician, but the judicious friend, by using the opportunity that sickness offers of an unreserved communication, and give that turn to the mind, which the debilitated frame, at the time it is recommended, seems to think it is hardly possible ever to attempt—in fact, to rouse the mind to exertion."

Mrs. Schutz felt the unceasing kindness of Dr. Penrith, and though looking with dread to the speedy removal from Antigua, and the misery of a voyage to be for the first time undertaken alone, she sent him an agreement to his proposal; and a few short weeks found her again on the briny ocean, returning once more to England, "merry England," which, though it could not be compared in her mind with bonny Scotland, still she had felt it had many charms, when visiting it with her parents, and passing through its beautiful lakes before quitting for Antigua with Mr. Schutz. Now every place was alike, and she had but one motive in anything, to restore to health her little Gustavus: he was quite ill enough to keep alive anxiety, but not to create absolute alarm for his life; and the voyage benefited both herself and her son. Immediately on their landing she set off for Cheltenham, and after a week's stay at the Plough, found herself comfortably settled in a neat, though not over large, dwelling in Cheltenham.

Dr. Penrith had proved himself a sincere friend; he had spared her every trouble he could, and yet he had made her acquainted with all her concerns; he looked upon her as a young woman of strong sense: he informed her on her husband's arrival at Barbadoes, he had found much that he hoped was prospering in a far different state; and he gave her to understand, that many vexatious lawsuits might be expected, before all her husband's affairs could be wound up for the (I am sorry to say) usual advantages so often taken of the widow supposed to be in affluence, he found in full force (for Dr. Penrith was himself in Barbadoes at the time, and brought the news of her husband's demise to her) his sudden death had left all his affairs in perplexity; but still she had a very handsome annuity, though on fluctuating property. Dr. Penrith promised a continuance of his assistance, as long as he remained in Antigua, and in return only claimed a promise that she would endeavour to exert herself, to which she smiled a faint reply.

A RAMBLE.

A FRAGMENT.

Last summer, being very fine,
I thought I'd go and "do the Rhine."
I started, and on some pretence
I halted when I reach'd Coblentz,
And though I only meant to stay
One night, or at the most a day
Besides, I stopp'd (would you believe it?)
Three months and more, nor would I leave it
Till I had poked about, and been
To see whatever could be seen.
The morning after I arrived,
My sister and myself contrived,
With little Madame Leibenstein,
To walk to Ehrenbreistein;
But when we reach'd the castle-gate,
We were obliged some time to wait
Before they'd let us in to see
The fortress,—such stupidity,—
Surely 'twas not worth while to make it,
If we were strong enough to take it.
However, in we went at last,
The men saluted as we pass'd,
A compliment they always pay
To ladies, 'tis a civil way;
If *our* fine gentlemen would try it,
Perhaps *e'en they* might profit by it.
Well, in we went, and down we sat
Before a huge, gigantic vat,
Which, one fat German took his davy,
Would hold enough to float the navy.
This rather startled me at first,
And sister laugh'd till like to burst;
But Madame told us, when alone,
The German said, he meant *his own*,
Which quickly made us cease to wonder
At what we thought so great a blunder.
From looking at the vat, we went
Up to the highest battlement,
And thence we saw a smiling vale
A lovely scene of hill and dale,
With here a river, there a city,
Making the landscape very pretty;
But why should I describe the view,
Or fortress? which is known to you,
In human probability,
Far better than it is to me.
For steam, and love of locomotion,
Has given every one the notion
Of travelling to try and find
The pleasures they have left behind:
Some roam for profit more than pleasure,
Some merely to enjoy their leisure,
Whilst others travel for their health,
In search of which they spend their wealth.

But what the reason was that I
Had flitted o'er to Germany?
There, stoop your head, I'll tell you why.
It was—yet no—I've changed my mind,
Read on, and possibly you'll find
It out, or if you read in vain,
Just think I've changed my mind again;
Place it to anything, d'ye see,
Except your own stupidity.
Some eight or ten miles down the Rhine,
There is a little town called Seine,
With pretty scenery about,
Which no one left Coblentz without
Going to see, my sister said,
And I by her was always led.
One day, as I was getting up,
And finishing my second cup
Of coffee, about six o'clock,
Or rather more, I heard a knock:
In rush'd my sister, and began
With—"Oh! I've such a charming plan!
I thought of it last night in bed,
'Tis *à propos* to what you said,
'Twill be so nice, I couldn't rest
Or wait, my dear, till I was dressed.
To-morrow morning, if it's fine,
We'll have a pic-nic on the Rhine;
'Twill be delightful, and who knows
But we may have some German beaux.
We'll go to Seine and spend the day.—
Now, at a word, I'll have my way
For once;—I know you're going to say
Something prudent about expense,
But that, you know, is all nonsense;
My husband has agreed, and he
Has left that matter all to me."
Next morning, which (though strange to say)
Was really a delightful day,
We started about half-past ten,
Four ladies and four gentlemen;
With merry laugh, and joyful faces,
We tripped and stumbled to our places:
The boat's shoved off, away she goes,
And everything's *couleur de rose*.
Smoothly and swift we glide along,
Now listening to the boatmen's song,
Now gazing on the lovely view,
Which at each turn more lovely grew,
Now chatting, and now singing too.

Oh! if the stream of life would flow
As pleasantly with us below
As flowed that sweet and placid stream,
Then might we realize the dream
Of love and joy, and live to bless
That morning dream of happiness.
Yet what is joy? or what is love?
But phantoms from the realms above,
Aërial bubbles, quickly blown,
And now!—they are already flown,

The ignis fatuus of hope,
Seen through a false kaleidoscope.
In youthful days, when hope runs high,
And sorrow hath not dimmed the eye,
When neither crime nor misery
Have placed their cank'ring finger there,
Fit harbingers of earthly care,
To herald ruin and despair;
When life is looked at and is seen
Not what it is—but might have been
When though deceived, the warning's vain,
We trust and are deceived again;
Our friends are false, our mistress frail,
Alas! it is of no avail,
Our eyes are all unopened still,
There's gilding yet upon the pill;
And still unwearied we pursue
The visionary spectre crew.
When truth, and constancy, and fame,
A good repute, and honest name,
Are sought for in this world of mist,
As though they really did exist;—
O then! in those bright days—before
We know such dreams will come no more,
Ere yet the sad *reality*
Of life is felt—'twere bliss to die.

Reader, no doubt, you're all surprise,
To find that I can moralise.
You think the picture overdrawn,
I've hid the rose, and shown the thorn.
I have, because, alas! I know
There is, in fact, *no rose* to show.
I once was innocent as you,
And grasped at every rose that grew,
Until I found that none were true.
Haply one day you'll think so too.
Deem not I've always been as now,
These rugged lines that seam my brow,
Which once was smooth as is thine own,
Reflecting nought but joys alone,
And life, and hope, were branded there
By misery few live to bear,
By every feeling *but despair;*
From that I know myself exempt,
By still a stronger one—*contempt.*
Contempt for all those butterflies,
The essence of embodied lies,
Which flit around, beneath, above,
Fit emblems of our earthly *love.*
Contempt for all the scorpion race,
Who spurt their venom in our face,
And crawl, and sting, and rail at fate,
Fit emblem of our earthly *hate.*
Contempt for all the worthless joys,
Mere empty sounds of air, and noise,
Created but for fools, and boys.
Like the camelion, who's hue
For ever changing, never true,
Presents to all it chance to meet,

At every turn, a fresh deceit;
Now black, now green, now blue, now white,
And every colour but the right.
A rope of sand, the froth of soap,
Fit emblems of our earthly *hope*.
Contempt for all the paltry woe
We manufacture here below;
Evils of every gradation,
Which live but in imagination,
Are magnified with anxious care,
As though true misery were rare;
A finger scratch'd, a rainy day,
A foolish wife who's run away,
A needy dun, a hungry Jew,
Who's clamorous for his I. O. U.;
A woman's rage, a lover's tear,
Fit emblems of our earthly *fear*:
Contempt for all the false pretence
Of wisdom, rectitude, and sense,
Which day by day, and bit by bit,
Is filtered through our human wit,
A wit just fine enough, and true,
To let all foolish things run through,
A wit conspicuously strong
To know the right, and do the wrong;
Such are the fruits of school and college,
Fit emblems of our earthly *knowledge*.
Contempt for all the pomp, and state,
Of those vain fools, miscalled the great.
In counsel sage as brave in fight,
Their swords, if not their wits, are bright;
The one is dull from much abuse,
The other bright from little use.
O! valiant men, who wisely seek
To battle with the poor and weak;
Whose country will ye seize on next,
And plunder? and on what pretext?
The last, if I remember right,
Showed both your wisdom and your might;
O! 'twas a creditable war,
To frighten that poor old Bashaw,
To knock his towns about his ears,
And steal his money, through his fears;
And all because *your* people broke
His laws—but then it was a joke;
Besides, though you weren't in the right,
You knew his people couldn't fight,
You'd nought to do, but fire away,
Destroy his towns, and make him pay:
O! men of bravery, and spunk!
A frigate 'gainst a Chinese junk!
How bold in making war are ye!
With those whose art is *making tea!*

DRY NURSE.

HISTORIES AND MYSTERIES.

FROM A TRAVELLER'S COLLECTION.

BY J. W. LAKE, OF PARIS.

CHARLES LE MAUDIT.

THE CONSPIRATORS OF THE LOUVRE.

It was the eve of Saint Bartholomew's fête, in the year of Divine Grace 1572, that in a small cabinet, close to the interior gate of the Louvre, were assembled three of the most sanguinary fiends that ever darkened the pages of history, or sullied the sublime precepts of religion. Their names—execrated through all time—Charles IX., King of France; Catherine de Medicis, the queen-mother; and Henry, Duke of Anjou, the monarch's brother, and heir-apparent to the throne. The room they now occupied commanded a view of the environs of the palace, where all that passed was exposed to the observation of the three royal conspirators—for such they were.

Absorbed in his sombre reflections, Charles had seated himself by the window, his eyes wandering in all directions abroad. Catherine sat close to the king, and seemed as if she was afraid that a single movement of the feeble, yet ferocious, monarch should escape her. The Duc d'Anjou, (afterwards Henry III.) his arms crossed on his breast, leant against the wall; his looks now fixed upon his brother, and now upon the widow of Henry II.

The deepest silence reigned amongst these three great criminals, who thus in "grim repose" awaited to give the awful knell, the dread signal for the appointed massacre! At intervals, the sad and measured sounds of the palace-clock broke mournfully upon the ear.

The arrival of troops, the hurryings to and fro of the agents of Medicis, who, from the Louvre, conveyed her orders to the divers quarters of the capital, with other sinister omens, were remarked by many Protestants, who resided near the palace, and in the Rue de Béthisy. United in a considerable body, they proceeded to the advanced posts, and inquired the cause of this unusual movement.

"What is that to you? How long is it since the King of France is obliged to account for his actions to heretics?"

Such was the answer.

The unfortunates still insisted. They were brutally insulted, attacked, and, finally, being unarmed, were all massacred.

Charles witnessed this cruel prelude to a more horrible carnage, and heard unmoved the cries of unhappy beings so cowardly murdered. Catharine, likewise, heard them; and, from the window, contemplating the frightful scene, said,

"You see, my son, that if we delay the signal much longer, they will be forewarned, and it will be out of our power to prevent disorders of which we may have cause to repent bitterly."

Charles, awe stricken for a moment, remained silent.

"I await your commands," added she. "Speak, sire, what is to be done?"

"What you please," replied the monarch, quitting the window, and throwing himself into the arm-chair his mother had just occupied.

The latter left the apartment, followed by the Duc d'Anjou. The king remained alone, in a state difficult to describe.

At this moment a blue flame arose above the palace, its sinister glare for a moment illuminating the environs;—and then all around was again wrapt in silence and obscurity. Suddenly the great bell of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois began to toll! It was half-past two in the morning—a Sunday morning—and the day destined by the church for celebrating the fête of Saint Bartholomew!

Catherine and her favourite son, D'Anjou, had rejoined the king in the fatal cabinet, when the sounds of the alarm-bell violated the solemn stillness of the night. A sudden horror struck the guilty trio—their hair stood on end—a cold sweat covered their limbs, agitated by convulsive movements—the shades of the victims they were about to immolate, "dabbled in blood," seemed to flit before them. Charles, unable to explain his will save by gestures, turned his looks towards the Rue Béthisy. Catherine understood him.

A gentleman was despatched with an order to the Duc de Guise to save the life of the Admiral Coligny. The messenger arrived too late; the crime had been consummated. Catherine had calculated too well; nor would Henri de Lorrain have respected the orders of his sovereign even if they had reached him in time.

It is a painful truth, that once engaged in the career of crime, it is seldom possible to stop, even although desirous to do so. Charles could no longer oppose the perpetration of the crimes he had authorised, nor even arrest their course; he, therefore, went on encouraging their execution.

THE DEATH OF COLIGNY.

Scarcely had the awful sounds of the massive bell of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois struck on the ears of the impatient and sanguinary Duc de Guise, than he issued from his hotel, and, accompanied by his band of assassins, whom he excited by voice and by gesture, he hastened to the residence of the devoted Coligny.

One of his bravoes presented himself at the door of the admiral's hôtel, and, finding it shut, ordered it to be opened in the king's name. On being informed that a messenger from the court demanded entrance, Coligny sent one of his gentlemen to receive and introduce him. The perfidious Cosseins accompanied the latter. The duke and his myrmidons had hardly entered into the first court of the hôtel, when the captain of the troop stabbed their introductor to the heart. He fell, crying "Treason!"

The Swiss and the King of Navarre's* guards put themselves on the defensive. The arquebusiers, commanded by Cosseins, fired upon them, and they were almost all slaughtered, as well as those of Co-

* Afterwards Henry IV.

ligny's people, who made some resistance, or sought to apprise their master of the dangers that menaced him. Alas! the shouts of the murderers, and the cries of their victims, had but too well informed him of it.

"It is all over!" exclaimed he; "I acknowledge, but too late, my fatal imprudence. Too happy if I could have been its sole victim. But, alas! all these the faithful followers that surround me, all who looked up to me in hope and confidence, are destined to die with me—and by my own fault! Ah, Charles, Charles! you have basely deceived me!"

Ambroise Paré* had not quitted his illustrious patient,† and was trying to revive his hopes, when suddenly a gentleman rushed into the apartment.

"What is the matter?" demanded the celebrated physician—"whom do they seek to harm?"

"All of us!" was the reply. "A troop of ferocious soldiery, and an innumerable populace equally furious, have forced entrance, and invaded all the courts of the hotel. The Duc de Guise is at their head. They slaughter every one they meet;—resistance is useless. We are lost!"

"My friends," resumed Coligny, "it is my life especially they seek; for the sake of heaven, then, I conjure you not rashly to expose your lives; escape, if there is still time. For myself, I am resigned. Death has no terrors for me—I have more than once braved it—for a long time I have been prepared to meet it. But do not, I pray you, augment the horrors of my last moments by the fear of beholding you share my fate!"

With the exception of his son-in-law, Téligny, and two or three devoted followers, the other witnesses of this harrowing scene availed themselves of the admiral's generous advice, and sought to escape from the hotel by secret passages. Others hid themselves in the cellars and attics, and some on the roof of the house; but the unsparing arm of bigotry extended everywhere. Some few, indeed, escaped from the Hôtel de Coligny, but they were massacred in the streets, or at their own dwellings.

The Swiss, to whom was confided the guard of the admiral's apartments, maintained their national character of fidelity to the last. Seeing the impossibility of successful resistance, they resolved to sell their lives dearly, and struck down several of their infamous assailants. Cosseins then advanced with his arquebusiers; and, overpowered by numbers, the gallant Helvetians were all massacred to a man. The door of Coligny's bedchamber was then burst open.

Three *miserables* entered the room. Besme, the first; the next, the Captain Attin, nicknamed le Picard; and the third, a soi-disant gentleman named Sarlaboux. Behind them were several bravoes, hired by the Duc de Guise; and, in the back-ground, at the door, remained Cosseins with his arquebusiers.

* The king's favourite physician, and a Protestant.

† Coligny had been wounded but a short time before, by an arquebuse fired from a window, by Maureval, a creature of the Duc de Guise. Yet, such was his infatuation, that he still trusted in the court.

The admiral, though suffering severely from his wound, had rallied his remaining strength, and courageously left his bed. He wore a robe-de-chambre, and, leaning against the mantel-piece, fronted his cowardly assassins. The haughtiness of his look, the dignified firmness of his bearing, the nobleness shed on all his features, that empire, in short, which virtue still maintains over crime, even when its victim, suspended for a moment the fury of his murderers. Not one of them dared to advance a step, or utter a single word. The aged martyr fixed them with a look which awed them all, and his heroic stoicism arrested their homicidal designs.

Besme, a villain more hardened in crime than his accomplices, was the first who recovered his horrible courage. Advancing close to Coligny, he placed the point of his sword on the admiral's breast, and, with the other hand presented a pistol.

"It is thou who art the admiral, is it not?" demanded he.

"Myself."

"Thy death is determined upon," rejoined the fanatic ruffian.

"Young man," said Coligny, "my life is in thy hands,—I am neither able nor willing to defend myself. Thou ought to respect my gray hairs; thou canst only abridge my existence of some brief days, but the crime thou art about to commit must for ever empoison thine."

"Perfidious sermoniser! thou hast but too long abused our patience by thy captious speeches. *Tiens—descend aux enfers recevoir le prix de tes funestes exploits!*"

In uttering these words, Besme plunged his sword into the body of Coligny, and then withdrew the reeking blade.

"The church and the king are avenged!" exclaimed the murderer.

The hero of Calvinism fell—one profound groan escaped him—he was no more! They all threw themselves upon his body; the assassin disputing with them his prey, and so horribly disfigured the features that they were scarcely to be recognised.

The Duc de Guise was impatiently waiting, in the court below, the issue of this terrible scene. No longer able to restrain his desire to know whether all proceeded according to his wishes, he called out to his criminal agent,

"Besme! where art thou?"

The assassin, holding out his sword from the window, thus answered the prince,—

"Seigneur, you are delivered from your enemy; he has ceased to breathe, and this sword is stained with his blood."

Several chiefs of the Catholic party now came forward, amongst them the Grand-Prior of France.

"I shall not believe it," said Henry de Lorraine, "until I behold his dead body extended at my feet."

"Monsieur d'Angoulême fears thou art deceiving us," resumed the duke, again addressing Besme; "give us then an irrevocable proof of what thou hast just stated."

"If the doubts of Monsieur le Grand Prior only hold to seeing what remains of the Huguenot," replied the wretch, "they shall soon be dissipated"

Aided by Sarlaboux, the assassin lifted up the body of the admiral, and then threw it out of the window, impiously repeating the words of the evangelist,—

"See, and believe!"

At the same instant, the corpse of Coligny fell into the midst of his enemies. His features were undistinguishable, from the sacrilegious ravages made on them. The Grand-Prior of France and the Duc de Guise were obliged to wipe away with their pocket-handkerchiefs the blood and dirt from the face, to identify their dead enemy, on whom they gazed for some minutes with horrible joy.

"It is truly him," said the Lorraine prince.

"It is himself," responded the bastard of Henry II. "This success is a good omen. Let us proceed to the rest."

"Wisely reasoned," said Guise; "we ought not to stop short in such a favourable route." He then added, "All the heads of the hydra are not laid low, but those that have just fallen will be the means of delivering us from the rest."

Before mounting his horse, the Duc de Guise struck with his foot the bleeding corpse of the admiral, and the Grand-Prior of France crushed his head, addressing the most gross invectives to the inanimate martyr. They then proceeded to other points of the capital, for the purpose of exciting the people and soldiers to carnage.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried they; "let the blood of the heretics flow in expiation of their crimes! God wills it, and the king ordains it."

The Prince de Lorrain and the bastard of Henry II. had scarcely left the admiral's, when the people, excited by Marcel, hurried thither in crowds. All the unfortunates they found there were "savagely slaughtered;" the apartments were pillaged, and it was with great difficulty that the armed force saved the hotel itself from being totally destroyed.

Teligny had, by friendly hands, been dragged out of the apartment of his father-in-law at the moment the assassins broke in. Pursued by their accomplices, who had seized upon all the issues, he took refuge on the roof. The guards of the Duc d'Anjou were the first who perceived him; but the high esteem which the king apparently entertained for this gentleman, whose noble qualities were generally known, prevented the wretches from striking him: they thought it best to consult the furious Cosseins in that respect.

"How! what!" cried the latter; "you have dared, then, to hesitate! Stop! I myself will do for him!"*

At the same instant a shriek of horror was heard;— a female, but half dressed, her hair all dishevelled, her eyes starting from their orbits, burst through the band of demons that encircled the prisoner, precipitated herself on the sanguinary captain, and withheld his uplifted arm.

It was the daughter of the unfortunate admiral, the wife of the brave Teligny.

"Mercy! mercy for my husband!" cried she, throwing herself at the feet of Cosseins.

* Cosseins was a wretch of the lowest extraction.

"No! no!" replied the savage.

"No!" repeated a thousand voices.

"*Point de pitie! point de grace!*" resumed Cosseins. "*Mort aux Protestants! mort aux herétiques!*"

"Strike, then, strike!" shouted the cannibals.

Several arquebusiers levelled their muskets at the destined victim; they fired, and Teligny fell expiring at the feet of his murderers, who were covered with his blood, which even fell upon his now widowed wife! Senseless, and extended upon the earth beside his corpse, she would have been trampled to death by the horses of that infernal multitude, had not some women of the populace, in whom every sentiment of pity was not *yet* extinct, lifted her up, and bore her to a distance from this spot of crime and horror.

The corpse of Teligny was torn to pieces; but the rage of those fanatic monsters was carried to such horrible excesses on the dead body of Coligny, that, if the frightful details had not been transmitted by ocular witnesses of undoubted veracity, we should shrink from giving them credence. The clothes of the admiral were torn in fragments, which were attached to pikes, and carried in triumph through the different quarters of Paris. After this, the populace, excited by the Guises and their partisans, who did all that demons could do to encourage this sanguinary delirium, cut off the victim's limbs, and finally his head. They next put the body in irons, and, after dragging it through the streets, threw it into the Seine. Other wretches, however, of the same hideous caste, withdrew the mutilated remains from the river, kindled a *feu de joie* facing the prison of the Chatelet, suspended them above the flames, and, while they were slowly consuming, danced around the burning pile, singing fanatic hymns blended with licentious songs.

The idea now came into their heads of attaching the half-burnt corpse to the *fourches* of Montfaucon; it was taken down, and fixed upon a hurdle, to be drawn to its new destination; but it was not till three days after that it was hooked to a gibbet prepared for that purpose. During the interval, an infuriated mob perpetrated every sort of excess upon the mutilated remains.

To insult the illustrious martyr's memory, an ignoble quatrain was composed, and placed above his gibbet, more elevated than the others; it ran thus—

"Ci-*gist*—mais c'est mal entendu;
Ce mot pour lui est trop honnête;
Ici l'*admiral* est pendu,*
Par les pieds, a faute de tete."

Here rests—the phrase is wrong—amend it;
A viler word put in its stead;
Here swings the admiral suspended—
Hung by the feet, default of head.

Thus perished Coligny, victim of his fatal security, and honest confidence in the *worst* of kings. An intrepid though unfortunate war-

* In modern French *ci-gît*; and *amiral*, without the *d*.

rior, he was firm in his resolutions, and possessed of manly and unbending courage, that never quailed before adversity. His eloquence availed him, on more than one occasion, to re-animate his partisans. He was equally respected and beloved, and never did man or martyr deserve more to be so. The bigoted monarch of Spain feared him, especially after he had engaged Charles IX. to oppose, by force of arms, the Spaniards in the Low Countries; and every dark and corrupt engine was employed by the government at Madrid to further his ruin, which his own imprudent confidence in the promises of the court greatly facilitated.

Charles IX. and his brother, conducted by Catherine de Medicis, did not blush to go to Montfaucon, to gaze, with savage exultation, on the deplorable remains of this great man! At length, his relation and friend, the Duc de Montmorency, had them secretly taken down, and taken to the chateau of Chantilly, in the chapel of which they were interred.*

The king, at first, endeavoured to cast the entire odium of this "most foul and most unnatural murder" upon the Duc de Guise; he afterwards essayed to prove that Coligny had merited his fate, and to this end, ordained that his trial should take place before the parliament.

The admiral was, accordingly, tried, that is, *convicted* of *lèze-majesté divine et humaine*, and condemned to be drawn to the place of execution in a hurdle, and there hung. On the twenty-seventh of October following, the same day that the two Protestants, Cavagne and Briquemaut, were executed, the effigy of Coligny was hung on the Place de Grève. This judgment, revoked in 1577 and in 1599, enacted that the sword, armour, and other warlike arms and accoutrements of the deceased warrior, should be dragged by the common executioner through the streets of the principal towns of the kingdom, that his château of Châtillon-sur-Loing should be demolished, and on its site a column erected, on which this iniquitous sentence should be engraved.

The hatred borne to the chief of the confederates was even visited upon his children; their property was confiscated, they were declared to be deprived of their titles of nobility, and incapable of filling any official situation.

The head of the admiral, at first brought to Catherine de Medicis, and by her presented to her son, was afterwards embalmed and sent to Rome. This horrible present was received in the most favourable manner by the Pope, at whose court the news of the massacre of the Protestants was celebrated by a succession of fêtes of the most splendid kind!

The family of the unfortunate Coligny found a refuge with the Elector-Palatine, who received with the most hospitable kindness the widow and children of this truly great and virtuous man, and sought to console the dreadful and irreparable ills which cruelty and injustice had heaped upon their unoffending heads.

* Chantilly was the residence of the last of the Condés, the sire of that flower of the Bourbons, the murdered Duc d'Enghein. It was within its walls that the late venerable and hospitable prince was found, suspended by the neck—a corpse!—shortly after the revolution of 1830.

THE ROYAL PRISONERS AT THE PALAIS DU LOUVRE.

During the perpetration of those dreadful scenes without, the interior of the royal palace offered a picture of despotic cruelty, if less astounding, yet scarcely less revolting. The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, both Protestants, from being the guests of Charles were now become his close prisoners; and not only were their faithful followers slaughtered before their eyes, but their own lives were placed in hourly jeopardy. *Abjuration or death* was the only alternative offered them from the lips of the brutal Charles himself, who, in pronouncing this "stern decree," gave way to the grossest personal insults on the two princes, his relations,* who still held out,

"Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified."

Scarcely had Henri de Navarre and the Prince de Condé returned, under arrest, to their apartment, when the most horrible cries ascended from below. The princes hastened to the windows, which overlooked the interior of the Louvre, and what a horrible spectacle there met their eyes! The guards of the King of France were ranged in two lines in the court of the palace, and to their "tender mercies" were rudely delivered up the doomed, disarmed, and half-naked captives, who were then cut to pieces. Their sufferings, however, were prolonged by the most painful agonies. Here, a father was not immolated until he had seen his son murdered by his side; there, the son was not butchered ere he had been sprinkled with the blood of the author of his days. The sad and helpless victims were insulted, outraged, and treated with every species of barbarity. Their groans were stifled by the savage howlings and exulting shouts of their fanatic executioners. Now and then, however, the voice of the agonized victims prevailed over that of the assassins.

"Charles! perfidious and cruel king!" they exclaimed, "ere long heaven will punish thy atrocious treason, and avenge its faithful servants!"

Others implored the pity of their enemies, embraced their knees, and sought to move them by their prayers and by their tears. They offered them the most precious jewels, and immense sums of money, which were accepted; and then the barbarian monsters murdered them, and boasted of being *incorruptible!* Neither youth nor beauty, sex nor age, virtue nor rank—not even the sacred ties of nature could for an instant move them to compassion—

"Pity!—can a *bigot* feel?"

"*Non! non!—point de pitie!—mort aux heretics!* was the universal cry of these deluded instruments of savage superstition.

It would be impossible to paint the horror which penetrated the hearts of the two illustrious *détenus* who witnessed, without being able to prevent, this butchery. Another and a nearer scene, not less hideous, however, soon withdrew their attention from the dreadful slaughtering below. A long gallery led to the apartment in which

* Henri de Navarre had but recently married Charles's sister, Marguerite de Valois.

they were confined; suddenly the most frightful shrieks issued from this passage, the door was burst open with great noise, and Marguerite de Valois fell fainting into the arms of her royal consort. She was followed by a man covered with blood, who staggering into the apartment, instantly fell, and expired. This was Saint Martin Bourses, a zealous Calvinist and a gallant soldier, to whom, moreover, the King of Navarre was indebted for some private obligations.

The guards bore off the bleeding corpse ere the young queen had recovered her senses, but the floor was stained with the victim's blood.

On coming to herself, Marguerite pressed her husband in her arms, exclaiming,

"You are saved!—I trembled for your life!"

"Why," said Henry—"why am I restrained from exposing it to defend my brethren?"

"You would risk it in vain—you could not save them from the fate to which they are destined. All Paris has rose up against them; they are pursued, immolated even under the king's eyes. I vainly essayed to save the unfortunate Saint Martin; my prayers were rejected; they struck him close to me, and I scarcely escaped receiving some of the blows that were aimed at him."

"It is all over, then—they will be all sacrificed!"

"This is not the only murder I have witnessed; already I have twice narrowly escaped becoming the victim of those furious wretches."

"What! have they dared, then, to attempt your life?"

"Overpowered by fatigue and grief, I had scarcely left you to-night, when I dismissed my women, and sought to obtain some repose. Sleep, at length, hushed my senses into forgetfulness, when I was suddenly awoke by the cries of a man, who knocked violently at the door of my chamber, exclaiming, 'Navarre! Navarre!' Distracted, astounded, believing it was you, I ordered my nurse, who kept watch near me, to open the door immediately. Judge of my terror when I beheld, streaming with blood, and closely pursued by several armed men, an unfortunate being, who darted into my room. *There* he received a dreadful wound in the back from a halberd, and the sword of another soldier was passed through his arm. The poor victim threw himself on my bed, crying, 'Save me, madam!—oh, save me!' My fright was excessive. I scarcely knew, at first, whether it was his life or mine that was sought after, or whether he was a murderer or a victim; however, I soon, from his voice and features, recognized him to be Téjan, one of your gentlemen. I ardently implored mercy for him, when the captain of the guard appeared, and granted my request; but I sadly fear that it was too late, as he is covered with wounds, and exhausted by loss of blood. I confided him to the care of some of my people whom I believe I may still count upon. I then hastened to my sister De Lorrain, who informed mê of your interview with the king. By force of entreaty, I at length obtained the liberty of coming here, to remain with you. It was on my passage hither that the unfortunate Saint Martin clung to my steps, with the forlorn hope of escaping his murderers. Alas! it was impossible for me to save him!—their fury knows no bounds! I beseech you, sire,

yield to the injunctions of Charles—I tremble for your life. In this moment of frightful excitation, nothing is sacred in the eyes of those wretches, authorised to slaughter and plunder."

"Your alarms are a precious testimony of your tender solicitude, madam," replied Henry; "but I know the duties that remain to me to perform. I will not, by a cowardly submission to the tyrannical orders of your brother, seem to authorise the horrible massacre of my friends and my subjects. Charles has consigned his name to eternal infamy; it will for ever be associated with the dreadful carnage at which he presided. It will be recorded to the end of time that a monarch immolated his subjects to satisfy the hatred of an ambitious prince, the vengeance of an implacable woman, and to his own natural cruelty. Such, madam, will be the judgment of future generations upon the atrocious and sanguinary deeds he is now perpetrating. Forced to behold the sacrifice of my faithful followers without the power of defending them, I ought, at least, to avoid even the appearance of participating in the odious plot to which they are victims. Better had I been one myself than give room for such a suspicion."

"Better a thousand deaths!" cried the noble Condé.

"Princes, such sentiments do you honour," resumed Marguerite; "but, for heaven's sake, withhold their utterance! It is not by exasperating the king that you can render service to those of your party."

"Your counsel is wise, madam, and we will try to profit by it. Let us be politic, then, like our enemies. We ought not to neglect the sole means left us of being of some use to our surviving friends."

This forlorn hope was about to be instantly and cruelly destroyed. Charles IX. seemed desirous of exhausting all the refinements of the most revolting cruelty, and of essaying the farthest degree of horror to which murder could be carried. He caused the servants of the King of Navarre and of the Prince of Condé, as well as the gentlemen of their suite, and the Protestant chiefs then at the Louvre, to be all disarmed; they were then conducted into the palace-yard, and all butchered before his eyes, and those of their masters.

Segur, Baron de Pardaillan, and the Captain Pilles had, more than any, excited the rage of Catherine and her son, by their language that very evening in the royal presence. Loaded with chains, they were led under the windows of the two illustrious prisoners. In vain they reminded Charles of his insidious promises; in vain they invoked his clemency; witness of their agony, he was deaf to their prayers, and even encouraged their executioners.

"*Prince barbare!*" cried Pardaillan, ere his death-blow, "thou thinkest by this infamous treason to annihilate the true friends of the faith. . . . *Roi cruel et parricide!* undeceive thyself; ere it is permitted thee to gather the fruits of thy horrible proscription, the hand of the Almighty will be heavy upon thee, and thou shalt be punished for thy crime!"

Pardaillan had been one of Henry of Navarre's pages; he was beloved, and merited to be so, by his august master, for whom he would at any time have given his life! Henry saw him fall, pierced by a

hundred swords. He beheld his body trampled under the horses' feet. He saw the cannibals tear the mangled remains, as tigers tear their prey! . . . "No language," says a writer of the olden time, himself a pure and good Catholic, "no words could convey anything like an idea of the horrible realities of that horrible time! The rage of those human slaughterers respected not the dead; they tore open and disfigured the breathless bodies—they dyed their own bared arms in the blood of their victims; they bore their heads on pikes through the streets; and many, yes many—dévoraient le cœur encore palpitant de l'infortuné qu'ils venaient d'immoler;" *

"Day broke amidst this scene of horror and carnage. The sun seemed to shrink back from disclosing the hideous picture that presented itself below; dark clouds obscured its pale and feeble rays. A funereal veil spread, as it were, over all France. The angry lightnings flashed, and the loud thunder blending its menacing and solemn voice with the enraged cries of the murderers, and the shrieks and groans of the victims enhanced the terror of those dreadful deeds. The rain fell in torrents, as if to wash away the traces of the innocent blood shed by the vile and fanatic instruments of the monster-king!" †

PERSECUTION AND PRIVATE VENGEANCE.

"Immortal Justice! what a wretch is man!"—L.

Towards morning the fury of the murderers seemed to relax; their rage was, for the moment, exhausted; they were tired of killing. Charles, who had hitherto only encouraged them by words, now sought to re-animate them, by joining example to precept. He placed himself at a little window, which is still seen at the southern extremity of the Galerie d'Apollon, and there, with his arquebuse de chasse, fired upon the unhappy creatures who fled from the royal slaughter-house, or who tried to gain the Faubourg Saint-Germain, by swimming across the Seine.

"Kill! kill!" cried the tyrant; "let not a single one escape!"

Nevertheless, his nurse, or foster-mother, and the celebrated Ambroise Paré, were saved. It was more from a feeling of egotism than of generosity, or gratitude, that he resolved to save the life of this famous chirurgeon. The aid of his art was necessary to him. Charles was suffering from the consequences of his own depraved vices; he hoped and believed that his Huguenot Æsculapius could heal him. He was, however, mistaken; the malady was mortal, and he sank under it. Catherine de Medicis, however, did not lose sight of her most worthy son. She was assiduous in maintaining and exciting his fury against the heretics, and, with the greatest sang-froid, presided at all that passed at the Louvre.

It is easy, although painful, to conceive, that at this frightful moment, when all the worst passions of human nature were unchained

* Atrocities of a similar nature were perpetrated by the populace at the storming of the Tuileries, during the revolution of 1793.

† Old Chronicle.

"by authority," that the demons of private vengeance, hatred, and cupidity, did not remain dormant. Bussi d'Amboise, a devoted Catholic, could not pardon the heresy of his cousin, the Marquis de Rènel, who had been led astray by the *errors* of Calvinism, and had served beneath the banners of Coligny. To his bigoted hate was added motives of private interest, which had rendered all reconciliation between the noble kinsmen impossible. Included in the proscription of his co-religionists, De Rènel was awoke in his bed by the breaking in of his chamber door; he started up, and beheld his intended murderers! With the terrible energy of despair, he darted from his bed, and all the secret issues of the palace being known to him, he succeeded in reaching the banks of the Seine. He had nothing on but his nightclothes, and was about to throw himself into the river, to escape by swimming, when the arm of an enemy arrested him. It was Bassi d'Amboise. . . . A cry of terror escaped the fugitive. He was unarmed—almost naked—how could he defend himself?

"In the name of our kindred ties, spare my life," cried he, "and I swear to give up my claims to the property in litigation between us!"

"No!" interrupted the brutal D'Amboise;—"No!—thou shalt have neither pity nor pardon from me. I cannot, I will not trust to thy promises—thou shalt die!" With these words he plunged his sword into the breast of the defenceless victim, who fell dead at his feet. This murderous deed was applauded! It was attributed to a praiseworthy zeal, although in fact it chiefly proceeded from the vilest resentment.

The Seigneur de la Force was descended from one of the most ancient families in the kingdom. His ancestors, and himself also, had rendered important services to the state. He had espoused the daughter of Larchant, a Roman Catholic, but had embraced the reformed religion. The father and son-in-law, at first divided by the difference of their faith, had afterwards quarrels, excited by that miserable and eternal source of disputes amongst men—money.

Larchant conceived the abominable project of taking advantage of the massacre of the Protestants, for consummating the ruin of him to whom he had, nevertheless, given the name of son. Religion was his pretext, but vengeance alone armed his hand. La Force, warned of the dangers that menaced him, was just on the point of making his escape, when the guards of the Duc d'Anjou, led by his father-in-law, entered his apartment.

"There he is," said the unnatural wretch to the soldiers; "fail not to do your duty, if you would not incur the disgrace of your master." La Force fell beneath their murderous blows. Before he expired, he called down the malediction of heaven on the head of his assassin, who, covered with the blood of his victim, retired to receive the felicitations of those who authorised and encouraged such deeds of horror.

The Baron de Soubise resolved, at any rate, to sell his life dearly; he overthrew several of his assailants, and forced his way to the outward portals of the Louvre. There, vanquished by numbers, he was

thrown down, disarmed, and subjected to every species of outrage. The death-stroke was not given until he had gone through a long and painful agony. Pierced with wounds, he was cast upon a heap of mangled bodies, several of which yet palpitated. He implored his tormentors to put an end to his sufferings; but the cannibals, exulting in his torments, refused to render him this cruel service; till at length, one, less inhuman than the rest, crushed the martyr's head with the butt-end of his musket.

Antoine Marafin de Guerchy, who was with the admiral when his hotel was invaded, defended himself with equal courage, and only fell after a long and terrible struggle. Enveloped in his cloak, armed with his sword, he made several of his cowardly assailants bite the dust; but, perceiving amongst them an individual of whom he had been the benefactor, and who seemed more furious against him than any of the others, he lost courage, and baring his breast, and covering his face with his hands, he cried—"Strike!"—The hand of him he had succoured struck the mortal blow; and he, too, fell, a victim to ingratitude as well as cruelty. This detestable crime was likewise extolled as a deed of heroism.

Tired of shooting at his subjects, and dissatisfied that every shot did not take effect, Charles laid down his deadly weapon. He then amused himself in looking over a long list, on which were the names of the principal Protestant chiefs devoted to death. Each time that another had fallen, they came to inform him of it. The most of them, however, were slaughtered before his eyes. He took a fiendish pleasure in glutting his horrible appetite for blood; in witnessing the torments of those on whom he had so lately lavished his praises and his promises; he delighted in prolonging their dreadful incertitude; and then, when he had excited their hopes of pardon, he made a private sign to his sanguinary myrmidons to murder them. More than three thousand victims were thus butchered in his presence. The courts of the Louvre were filled with enormous heaps of dead bodies, and the gory streams flowed on all sides from their mangled remains; the assassins were steeped in it, and more than once it dyed the garments of the remorseless monarch.

Such was the unpitying frenzy at this moment, that (it is scarcely believable, but, alas! historically true) the greater part of the ladies of the court pressed round Charles to enjoy the hideous spectacle, and indulged in their abominable derision so far as to mock the last cries and convulsions of the dying! Their fiend-like bursts of horrible joy blended with the groans of the victim; and the eyes of the expiring Calvinist were fixed upon the monsters who laughed at his agonies! To what infernal power could be attributed this rage? the most cruel, the most unforgiving of all—Fanaticism!

Language the most repulsive, the most disgusting, expressions that would not have been tolerated in the most licentious, the most infamous repairs of vice, were listened to by the king, who replied *avec délices.*

The Queen, Elizabeth d'Autriche, took no part in these horrors, and courageously resisted the importunities of her mother-in-law, who

essayed to force her to become a spectator of them. Charles gave ear to the just entreaties of his consort, interposed his authority, and on this occasion the haughty Catherine was obliged to yield.

The pillagers, the assassins, even the *gentilshommes*, stripped the proscribed of their most precious jewels; they offered them to Charles IX.—and Charles IX. accepted them. He placed on his fingers several valuable rings which were thus presented; and his cupidity was so much satisfied, that he promised a recompense to whoever thus delivered up to him the fruits of the most sacrilegious of thefts.

Nancey, chief of the executioners at the Louvre, after having given up to the poniards of his myrmidons all the gentlemen of the King of Navarre and Prince de Condé, forced their followers to descend into the courts of the Louvre, and at "one fell swoop" had them all butchered. The cries of these unfortunate creatures reached the ears of the two royal prisoners, whose indignant fury Marguerite could scarcely restrain. They imprecated the cruel clemency of the king, who spared their lives to make them spectators of the deadly sufferings of their most devoted servants. They vowed one day to take a terrible vengeance.

Towards the evening, the two princes were again brought before the king, and the morning scene was renewed. Nevertheless, Henri de Navarre, not to irritate the brutal monarch still more, mastered his indignation, and made some ambiguous promises, with which Charles and his mother appeared to be satisfied.

The Duc d'Alençon, who esteemed and loved Coligny, was imprudent enough to let fall, before Catherine, expressions of regret at the death of that great man; his artful mother, after having severely reprimanded him, finished by proving to him that the admiral had secretly sought to injure him in the king's favour, and that he had even directed his sovereign-brother to strip him of the major part of his appanages. The credulous Francis was thus prevailed upon to retract his good opinion of Coligny, and to consider the murder committed by Besme, and the extermination of all the Protestants, as an act not only of policy but of justice.

Catherine de Lorraine, Duchess de Montpensier, and sister of the Duc de Guise, proved herself the worthy emulator in crime of Catherine; equally vindictive, and not less cruel than the Italian, it was her who, at a later period, excited Jacques Clement to perpetrate the regicidal act of which he became culpable.* Providence, however, punished her misdeeds, by rendering her witness of the success of Henry IV., against whom her hate was not less violent.

Day closed in the midst of these scenes of murder and of pillage; and the shades of night descended to hide the frightful picture that Paris presented.

Towards evening, Charles had ordered the bourreaux to suspend their executions. It was necessary to clear the courts of the Louvre of the heaps of slaughtered bodies with which they were encumbered. They were thrown pêle-mêle into tumbrels. Women, children, princes,

* The Jesuit-monk, who stabbed Henry III. at St. Cloud. This monarch was the Duc d'Anjou mentioned in these memoirs.

nobles, domestics, rich and poor, old and young, were confounded in one common mass, and thrown into the river.

The king's orders were not respected; the zeal of the slaughterers did not begin to relent until the 27th; still, however, the massacre of Protestants continued to the end of August, not in the Louvre, but at Paris, and in the provinces. The carnage was even prolonged in many places to the end of September, and then the assassins were very near turning their arms against each other.

We have hitherto only described what passed in the palace of the sovereign; we shall now conduct our readers into the interior of the capital.

IT IS IN MEMORY.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

It is in memory stealing o'er me
That sweet dream of olden time,
Vanished scenes appear before me,
Now I hear some olden rhyme;
Pleasant songs and happy faces,
All that youth and fancy traces,
All those well-remember'd faces,
Smile for me;
All that once appeared before me,
Sweet dreams of youth ye still restore me,—
In memory!

It is in memory—how together
With my little friends I strayed,
Life was then all sunny weather,
Laughter then sweet music made;
But though all those days are over
When, a thoughtless, happy rover,
Sportive I—amid the clover
Wander'd free;
All that once appear'd before me,
Sweet dreams of youth, ye still restore me
In memory!

THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER.[1]

"WELL, what sort of a night have you had? How have you slept? were the first questions put the following morning by Lord Dawson to his future son-in-law, when the party met together at the breakfast-table.

"O, pretty well; last night's stories had excited me somewhat. Look!" continued Clairford, evidently endeavouring to give the conversation another turn, "look, the weather is clearing up; we shall be able to continue our journey."

"I have already made every arrangement; as soon as we have breakfasted, we will be off."

"Must we ride again, dearest brother?" asked Miss Mary, whose morning toilet had been selected with great display of colour.

"Why yes,—unless you prefer wading a yard or two deep in the snow,—I don't see how you are to get on otherwise."

"I am sure I shall be more dead than alive before I get to Italy!" replied the lady in a faint tone, and with half-closed eyes. "The weak state of my body, the agitation of my nerves, render me totally unable to support the fatigues of this abominable journey. O these horrible mules! I don't think there can be a more obstinate animal in existence; if you don't let them go quite as they please, you run the risk of being thrown from the saddle; and if you do, they are always sure to choose the very paths which run close to a precipice. They never were intended for a human being with weak nerves and a giddy head. Upon the whole, I must say, I think it somewhat unbecoming for any lady of distinction to be seen upon the back of a mule, though he lay claim to a relationship with the noble animal, the horse."

"Be this as it may, Mary, there is at present no alternative left you, unless you prefer taking up your permanent residence with the good monks of St. Bernhard."

"Permanent residence! I must entreat you, brother, not to make use of this horrid word monk so frequently and so unnecessarily; were it not so early in the morning, I do verily believe I should have a fit of cramp. During the whole night, I don't think I closed my eyes one minute; the wind howled so terrifically, and I could not help thinking the abominable monk with the four fingers was standing at my bedside; to tell the truth, I am not quite sure that he did not once or twice rub his bony hand over my face."

"How can you doubt it—or indeed Clairford's amusing story of yesterday evening?" exclaimed Lord Dawson, breaking out into a laugh. "There are four red marks distinctly visible on your face, Mary; you have most likely not looked into the glass this morning."

"You don't say so! Is it possible? No—I forgot it—goodness gracious! It is most horrible!" ejaculated the terrified lady, at the same time opening her trunk in search of a mirror, that she might convince herself of the awful truth.

[1] Continued from p. 195.

"Don't be alarmed, sister," added her brother, "I assure you I was only joking; you are not at all disfigured; there's not the least particle of red to be seen on your face—nothing but your usual interesting colour!"

"You really should not alarm Miss Mary," observed Lord Clairford, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation; "besides, you must know, I have now the firm conviction, that what I told you yesterday evening is no optical deception."

"And pray may I be permitted to inquire how and by what means you arrived at this conviction?" asked Dawson, with an ironical smile.

"By the most simple means possible," replied Clairford, seriously. "The monk from the Kreuz Kircke paid me a second visit last night, notwithstanding the distance which separates us. It is just a month yesterday since I committed the theft."

"By Jove! the story increases in interest," exclaimed Lord Dawson sarcastically. "A second visit, you say? And was it like the first—or was it attended with fresh and more thrilling marvels?"

"It was in every respect like the first, with the simple exception, perhaps, that I was, if possible, more conscious of being wide awake than the time before."

"I entreat you, Clairford, to let me have the finger; who knows but what it may be the means of procuring me the acquaintance of the reverend gentleman."

"Do you really wish to have the finger?" Well, then, I consent," said he, after some consideration; "yes, you shall have it, although I know that I am making you no agreeable present."

"O, leave that to me; fetch me the finger, Clairford; I must say I am most anxious to see it—this horrible finger, on which its original possessor seems still to place such value, and which will doubtless secure me the honour of his acquaintance. Fetch me the finger, Clairford."

"I yield to your wishes; here it is, enclosed in this small packet."

"Come, let's have a closer inspection of the precious relic," said his lordship, preparing to unfold the paper.

The whole party now crowded round the table, with the exception of Miss Mary; but even this weak-nerved lady, although timidity made her retire to a respectful distance, could not refrain from fixing her eye upon the deceased object.

"Hem!" said Lord Dawson, letting the envelope fall upon the table,—"Hem! You managed to hit the joint uncommonly well, Clairford; the old sinews must have been very dry, that they broke so quickly. The old gentleman most probably died in convulsions; look, Mary," continued he, turning suddenly to his sister, and holding up the finger before her eyes, "look, the nail is quite blue."

"For God's sake, dearest brother!" exclaimed the lady, retreating with an agility which greatly contrasted with her usual stateliness of motion; "for God's sake, don't come near me with the disgusting thing! You know very well," added she, in affected pathos, "how weak my poor nerves are."

"Well, well, I did not think that an old, musty, wizened finger

could affect you so much. I, for my part, see nothing very particular about it," added he, showing it to the rest of the company; "but I shall take great care of it, you may be sure, and shall not fail to report the progress I make in the owner's acquaintance. But come, we have done breakfast, and cannot afford, with so long a journey before us, to lose any time. Wrap yourselves well up; you will find it bitter cold in the open air, and we have got anything but a pleasant road to pass over before we reach Aosta."

Before an hour had elapsed, the travellers, whom chance had led together and provided with a comfortable shelter beneath the hospitable roof of the St. Bernhard monastery, left their night quarters in different directions; the one over Martigny for the Rhone, the others over Aosta to the beautiful scenery of upper Italy. The latter route is at all times attended with great difficulty, and not unfrequently with danger. Frightful precipices presented themselves in every direction; the snow lay very deep; and in many places the pathway was completely choked up, so that nothing but the experience of the guides could have enabled our travellers to reach in safety the long-wished-for goal of their destination.

Clairford took up his position by the side of the young and lovely maiden, whom the evening previous he had introduced to the company as his bride, watching with anxious eye every step of the mule to whom so precious a burden had been entrusted. There was no small portion of romantic enthusiasm in his deep attachment to the fair and lovely being, in whose manner and general bearing towards him lay so much that was endearing and devoted; for him the very thought conveyed a blissful feeling, that he was the one chosen out and especially selected to watch over and protect this delicate and fragile flower. It was this feeling which rendered him insensible to the fatigues and, as concerned himself, to the perils of the journey; the severity of the weather was unfelt by him whenever he caught a smile from her face, or heard an affectionate expression from her lips.

Ellen loved in Clairford the ideal of a man, whom her youthful fancy was wont to paint, and whom she now in him saw realised; her trust and confidence knew no vacillation; she adopted his views and opinions, and with that inexpressible delight, which the gentle and innocent heart of woman enjoys in its perfect submission to the one beloved, she not unfrequently suffered his convictions and ideas to outweigh her own. Thus it was that Clairford's relation of the appearance of the spectral monk had made a deep impression on her mind; she did not doubt its truth for one single moment, nor were the sceptical observations of her father, who had endeavoured to turn the affair into ridicule, of sufficient power to shake her belief, although this was by no means in unison with her previous ideas on matters of a similar nature,

"You ought really to have taken a mule, dear Henry," said she in an anxious tone, and with a no less anxious look at Clairford, who was working his way with great difficulty along the rocky and snowy path. "You will really over-exert yourself."

"My place is by thy side, dearest Ellen; nothing on earth could

induce me to leave you without protection merely to the surefootedness of the animal you are sitting on. And besides, am I not more than amply rewarded for these petty exertions?" added he, in a lower tone, and pressing still more closely to her side. Ellen made no reply, but a blush suffused her face, and the beautiful hand, as if by chance, again issued from its protective covering, and was as immediately enclosed in that of Clairford's.

Lord Dawson and his sister were attended by the bald-headed gentleman; the lady kept a constant and evidently anxious eye upon the unchanging features of the soi-disant corpse-seer; and there's no doubt but she would most willingly have joined Ellen and her lover, had not the latter contrived to keep the young lady's mule at such a distance from the rest of the company, that his words should reach the ears of that person only for whom they were intended. Miss Mary's anxiety increased with the difficulties and dangers of the road; and some hours afterwards, upon its recommencing to snow, she was completely in despair.

"Now there's no use denying it," observed she to her attendant, who was goodnaturedly endeavouring to lead her mule over a dangerous part of the road, "you may as well confess it at once, as keep me in constant suspense; say, you have already seen me as a corpse! Do you think I have not noticed your looks of compassion when your eyes were directed towards me? It is horrible, most horrible, thus to be trudging and wandering over the earth as a living corpse, and more particularly on a mule, and in such a piercing cold! Am I not right?" continued she. "Oh, you need not hesitate—you need not endeavour to conceal it from me; do you think I have a greater dread of death than other people. But let me entreat of you to speak—speak! I shall die of anxiety and apprehension if you don't speak. Have I appeared to you?" asked she, raising her voice at each repetition of the question. "Surely you will not be so ungrateful as not to answer my question."

"I assure you most positively, my lady, you may be perfectly easy on this point; three days at any rate I will venture to guarantee your life."

"Only three days! Three days only! And why not longer? And so you really think that I shall die at the expiration of three days? O dear! O dear! I feel so giddy—William! William! if you love me, come to my assistance! O dear—O dear!" continued she, in the most melting tone of voice, "William, dearest William, do not think of leaving your unfortunate sister, who is doomed to die the day after to-morrow!"

"Ridiculous stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Lord Dawson, considerably annoyed. "Upon my honour, this is neither time nor place to continue the foolish amusements of yesterday evening."

"But, dearest brother," cried the sentimental lady, with tears in her eyes, "this gentleman guarantees my life but for three days—three days longer; let me see—Friday, Saturday, Sunday—yes, Sunday I am doomed to die! O, that I must die on a Sunday, and not even in England!"

"Do, for goodness' sake, dear Mary, let us have no more of this

absurdity; we have surely had more than enough of it already. The houses you see in the distance are the place where we shall halt and refresh ourselves. When you have made a hearty meal, and thoroughly warmed yourself, you will, I am sure, banish these absurd ideas."

"Do you really think so, William? I know you treat these matters as perfectly ridiculous; ah! I wish I could; but my nerves, my poor unfortunate nerves, are so weak. Do you think, William, we shall find refreshment in the place when we get there? I feel very hungry, and, between ourselves, I am much too weak to support this jogging about on these hard-mouthed mules."

Towards evening the travellers reached Aosta in perfect safety, and here, on the following morning, the bald-headed gentleman took his leave of them.

The next considerable halt the party made was in Rome. It had been determined to remain here several months, and with the commencement of January to proceed to Naples. But alas! how many of our determinations and plans, and more especially those which have been so well considered and matured, are destroyed by the rough and ruthless hand of fate! Scarcely had Lord Dawson's family and Clairford got comfortably settled in Rome, which, in the month of November, for all travellers from the north, and more especially for English, is attended with no inconsiderable difficulty, when Clairford received a letter from his father. The contents were of such a nature, that it decided not only Clairford, but also his friend, to leave Rome the very next morning, and to return, the shortest way possible, over Marseilles, to London. The old Lord Clairford informed his son that, according to the opinion of his physicians, he had but a short time to live, that it was his earnest wish to see his son once more before his death, and to see him united with Ellen.

The packet-boat which received the travellers in Civia Vecchia was a small and dirty Italian ship, but, as was subsequently proved, a good sailer. There were but few passengers on board, so that the cabin was pretty nearly entirely at their own disposition. The wind, which for the first two days had been most favourable, upon their doubling the north coast of Corsica went round to the south west, and thus caused a most disagreeable motion of the vessel. In the fourth night a perfect storm arose, which threatened immediate destruction to the ship. Sea-sickness rendered the ladies insensible to the danger which surrounded them. Dawson and Clairford, who had passed the previous night without sleep on deck, were so overcome with fatigue and anxiety, that they were obliged to retire below. The sleeping berths, as is usual in such vessels, were arranged along the sides of the boat in such a manner that they could be turned up during the day.

"An agreeable music this, Clairford, to lull us into sleep," said Lord Dawson, already in his berth, whilst Clairford was arranging his clothes. "Such a noise, such a stamping, such a howling!—why, it is, for all the world, as if all the demons of hell were let loose. You must hold fast, or, by the Lord Harry, you'll tumble out of your fold, Clairford! But mind you put out the light before you lie down. Should the storm not abate, I shall creep out on deck in an hour or

two. I begin to think it would have been better had we gone over land."

"The passage over the Alps is very difficult," replied Clairford, blowing out the light and throwing himself on the bed. "Who knows how long we might have been on the road? It is to be hoped we shall reach the port to-morrow. Why, you surely are not asleep already?" added he, listening to the long-drawn breathings of his friend. "Good night, Dawson—good night! and good night, dear—dearest Ellen!"

These were the last words that were heard for any length of time in the narrow room of the sleepers. But for a little glass window, let into the door of the cabin, the room would have been in perfect darkness; through this the dull light of a lamp, which was suspended from the companion stairs, threw its uncertain light. Several hours had elapsed, when Dawson felt himself seized by the arm.

"Dawson! Dawson!" exclaimed Clairford. "Is nothing able to wake you? Dawson, I say!"

"What in the name of heaven is the matter?" cried his lordship, with difficulty shaking off sleep. "Is there any danger? Let's go on deck, then. Wh—what's the matter with you, Clairford?"

"Did you not see him? He stood close to your bed, and took the cursed finger from your box!"

"Him!—who? Why, really, Clairford, I shall begin to think that you are losing your reason;—you make me quite anxious on your account.'

"By all that's most holy—by my love to your daughter, Dawson, I assure you the monk was here—here, in this very cabin!"

"Get a light as soon as you can—perhaps we shall be able to solve the riddle."

"'Tis to no purpose," observed Clairford, after they had carefully examined every nook and corner of the cabin. "You will find nothing—nothing, believe me; and yet, I repeat it, *he* was here; he took the finger from your box and endeavoured to affix it to his hand, and then," added he with a shudder, "finding he could not succeed, he came up to my bed, and stroked my face with his four fingers, so that the very marrow in my bones seemed to freeze. No, no," continued he, violently agitated, "I can endure it no longer—I dare not see him again—it would be the death of me—Dawson, I say it would be the death of me!"

"Calm yourself, Clairford; your dreams have disturbed you; your nerves are affected; we must consult a physician as soon as we get to London."

"I tell you once more it is no dream—it is not my nerves—it is reality! No one shall ever convince me that I have not seen him three times—and," added he thoughtfully, "is not to-day the very same day of the month on which I broke off the finger?"

"The affair seems to be very disagreeable," observed Dawson, with visible uneasiness; "but you may be perfectly easy still, Clairford, for I shall retain the finger. You see, it is owing to chance that we occupy the same apartment this night; had this not been the case, the reverend Pater would, in all probability, have honoured me with his visit. Rely upon it, you shall never see the finger again,

neither waking nor dreaming. But, between ourselves, your monk must be a very ignorant fellow, or otherwise he must have known that I am now the possessor of his valuable finger, and that it was, consequently, his duty to have performed his magnetic manipulations upon my face."

Clairford seemed somewhat calmed by the assurance of his friend, and as the night was already far advanced, and further sleep out of the question, they ascended the deck, where, to their great delight, they discovered that the wind had considerably abated, and turned more to the south. Towards evening the vessel lay at anchor in the port of Marseilles.

Up to the arrival of his son and future relations, the disorder of Clairford's father had considerably increased. He was, therefore, urgent for the immediate union of Henry and Ellen, and, as there was nothing to oppose the realization of his wishes in this respect, the ceremony took place a short time after their return.

The happiness of the married couple was, if possible, increased by the visible improvement which suddenly took place in the health of the old nobleman. He was again able to leave his bed and walk about his room. The tender care and attention of his amiable daughter-in-law contributed greatly to his perfect restoration. He himself had never had a daughter, and his wife had long been dead;—Ellen soon became to him as dear as his own son.

Henry revelled in the May month of conjugal felicity. His most ardent wish was fulfilled. Ellen, whom he loved much more dearly than himself, was his, and, as such, felt herself as happy as he in her possession. But all description of the bliss attendant upon such days is perfectly inadequate to convey any fitting idea to the mind of the reader. Who is able to describe that feeling which reigns perfectly absolute in the bosom, when the heart knows no other occupation than that of giving itself entirely up to the wishes and the will of the being before whom it prostrates itself as before a god—when it enjoys a bliss which, like the sun's smiles through rain, is but seldom—alas, how seldom!—bestowed on us, perhaps as a recompense for the thousand ills to which our flesh is heir, and which, when most enjoyed, is often torn from our possession by the ruthless hand of destiny! Ten thousand times better were it never to have felt this bliss—better to swim along with the heartless world on the surface of the mighty stream of life, than from the sunny height of happiness to sink into the deep sea of grief and sorrow. Whoever has wept at the grave of one around whom clung the purest and the intensest of his heart's affections—who was, as it were, the purified part of himself—with whom his very spirit was entwined, and who had shared his joys and his woes—*his* eye shall never forget to weep, though the soothing hand of time may dry up the first and burning tears—*his* heart shall never again be lighted up with bliss, how manifold soever the forms which pleasure may assume to excite it!

"And why must this blissful period be of so short duration? Why must it cease to be at all? Is it not humiliating to our nature to see that when people grow older, and—as they are so fond to term it—*more rational*, they should laugh at and consider ridiculous and absurd

what was once their greatest source of happiness? Must it not awaken a feeling of grief in our bosoms, when we consider that the short span of time which lies between the years of our spring and autumn makes us so insensible, that we are no longer able—not even to conceive our earlier feelings and our youthful happiness? In depriving us of *the power* to revel in the purest and happiest enjoyments of the soul, was it, at the same time, the wish and the intention of Nature to render us incapable of reproducing even to the conception our former state, lest our yearnings after the Past should completely incapacitate us from enjoying the Present—lest we should be disgusted with our increased rationality and the apathetical sobriety of our after years? O Ellen! dearest Ellen! that such may never be our weakness! That we may ever be able to reproduce at will our present blissful state—that we may never cease to be to each other what we now are!"

"Never, never, dearest Henry, shall I cease to love thee as I now do! and why, then, my beloved, disturb the serenity of our present happiness by anticipating the possibility of any future change in our feelings? As long as thy affection remains unchanged, can I be otherwise than most happy?"

"Dearest, dearest Ellen, words are inadequate to express the intensity of my love!"

And kisses sealed the assurance so often given. And Henry now watched his slumbering bride, and scarcely breathed himself, lest she should wake. And thus they slept, the two happy ones, whilst wealth and affluence stood guard to ward off every contact with the woes of life.

A gentle sigh escaped the bosom of the bride, and scarcely audible the name of her husband trembled upon her lips. In dreams her fancy was still occupied with him; the moments in which sleep dissolves the closer connexion between soul and body, were for her not entirely without enjoyment.

But the images which flitted athwart the imagination of her husband, of him who, so confident of his happiness, had fearlessly closed his eyes in sleep, seemed to be of a less pleasing nature. His breathing was frequently interrupted, his bosom was violently convulsed, cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow, and the paleness of death sate upon his face. He lay for some time in this state, perfectly motionless, then, with clenched fist, suddenly sprang up, his eyes steadily fixed on one corner of the room, the very picture of horror, and trembling in every limb.

"Accursed wretch!" exclaimed he in a harsh tone, which, in sad disharmony with the sweet and dulcet whispers of her dream, awaked the lovely bride. "What is it that thou seekest here? Away! Why comest thou to me? I have it not! 'Tis no longer in my possession! Fool! why lookest thou where it is not? Bind not down my strength, thou being of another world—I will struggle with thee—I will crush thy rotten bones, and strew them to the winds! Then mayest thou go and look for them—ha! ha! ha!"

"Henry! dearest Henry! what ails thee, my beloved? Good God! how pale thou art! Calm thyself, dearest Henry, thy looks terrify me. Why look so wildly into yon corner?"

"There it was he disappeared, and there, from out yonder drawer, the third drawer, he took the finger—where it is not!" exclaimed Clairford, still violently excited, at the same time pulling out the drawer of which he spoke. "By heavens!" ejaculated he, in indescribable dismay, "the accursed finger is here! And the very same day of the month! How came the finger here? Did the monk himself deposit it here, in order to torment me? Thy father, Ellen, took possession of it, and yet, there it again lies before my eyes!"

"Calm yourself, Henry—be not so excited—thou tremblest in every limb; think of something else—think of me, Henry—of my love to thee—and be calm again."

Tears stifled her voice—they were the first tears she had shed as wife. He kissed them from her cheek, and soon her moistened eye again was lit with smiles. Happy, thrice happy she, from whose eyes Love kisses away the tears!

On the following morning Clairford communicated the event of the preceding night to Lord Dawson.

"I am truly greatly distressed," observed the latter, whose scepticism had received a shock, "most truly grieved, I assure you. I wished to see, my dear son, whether the young and happy husband would have time to spare to think of ghosts, and to this end I secretly replaced the finger in the drawer you speak of."

"A secret which the monk, in his usual uncourteous manner, thought proper to disclose to me. At any rate, you must now confess that it is not altogether dreams which have so much alarmed me. But be that as it may, I am now determined to get effectually rid of the finger as soon as possible, and shall, therefore, this very day, send it back to B——, with the particular request that it may be redeposited in the mausoleum of the kreuzkirche. Ellen's and my own peace of mind demand this of me, and nothing shall prevent me from executing my purpose."

"Good morning, good morning, ladies—good morning, gentlemen. All well? Very glad, very glad indeed, to see it. I am not one of those physicians, you know, who are pleased to call health a species of epidemic."

"Good morning, Doctor Willgrave—glad to see you! So early a riser? Why, you've had a long ride this morning. Breakfast ready, Mary? I am sure the doctor will not have lost his appetite on the road."

"Thank you—thank you, my lord. But how's your son-in-law, and his lovely bride? Somewhat—eh?—methinks—but that's all natural. You must know the object of my visit, properly speaking, is to inform you that I have at length, and with no inconsiderable difficulty, succeeded in enriching my cabinet with a genuine Egyptian mummy—I assure you, a most splendid specimen! It is a female mummy, you must know, and must have been a most beautiful creature. How flattering that her charms should be thus preserved after a lapse of perhaps a thousand years! But few beauties of the present day dare venture to promise themselves such an immortality."

"You are truly a most fortunate man, Dr. Willgrave," continued

Lord Dawson, in a humorous tone,—"but look, the breakfast awaits you. At the very moment that you are congratulating yourself on the acquisition of so great a treasure as an Egyptian mummy, chance has been increasing your riches by another—scarcely less precious specimen of a past age——"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Dr. Willgrave, letting fall the fork, which was conveying to his mouth a portion of the delicacies of his lordship's table. "I don't comprehend—I must beg your lordship to be somewhat more explicit."

"My son-in-law purposes making you a present of the finger of a dead monk, whose possession from the Kreuzkerche, not far from Bonn, cost him much trouble and expense. You must know there is a vault beneath this said church, where the bodies of a considerable number of monks are deposited."

"A finger! a finger! What a pity that it is but a finger! But it can't be helped, a part is better than nothing," replied the doctor, in the joy of his heart entirely forgetting the good things spread out before him. "But where is it? Show it me. Faith! the very mention of the rarity has quite taken away my appetite."

"Look you, Clairford, this is the best way to get rid of the accursed finger," whispered Dawson to his son-in-law; "for, be assured, whatever finds its way into Dr. Willgrave's cabinet, will never come out again, at least as long as he lives."

"And yet, I had much rather send it back to Bonn," replied Clairford, in the same tone; "I am, you know——"

"The finger—the finger, gentlemen! Why, you are more cruel than our modern fair ones, and let me pine longer for an old musty finger, than they do their lovers for a whole hand."

"I'll go and fetch it. Here it is," said Clairford, returning. "The condition, however, under which I give it you is, that you never suffer it to pass out of your possession."

The doctor looked at Clairford with astonishment. "On that point you need be under no uneasiness; of that I can positively assure you. No, no!" added he, examining the finger with the gusto of a connoisseur in such rarities; "a perfect ornament to my collection! the deuce is in it if, by my consent, it ever graces another's. Upon my word, a beautiful specimen! Perhaps you could inform me to whom it originally belonged?"

"That's impossible," replied Clairford; "that's totally impossible. You must take it as it is, without asking further questions."

"O, for the matter of that," interrupted Dawson, smiling, "I'll give you the information you want in black and white. This finger, you must know, once graced the hands of Brother Philip, who was born about the year 1230, and walled up alive in the year 1259, in consequence of an amour he was supposed to have had with a beautiful girl of the immediate neighbourhood. Some few days afterwards, however, circumstances were disclosed, which completely proved his innocence. The wall was forthwith pulled down, but the unfortunate inmate gave up the ghost a few hours afterwards. The finger was found beside him, severed from the hand, and it was generally believed that the poor fellow had bitten it off in the agony of despair."

"You really ought not to joke on such matters," observed Clairford, displeased.

"Capital—capital! Quite another Abelard, I declare! I am delighted with my present,—allow me to return you my warmest thanks. But how fares it with Lord Clairford? The medicine, I hope, has proved efficacious,—he is, no doubt, easier—has much less pain?"

"Won't you go up stairs and convince yourself?" observed Miss Mary—"his lordship has expressed the wish to see you."

"Directly;—I will just wrap up this treasure of a finger—so—and now I will wait upon his lordship. Do you perhaps remember," added he, addressing Lord Dawson, "the family name of Peter Philip?—it would interest me very much——"

"Certainly:—Peter Philip, before he became monk, was called Peter Schleicher; his father was a glove-maker."

"Indeed!—Humph! humph! Schleicher,—the son of a glover;—very important—very important! Once more my warmest thanks—and don't forget to write down the information you just now communicated; if you will allow me, I'll call to-morrow and take it with me. Good morning."

"You should not have given the finger to the doctor," observed Clairford, upon that gentleman's leaving the room. "I should have been much easier if I knew it were again safely deposited in Bonn. For Ellen's sake, too, I should have wished it—it affects her—I know it does, and will, I fear, in the long run, prove injurious to her health."

"In the name of all the saints! why, Clairford, you are getting as superstitious as an old woman. The finger is gone,—what do you want more?" added he, with a smile. "Should the reverend Peter feel any future inclination to go a hunting after his finger, why, let him visit Dr. Willgrave,—he'll be a match for him, I warrant."

"It may be," observed Clairford, still not convinced, "but I must still repeat, I should on all accounts have been easier, had it been sent back to Bonn."

Months passed away, and the happiness of the young couple experienced no interruption. With the commencement of summer they left their town residence, and retired to a country-house on the lovely shores of the Thames. Miss Mary Dawson had also been induced to leave the smoky metropolis, and accompanied her relatives to their suburban retreat. The only wish of the old Lord Clairford was fast approaching towards realisation. In the ensuing month Ellen promised to become a mother.

"Dearest Ellen, business of importance calls me up to town," said Henry one morning to his wife. "My father has had another attack, and wishes very much to see me. I shall be back again, dearest, by to-morrow noon,—you know you may rely upon me."

"And must you really go, Henry? you know you ought not to leave me at all *now*," said she, casting down her eyes; "who can know with certainty that you will see me again alive?"

"Still such gloomy thoughts, dearest Ellen? You really must not indulge them. Thou knowest how unwillingly I tear myself from thy

side; and even now, if thou wishest me not to see my father, thou needst but say so, and I remain."

"Pardon me, Henry,—dearest Henry, forgive me; I have been latterly so foolishly apprehensive, you know—so easily excited; I am angry with myself for it, but I cannot help it."

"That will all pass away, dearest, when I see our little one cradled at thy bosom; but thou art weeping, dearest Ellen,—come, let me kiss those naughty tears away."

"And thou art sure to be back again by to-morrow noon? I may rely upon it?"

"Most certainly. Did I ever deceive thee?"

"What horse do you ride?"

"Hector,—the quickest I have."

"But a wild, untameable animal. Don't ride Hector,—take another, Henry."

"Don't be uneasy, dearest; I know how to tame him; and besides, he will bring me back the sooner to thy arms."

And they parted.

Clairford found his father in a more precarious state than he had anticipated; but as no immediate danger was apprehended, he left London the following morning, with the view of reaching home by the appointed time. He had ridden some hours, when he turned down a by-path which shortened the distance by cutting off a considerable curve in the main road. A small bridge, furnished on each side with a wooden railing, led over a rivulet, which intersected the path. At this spot his eye fell upon a man, who was standing, leaning over the railing, and at the same moment his horse shied, and with one spring was upon the meadow land beneath. Henry, who was a good horseman and had retained his seat, was by no means inclined to let the horse have its way, and turned his head with the intention of riding him over the bridge. The stranger still maintained his post.

"You leave me but little room to pass, sir," observed Clairford, looking more closely at the man. "But—God bless me!—do my eyes deceive me? No, no! you are surely our old acquaintance of St. Bernhard!"

"Tarry not to ask idle questions, Henry Clairford; but put spurs to your courser and ride at its utmost speed," spoke the man, in a solemn tone of voice. "Before two hours have expired, your young and lovely wife will be a corpse! Tarry not, Henry Clairford, if thou wish to behold her once more alive!"

He turned from the person thus addressed and proceeded along the meadows which skirted the rivulet. The rider was soon out of sight. Within the hour, Clairford had reached his home.

"Where did you meet my messenger?" inquired Miss Mary, through her tears and sobs—"But the doctor still gives us hope——"

"What messenger? What has happened? Is Ellen ill? Tell me—for God's sake, tell me what *has* happened!" But, without waiting for an answer, he hastened to the apartment of his wife. She was in bed;—he threw himself upon his knees before her and pressed her hand.

"What has happened, my dearest, my beloved Ellen? Tell me, for God's sake, what has occurred?"

"My prayer is heard!" whispered she; "my prayer is granted! I see thee once again before I die, Henry,—dearest Henry! Thanks, thanks, beloved, for all thy love and unwearied kindness!——Ah! how happy should I have been could I have been spared you for a short time! But it was not to be;—God has willed it otherwise,—and we must not repine! The little innocent, who has gone before me, I shall meet again in heaven!"

Clairford sprang from the bedside and turned to the doctor. "Speak," said he: "What has happened? I am firm enough to hear it all."

"A fright—premature accouchement;—every thing was done to save the child—in vain!"

"And is the state of my wife dangerous?" asked he, in a tone of voice scarcely audible, whilst the palpitation of his heart could be distinctly heard.

"I do not think she can recover," replied the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "her weakness is too great."

Clairford heard no more,—he was again on his knees before the bed of the dying one,—her cold and clammy hand was again pressed between his.

"Ellen—dearest Ellen—thou must not leave me! it cannot—cannot be! Ellen, beloved of my soul, dost thou hear me?"

A sweet smile was her only answer.

"And where is our child?—let me see it;—where is it?"

"It lies wrapped up at my feet, Henry;—don't disturb it, dearest; it is quiet there—it is waiting for me——"

"O God! O God!" ejaculated the heart-broken husband. "And what is the cause of all this misery? O, had I but remained at home?"

"The letter, Henry—the letter—there it is."

Clairford went up to the table; a feeling of indescribable horror seized him, when his eyes fell upon the monk's finger! Dr. Willgrave had sent it back with a few lines, which Ellen had incautiously read.

"My lord,"—such were their contents,—"willingly as I would have retained the accompanying finger of Peter Schleicher, circumstances have occurred which compel me to get rid of it. To tell the truth, I already begin to believe in the appearance of spirits. Laugh at me if you will,—but I cannot retain the finger. When I have the pleasure of seeing you, I shall be better able to explain my reasons.

"Your lordship's obedient servant,
"Clarence Willgrave."

But why should we attempt to describe Clairford's state of feeling upon the death of his beloved wife?

Three days after the events described above, the cold earth received

into its bosom the mortal remains of the once beautiful Ellen; by her side lay the innocent being who had breathed but once and died.

A short time afterwards, the Burgomaster of Bonn received the following letter:

"Sir,—The accompanying finger, which an act of thoughtlessness and imprudence removed from a body in the Kreuzkirche, you will have the kindness to replace with the corpse of which it forms a part, and at the same time to distribute of the inclosed two hundred pounds one hundred amongst the poor of the said parish, and to apply the residue in behalf of the church itself.

"London. "DAWSON."

SONG.

A HOME IN MY DEAR NATIVE ISLE!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I HAVE travers'd the world, from the bright burning East
To the rude frozen climes of the North—
With the gay sons of France shared the dance and the feast,
With Italia's their music and mirth:
But the home, the *first* home, that fond mem'ry endears,
All alone on my heart seems to smile;
Oh! there's nothing so sweet to my fancy appears
As the home in my dear Native Isle!

With my brothers and sisters, a beautiful band
Of affection to circle the fire;
And the fond busy mother, whose eye and whose hand
In the "labour of love" never tire!
Oh! how sweet were the joys I have tasted of yore,
And how cordial the speech and the smile,
That welcomed me back from a far distant shore,
To the home in my far Native Isle!

Though the cold hand of death broke the ties of my youth,
And those bright links to dust fell away,
That held us together in *friendship* and *truth*,
Yet wherever my footsteps may stray,
They rise to me *still*, in the bowers of strange lands!
And one hope doth my fancy beguile,—
To wear out the last of my life's ebbing sands
In the home of my dear Native Isle!

HOW WILL IT END?

BY ABBOTT LEE.

My Aunt's New Companion being now placed in a fresh position of life, owing to the perfect harmony of adaptation existing in herself, displayed some slight change in the phase of her own character. The affianced bride of the heir of the house ought not, of course, to comport herself quite in the style of a salaried retainer, though a certain amount of humility might still become the noviciate state. Thus it was critically correct in the fair Leonora, and argued a most just appreciation of the relatives and dependencies of her own condition, to show a little wee bit of a something, just and yet hardly perceptible, in some slight degree resembling the gradual filling in from one day to another of the horns of the moon as it increases in nightly consequence. Consequence? Yes; we suppose that that is the right word, though it seems to imply something more like coarse sign or scene painting, than the delicate miniature-like touches of manner which distinguished the artistical skill of the New Companion. She was still exceedingly sweet, and smooth, and flowing, and polished, and honeyish; but these qualities were now more passive than active. To be sure, there was another consideration to be taken into the account, and that was, that the exquisite fragility of her constitution, both of mind and body, rendering her totally unable to sustain the horrible earthquake shocks which the bomb-like, cannon-like, gunpowderish Diana had exploded upon her, she could of course do nothing but lay upon a couch, shawled, and pillowed, and cushioned, and raise the curtains of her blue eyes languishingly, and open her pretty mouth delicately, and suffer the faintest sigh of a sound to syllable itself into murmured meanings of pouting prettinesses,—all, of course, at proper intervals. Thus to repose on eider down, like a suffering angel pillowed on a cloud, was as much of exertion as the celestialized humanity of the fair Leonora permitted her to make, and to smile sweetly in Edward Hope's face, and complacently upon Mrs Moryllion Shrubsole, allowing herself most kindly to be taken care of by the nephew, and suffering the aunt to take care of herself, thus most delicately endeavouring to reverse the order of things,—this, we say, was the then present conditionableness of the New Companion.

Now, though women are quick to feel, they are slow to reason. Mrs. Shrubsole, therefore, had a particularly quick sensation, that she did not like to be smiled *upon* by her own New Companion—the more complacently and condescendingly, the more injuriously and provokingly; and she did not like to perform all those little offices, such as reaching her own teacup, and fetching her own handkerchief, and carrying her own reticule, besides the still greater exertion of calling her own lap-dog out of all the little pieces of playful mischief which his own sprightly genius led him to perpetrate;—no, she quite felt that she did not like to work so laboriously for herself, whilst she was

paying so many pounds a year to her New Companion to fetch and carry; and though the process of reasoning which followed the perception by which she endeavoured to account for it, went on very slowly, yet it certainly did proceed all the time that her New Companion was lying so mightily daintily, on that very best of her spotless sofas, on which heretofore not even her lap-dog had been allowed to luxuriate.

"Well, it is very odd!" repeated Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole to herself, just once in every five minutes; "it is very odd indeed! How could it all happen, and so all in a moment too! What could we all be thinking of! My New Companion is not at all a fit match for my nephew. To be sure, though he has but a trifle of an income now, yet he certainly is rich in expectancy. His uncle, old Hope, has nobody else to leave his money to, and Edward by-and-bye, will be a rich commoner. And to marry a bit of a girl who might be crammed into a bandbox, with all she has in the world packed round her,—why what on earth could we all be thinking of? But it was all Diana's fault. Had she only kept rational and reasonable, it never could have happened. But then her passions are so strong. She is always so violent and unreasonable! so wilful! so vehement! so arbitrary! so tyrannical! I'm sure if she would only have left me time to think I never should have given my consent. It is all Diana's fault."

It is a very comfortable thing to have somebody to lay our faults upon, and everybody has somebody. Nobody thinks of bearing any blame themselves, they always manage to lay the load upon somebody else.

As for Mrs. Shrubsole, her mind was like a railroad, the train starting every five minutes. She had no sooner reached the point, "It is all Diana's fault!" than she recommenced, "But it is so odd! How could it all happen?"

Edward Hope, meanwhile, had a somewhat more difficult task to perform; for which, indeed, he found he had very little appetite. Young gentlemen in general, when they are so much out of the fashion as to flourish about hearts and disinterestedness, and love and eternity, and so on, are generally buoyed up, like air-bladders, with the inflating gas of their own passions. Edward Hope's spirit, however, was more like champaign that had been poured out some four-and-twenty hours, and was, consequently, rather stale and flat; and as a heavy heart is the most weighty avoirdupois in this world to carry, why it could not be expected to be born with a light pair of heels.

But if Edward Hope experienced a sensation of mind-cowardice in encountering his uncle, he had at the same time a sensation of heart-cowardice in meeting another individual, though it was one with whom he had been fancying himself in love no very long backward date before. Heigho! people who have loved and cease to love, seem henceforth to bear an antipathy to the once-loved. The heart is not like an empty wine-bottle, but rather like a full one, in which the generous and glowing vintage has turned acrid and turgid. At the least, where the love has all flown off by simple evaporation, there is sad bitterness left in the dregs. In what state of active process the

chemicals of Edward Hope's heart might be we shall not stop now to give a scientific opinion. Whatever we know we only tell, that he walked up the very handsome flight of steps which preluded the door of his uncle's mansion like an interesting young man in a deep consumption, perhaps poor or perhaps poetical, or perhaps both, looking as discontented as all Ireland, and with a physiognomy much and most like November.

To equal his worst apprehensions, he found Diana alone. True, she had run away, but then she had run back again, so she might as well have spared herself the trouble. But there she was, and the moment their eyes met, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. This from the proud Diana! As for Edward Hope, he did not for the moment know whether he was standing in the ordinary fashion, or in the style of the antipodeans. He began, however, to suspect that his heart must be made of sugar, both because he felt it melting as Diana's tears fell upon it, and because he perceived a little of the sweetness of the flavour.

Neither of them knew how to speak, both because they did not know the style and fashion becoming to themselves, but that words were scarce and the machinery of utterance out of order. But when words are scarce in the market, why then actions will do almost as well, so Edward Hope took Diana's white hand and pressed it between his own more kindly than perhaps the New Companion might have liked had she seen it. Possibly many things are done in this world that might make our hearts ache not a little if we could only see them, but it often happens very comfortably that we know least of the affairs which most concern ourselves.

"Diana!" said Edward Hope, in a voice made up from a recipe of due or undue proportions of pity, softness, sympathy, sorrow, regret, and a few other ingredients of that sort. "Diana!"

"Oh, Edward! Oh, cousin!"

The tone and the tears were too much for poor Edward Hope. After all, the deep and the perhaps passionate tenderness of a really proud woman, elicited but once now and then, like a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning, must be more flattering to a man's heart than the easy every-day preference which is always smiling openly upon him. And yet we really don't know. People find it very pleasant to live with the sun shining daily upon them, they never get tired of that from babyhood to old age; and arguing the character of anything from its consequences, we suppose that these lightning-passions must deserve to be ill spoken of, since they show their evil nature by blasting the heart in which they have their being.

Howbeit, Edward Hope had a heart either so manly or so unmanly as to be easily operated upon by a woman's tears, and yet for the life of him he could not articulate a word of comfort.

"O, Edward Hope, you have come—to—to——"

Edward knew perfectly well what she meant, and he was compelled to make a gesture of assent.

"You have come to speak to my uncle—to ask his consent—to ratify your own undoing—to seal your own destruction!"

Perhaps it was the tears that accompanied this speech which put

out its offensive fire, for Edward Hope only answered mildly, "You misconceive her character—you do, indeed."

"No! no! I see clearly enough! It is you who are blind. O, Edward, believe me that woman looks into the heart of woman with far clearer ken than man can ever do! Edward! cousin! am I so mean, have you ever known me so ungenerous, so unjust, as to be guilty of detraction, of base low scandal, that you disregard me now?"

"No, no. But you are warm-hearted, warm-tempered, and you misconceive——"

"Edward, Edward, she is a mistress in artifice, and you are as simple as a child!"

Edward Hope dropped the hand he was holding. Diana had touched a discordant string. She had impugned his understanding.

"It is singular, with all Leonora's simple guilelessness, a guilelessness that sometimes even strikes me as being carried to the verge of childishness, were it not retrieved at other times by her admirable good sense, that you can for an instant harbour the thought of deceit."

"Ay, she is shrewd enough, keen enough, cunning enough! far too much so, to be consistent with that babyish innocence which she affects to assume. Edward, your own good sense ought to show you that the qualities you have adduced are incompatible with each other."

"The one," said Edward Hope, "proves the unsuspecting goodness of her heart; the other, the noble qualities of her intellect."

"O, blind! blind!" exclaimed Diana, "blind to your own ruin! blind to the very things which stare you in the face."

"We will not discuss the point," said Edward Hope, with a little dignity.

"I little thought," said Diana, "that you would have rushed headlong into the most important action of your life—you who once took so much time to deliberate."

The blood rushed into Edward Hope's face.

"Perhaps," he said bitterly, "you may be so far right in the advantages of deliberation, because I feel that I should have been in a different position had I not used it; and indeed, Diana, I may be so much indebted to you for my happiness as to owe to you the impulse which hurried me into my present engagement. Had you not impelled me on, I might still have wasted hours which I trust to spend in warm happiness, in cold deliberation."

Diana's spirit seemed to have received its death-wound. Those horrible old crones, paid hirelings of the grave, who sit and hug themselves in their grovelling enjoyment by the dreary death-pillow, talk of dying easily and dying hardly. Diana's heart seemed at that moment to be dying the hardest death. The fountain which gave forth the many springs of life's vitality ceased at once to play, her brain reeled, her lips blanched, her knees shook, her limbs tottered, and with a stifled cry, that had in it something of the discord of a laugh, Diana, by a sudden effort, left the room.

Edward Hope's heart was sensible of a few very curious sensations, symptomatic of—he did not know what. He had not the least idea

that there could be any pleasure in them, because he assured himself that he was very much distressed at perceiving that Diana really had a something of a sort of a preference for himself which was making her very unhappy;—but, let people tell themselves what falsehoods they please, everybody has an especial satisfaction in seeing another miserable—when they themselves are the cause.

So Edward Hope drew up his features into an expression of respectable commiseration, which anybody else would have mistaken for self-gratulation; and, feeling that Diana was now more to be pitied than blamed, and that her violence was not half so objectionable as he had thought it, he began, though really without knowing it, to consider it as something of a merit.

Old Hope was sitting in his library. He was an extremely respectable-looking old gentleman, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and a very florid complexion, that had once been fair. His dress was quite in the old school style, being a composite of a paraded shirt, with a superabundance of frill, a stiff cravat of voluminous white folds, a yellow waistcoat, and a suit of snuff-brown and pale drab, terminated by the brightest of mirror-like shoes. That old Hope was irritable could not be doubted, from the fact of his inability to keep himself still for two consecutive minutes. Head, elbows, feet, were constantly jerking and twitching themselves about with a sort of spasmodic affection, while a certain winking, blinking of the eye, and a compression of the lip, proved that the pistols of his passions were always kept upon the cock.

Old Hope, on this particular occasion, had decided upon being perfectly calm and highly dignified. He would show that impetuous, unstable young man, that nephew of his, what real dignity of character meant. So he went into his library. and, taking some half dozen folios from his shelves, he placed one of the thickest and most important open on his desk before him, and, having taken his station on his judicial easy chair, he commenced forthwith looking as imposing as possible.

But his scenical arrangements were suddenly and violently interrupted. The door was roughly thrown open by a very irreverent hand, and Diana rushed into the room. Without caring a straw either for the old gentleman's dignity or cravat, Diana threw her arms round his neck and gasped out,

"O, uncle, he has come! he is here!"

Now, we humbly suppose that, in those occasional fatal fits of insanity referred to in the bills of mortality under the denomination of *love*, women only know of one *he* in the world. The masculine pronoun has, however, a wider acceptation in masculine apprehension; and though old Hope knew perfectly well to what *he* Diana's agitation referred, he chose to assume a grammatical position by way of reproval. Excitable people are very proud of keeping calm whilst they can, and old Hope was rather pharisaical in his superior coolness over poor Diana.

"*He* has come!—what *he?*—the Pope?"

"No, no, dear uncle; only Edward Hope."

"Well, I expected him!"

"O, uncle, he has come to ask your consent to—to—his marriage th—with—"

"That inveigling jilt! Well, I have promised you to refuse it. Let him marry her at his peril."

"But, dear uncle, he will hate me for ever after."

"Pish! pish! then he will hate us both in company."

"But if, after all, refusing him should break his heart."

"Why, then, you must pick up the pieces and put them together again."

"Ah, uncle, you don't know what it is to have a broken heart!"

"O yes! I have had great experience in that sort of bodily suffering. I had a broken heart five times before I was twenty."

"Ah, uncle, boyish fancies, but not—"

"Yes, indeed; just Edward's sort of complaint. I assure you it is not fatal."

"Perhaps not to life, but to happiness."

"No such thing. You see I am happy and hearty enough."

"But if I were to see Edward spending his days in misery, pining and wretched, and feeling as"—*I feel now* she was going to say, but she stopped the words.

"You must console—each other," said old Hope."

"But if he should be wretched, and accuse me as the cause—"

"Pish! What would you have?"

"Ah, uncle, I would not grieve Edward's heart—I would sooner break my own! Suppose, after all, that his happiness is involved, would it not be better to let him be happy in his own way?"

"Why, what now? What do you mean?"

"Give your consent, uncle. Let him marry whom he will."

All old Hope's patience turned into gunpowder, and blew up.

"Do you think me a fool, or are you one yourself? Do you suppose me such a wretch as to agree to Edward's hanging himself, or drowning himself, or shooting himself, or committing suicide in any other way more agreeable to himself? Marrying this miserable, mawky moppet would be quite as great destruction. As for you, I thought you had sense, though you are a woman, but I see I was mistaken after all. Yesterday you make me promise that nothing should tempt me into giving my consent to Edward's marriage with this base, hypocritical, wheedling creature, and to-day you would go down on your knees to persuade me to agree to it. What! do you think that I love my brother's child no better than to suffer him to destroy himself? and do you take me for a puppet, to be pulled by a string this way and that way, just as may please the fancy of a whimsy girl like you, who don't know your own mind for five minutes together? or do you think I'm a weathercock, to be turned by a puff of your lackadaisical breath?"

"But, uncle—"

"Know your own mind, girl, before you begin to dictate to me! Don't suppose that I'm going to suffer myself to be twisted round your finger like a skein of silk or a yard of ribbon. I was always an inde-

pendent man, and I'm not going to be whistled off and on like a dog! I'm not going to come when I'm called and do as I'm bid. Have not I said that Edward shall not marry that mopsy doll, and do you think I'm going now to sign his death warrant? I tell you he sha'n't have that girl! If he does, I'll disinherit him, that I will. I'd sooner he married my cook!"

"O, uncle, you never could do that!"

"Couldn't I? Well, well, let him show me, and I'll show you! Let him marry as soon as he will! Let him! He'd better! He wouldn't give the lawyers much trouble with his marriage settlements. Ha! ha! What jointure will he settle upon his wife, do you think? Eleven pence three farthings, I suppose, just one farthing less than the shilling I shall cut him off with. My disinheriting him will just make up to the lawyers for the loss of his settlement job. Ha! ha!"

The old gentleman was getting so very wolfish that Diana grew frightened.

"Don't be angry, uncle—"

"Angry! I was never calmer in my life, though you are just like all other women, enough to drive a man mad. What you would die *for* yesterday you would die *at* to-day, and what you will die about to-morrow nobody in their senses can possibly guess. However, I must be an idiot myself to expect common sense in a woman. How a man of common understanding can suffer himself to be influenced by a weathercock, whether it be in the form of an angel or a dragon, I for my part can't comprehend. However, *I* am not going to prove myself such an imbecile driveller. *I'm* not going through my exercise of "turn about," "right," "left," "march," to please any laced and veiled corporal in the kingdom. I've a will of my own, and I say again, that if Edward Hope marries that embodied trick in the shape of a woman, I'll disinherit him the very same day! And as for you, Miss Diana Slade, I recommend you to walk out of this room, and leave me to the cool exercise of my own judgment."

Diana did not walk, but she ran out of the room, and old Hope, left to his "cool exercise," threw himself very uneasily back in his easy chair, his very forehead in a rubicund glow, his lip in a quiver, his chin in an agitation, his foot beating the air in harmony with the discord of his mind, and in this propitious state of temper did the uncle receive the nephew.

Young Hope walked into the presence of old Hope with a fidgety, constrained, anxious sort of nervousness about him, which he tried to hide under an air more *debonnaire* than usual, and old Hope received him with the aspect of a volcano just dredged with snow.

"Are you engaged, sir?" said the nephew, "or can you spare me a few minutes' conversation?"

Old Hope's head was so studiously buried in his folio volume, that young Hope was obliged to repeat his question.

"Mentally engaged—mentally engaged—not bodily."

"You are studious this morning, sir."

"Dipping into Plato—dipping into Plato. It is pleasant to withdraw from the turmoil of life, and repose ourselves upon the calm philosophy of the ancients. To rise with them above the passions and

prejudices of the world as it now is—a degenerate world it is indeed! a world that has lost its stamina—that is grown old, and decrepid, and imbecile—a world in which even the young are in their dotage."

"The world is out of favour with you this morning, sir."

"No, no; it engages my compassion—I pity it. Generation after generation are dwindling down, until we shall have a world of mental pigmies. The young men of the present day desire nothing but toys, and yet society is unprovided with a rational toyshop for adult children, by means of which their understandings might be in some slight degree nurtured and reared."

"Young England is not in your favour, sir."

"Young England will never be Old England. The young men of my young days never whined for painted toys, nor fretted for dressed-up dolls. *I* never made a fool of myself for a bundle of finery, or sold my birthright for a mess of pottage! *I* never tagged myself to a woman's apron-string, nor suffered myself to be led about like a lamb in a silken string. *I* never made my own eyes dim by fretting because others were bright. *I* never minded whether cheeks were the colour of the rose or mahogany, or whether a brow looked like a lily or whity-brown paper; and you see I am here, at sixty-seven, reading Plato as calm and composed as—as——"

Old Hope's agitation prevented him from finding a simile.

"Ought not then, sir, your own exception from the passions, to render you more compassionate to those who are agitated by them?"

The irony of this speech partook of the nature of its own first two syllables after it had undergone a tempering: it *cut*.

"Passions! I was never calmer in my life than I am at this moment. A man that can see his family make fools of themselves, that can see them put on a moral fool's cap, and practise all the antics of the passions on the great public stage of the world, with all society for an audience, must indeed have an equable soul, when he can retire into his library and study Plato."

"Your reflections, then, are not general, sir?"

"You know best! You know best! I can tell nothing about your concerns!"

"Will you permit me to enter upon them, sir?"

"I have graver matter on hand than to be troubled with the babyisms of boys."

The faces of both uncle and nephew showed an advertisement of the samples of rival manufactories of carmine.

"I should have been grateful for a patient hearing!" said young Hope.

"Patient! was ever man so patient as I am!" exclaimed old Hope.

"I came to ask your approbation of a measure near my heart, and necessary to my happiness."

"Is it necessary to a man's happiness to act like an idiot?"

"It is true wisdom to try to be happy."

"And contributes to health to be fed on sugar-plums."

"Your observations reflect little credit on my judgment."

"It is your choice which reflects little credit on it."

"You have not seen my choice, sir."

"Actions speak, sir! Actions speak!"

"My Leonora has committed no folly, save that of prefering me."

"*Your* Leonora, coxcomb! my Leonora! anybody's Leonora!"

"This is unwarrantable, sir, even from you! You can know nothing but what you have been told, and my authority ought at least to be as good."

"Boy, words are meaningless things! anybody can use them! They are both common property and common nuisances. The mountebank has as large a right and title to them as the queen. They are in fact the implements and tools of the swindler. With them the cheat shuffles, the lawyer cajoles, the diplomatist manœuvres, the merchant cheats, and the jilt deludes. Words are the common bank property of all the world; and it is always knaves and fools, and women, who draw the largest cheques upon it."

"Then there is not much use in my using any of them with you, sir?"

"Not a whit—a mountain of words in the one scale will not outweigh a very mite of an action in the other."

"How then am I to make myself intelligible to you, sir?"

"Just by acting like a sensible man, and not saying a word about it."

"It is the part of a sensible man to secure his own happiness when it is within his power; and since I must speak out, mine can only be secured by the union to which I came to beg your consent."

"Hark you, Edward; you are my brother's son, and I had a regard for him, and I have a regard for you. If you choose to destroy yourself, I cannot hinder, but I certainly shall not help you. If it is your pleasure to shoot yourself, do so by all means, but I shall not pay for the powder; or if you like to hang yourself, pray use your own pleasure, but don't expect me to provide you with a rope. That's all, sir! That's all, sir! You understand me now, and I have no more to say! I am just in a very interesting passage of Plato, and indeed one in which he is considering the rationale of marriage among the ancients; so with your permission I will finish it."

Edward Hope's brow was the colour of the giant sun, when it goes to its rest wrapped up in its robe of ruby red. He answered to that part of his uncle's speech which touched him the most.

"You imagine that I came to you to desire pecuniary favours."

"I am happy that you are independent enough to marry without them."

"My Leonora is superior to all mercenary considerations."

"I am sure she will be if she marry you," said old Hope, with a shrug of the shoulders, as he turned over a few leaves of his Plato in a most unphilosophical hurry.

Young Hope *felt* very strongly his uncle's meaning.

"We shall at least have the satisfaction, sir, of proving to you, that neither Leonora nor myself desire to diminish your income by enlarging our own."

"How so, sir?" asked old Hope, sharply; "I don't understand your pronouns and your partnerships."

"I spoke of Leonora's interest and my own conjointly."

"Well, sir?"

"And that can only be united in one way."

"Well, sir?"

"You have placed us in such a position, by refusing your consent to our union, and by doing so on pecuniary grounds, that we can only prove our disinterestedness by marrying without it."

"Do so, sir! Do so, sir! You have my full consent! My full consent! Marry as soon as you please! But hark you, young man, I'll disinherit you the day that you do it; I'm not obliged to find band-boxes for dolls, nor gilt gingerbread for boys. If I do spend my money, I'll have either pleasure or profit for it. I'll build an hospital —but no—perhaps your children might get admission! No, no, I'll go on a pleasure excursion to the sea-side, with all my gold in guineas, and amuse myself with making ducks and drakes in the ocean with them! Pretty play for a forenoon; and I shall divert myself so, whilst you and your wife are making cabbage-nets in a garret!"

"Quite as you please, sir. Leonora is singularly exempt from every species of pride and ostentation; her wants are as simple as her truly feminine mind is modest. She will still be an angel in contentment, and I will emulate her example."

"They who want the least are the nearest to the gods who want nothing!" said old Hope, in a tone of sneering sarcasm. "Well, I shall not bring you down to earth again by offering you any of its sublunary vanities; you can be as ethereal as you please, and live upon perfumes and sunbeams."

"I shall surrender to you, sir, the addition to my income which you have hitherto so liberally made me."

"Thank you, sir. You are extremely good to give me back again that which is my own. But no doubt it will be a satisfaction to you, as it will so fully establish the disinterestedness of the delectable lady to whom you are about to give your mother's name. I shall, therefore, to oblige you, make no scruple of resuming an allowance that might have made some slight drawback on this amiable—jilt's—disinterestedness. And let me see, when that is done I think you will have from your family inheritance something somewhere about shoemaker's wages."

"Sir, it is not necessary that you should insult our poverty."

"No, no, certainly not. I ought to admire the elevation of refined sentiment in a garret or a cellar, more especially as voluntary poverty is a merit in the Catholic Church. But hark you, Edward!" exclaimed old Hope, suddenly changing his tone into one of fierce passion, "the day that you marry that intriguing cunning woman—aye, I say it again—that cunning woman—I cut you off with a shilling! *With a shilling, do you hear!*"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL REVERIES."

CHAPTER XVII.

"The citadel
Sent from its battlements the evening peal;
Slow in its smoke the Bourbon banner fell:
A flourish of bold music, drum and horn,
Followed its white, fierce incense up the air,
But from the city other sounds were borne,
Cathedral chaunts, and bells that rang for prayer."

CROLY.

Bingen, March, 1792.

I resume the conversation we were holding on the subject of our departure from Ettenheim, our route whence was taken like the previous one, under cover of as much concealment as possible; this was done that we might not give umbrage to the princes whose territory we crossed, so fearful do they seem of the slightest approach to warlike appearances; it did not, however, drive away gaiety from march or bivouac, for we made nothing of the thousand trifling miseries we would willingly bear a hundredfold increased, to go towards Paris.

As before, I went forward with one or two comrades to prepare lodgings. In passing through towns, we took a sort of pride in proving by a firm step that we were not to be wearied; the noise our *séjour* in Germany has already made brought out a host of people wherever we passed, curious to look what the emigrants were *like;* and few believe, as they see us thus, that we ever belonged to the highest ranks of France. We care little to set them right; but one thing *does* unhinge us,—to hear persons of importance, German noblemen, and, above all, officers of the army, express surprise when we allege our motives for quitting France. "It's all very well," they say, "but you had good wages, and it seems to us that you should not have given them up so easily." So much for any idea the men of this country can form of the depth of our feelings, or the nature of our revolution!

There are others, however, better informed of all that relates to us, and who feel deeply for all we have to go through; and among these are many emigrants, whom age or other circumstances have kept from joining our ranks, and who, aware of our passing near, come daily to the side of our road to greet us; I wish I could tell you all I felt at falling in in this way with one of the old pillars of the monarchy. It was on approaching Heidelberg; we perceived, a quarter of a league before us, an old man sitting on a bank; his noble counte-

[1] Continued from vol. xxxviii. p. 434.

nance and white hair had an appearance so venerable that they drew our attention as we came near him. We did not suppose at first that he was a Frenchman, but the eager haste with which he crossed the way to accost us, soon made us imagine we had found a fellow-countryman, and we next heard him inquire, in a tone of the keenest interest, "Gentlemen, may I venture to ask if you are the advanced-guard of any corps under the orders of the Prince of Condé?" Upon our replying in the affirmative, he exclaimed, "Ah! my dear comrades, I have heard much of you from the first commencement of this crusade of your's, but I longed to see for myself with what a spring the officers of an army could take upon themselves the soldier's part. From this hour my hopes redouble! Such as I am, I am devotedly yours, and must entreat to be allowed to be your escort to the town: do allow me, moreover, to relieve you of one of your knapsacks, which seem to me heavy enough to carry, especially for some of you who look delicate." The tone and language of the fine old man led us to think he must be a general officer; we begged to know to whom we had the honour of speaking, and, as he replied the Count de Turpin de Crissé, we caught sight of the *cordon rouge* within the breast of his coat, and saw that we were conversing with one of the bravest lieutenant-generals of the French army. We were delighted at this discovery, and showed him the respect due from younger officers; but he made light of his own early services in comparison with what we were undertaking, and told us that his whole ambition was to share in our enterprize. "The sight of you restores my youth," he said; "I hope soon to find myself able to join the ranks of French chivalry;" to which we answered, with exclamations, that with him at our head we should be sure to conquer. Arrived at the gates of Heidelberg, there was something touching in the way in which he entreated us to repress our impatient steps and turn aside into his house for an hour: "We will drink a health to all of us equally dear; *I* too am a soldier,—you *will* not refuse an old comrade!"

We could not resist so friendly a proposal, and the old noble overwhelmed us with kindnesses; he parted with us, giving us his word of honour he should follow us to fight; and the warm reception and frank and chivalresque language of this old friend of the king, produced so great a sensation in our minds, that we felt the glow of loyalty and courage kindle afresh; while all the rest of the day we could talk of nothing but of General de Turpin.

Our head-quarters are now at Bingen, a little town upon the Rhine, between Coblentz and Mayence, by which means our little army is brought into approximation with that of the Princes Louis and Charles. The whole troop is dispersed among the little towns and villages along the shore; the country is charming, and my place of lodgment is so near the stream, that I often fancy it is the Loire that I see before me. Alas! the illusion is not long! I seek my father, but do not find him! If I could *only* gain any tidings of him!

We are far better off than in the quarters we left; we go frequently to pay our court to the princes, and sometimes visit the large city of Mayence; and thus our time passes, in daily expectation of a more effective organization.

On arriving at Bingen, we learnt that the emperor had just died; as the brother of Marie Antoinette, he was the sovereign on whose aid we reckoned most; his illness lasted but three days, which gave rise to an idea that it had been resolved upon by the revolutionists of France; and while overwhelmed by the news of an event so fatal to the royal cause, we received yesterday the dreadful account of the assassination of the King of Sweden.

If the pistol-shot which deprives us of so solid a support to our arms was *not* aimed by the French Jacobins, it will at least be allowed it is not astonishing we should *suppose* it to have been.

Nothing can be compared to the gloom which reigns throughout our cantonments, now that these disastrous tidings have arrived; we cannot keep ourselves from seeing in these occurrences the hatred and atrocious perfidy of Jacobinism to *every* monarch;—and *what* is to become of our own in the very midst of this revolutionary whirlpool? I am sure, my dear father, your prayers often rise to God for him. Adieu.

Bingen, April, 1792.

It is known that Leopold, before his death, had made considerable preparations for a war against revolted France, and that many regiments had been directed to our frontiers. We, therefore, have been waiting in the greatest anxiety several days to learn what part will be taken by the archduke Francis, who has succeeded to his father as head of the empire; and it is affirmed that this young prince has already imparted the greatest activity to the preparations which had been commenced; while the National Assembly, more audacious than ever, has fulfilled the height of our wishes, by itself declaring war against the young emperor. We know, too, that the King of Prussia, on his side, is preparing to bring an army into the field.

All these arrangements seem to be a consequence of the convention of Pilnitz, in which our princes took a leading part. So we are now sure of making common cause with these foreigners to attack the French rebels; we shall march with confidence, whether in advance of or side-by-side with the armies of those sovereigns, since they have announced that they have no wish to penetrate into the kingdom of France but as friends of the monarch and of his faithful subjects. *Vive le Roi!*

Bingen, May, 1792.

The mask is lifted; at length we are about to emerge from the obscurity in which for more than a year we have been held. The princes are authorized to organize a royal army; nothing is thought of now among us but making purchases of arms, horses, and military effects of all sorts.

The Empress of Russia sends large supplies of money to the princes for equipping troops; excitement is at its height; many noblemen who were fortunate enough to bring considerable sums with them out of France have made offers to give them up to the princes for the sake of the cause; the Prince of Condé, unable to accomplish anything like what he wishes with the sums entrusted to him by the princes, is ex-

pending his last resources to arm the *preux* around him; the royal artillerymen are at present the worst off, wanting cannon; it is the vexation nearest to the prince's heart, as well as ours. However, we are resigned to fighting as infantry soldiers, until we have an opportunity of seizing upon some of the French pieces.

It frequently falls to us to mount guard over the prince's person, a service extremely agreeable, from the daily intercourse it procures us with all who come to pay their court to the princes; we thus are sooner acquainted with all that passes, and the young Duke d'Enghien, who knows us almost all by name, invites the most agile of us to join in his games of bars, which are played with all the gaiety and grace this young Bourbon throws into all he does.

The road from Bingen to Coblentz, where the royal princes hold their really brilliant court, is constantly covered with Frenchmen; the Prince of Condé going thither frequently himself upon business, and always accompanied by his children, while curiosity, or a wish to see their friends, or to present themselves at court, draws others.

It appears decided that the army of the emigrants shall be divided into several bodies, which will act upon different points. This is, no doubt, with a design of offering more opportunities of rallying round us to the royalists scattered over the interior of the country; and we are the more induced to believe that this manner of dispersing us will be advantageous, that since the declaration of war by France, so calling itself, with the foreign powers, emigration, which had slackened a little, has been resumed with new force. It is not to be wondered at that men of principle, who find themselves upon the eve of drawing the sword against their comrades, their friends, and brethren, and, above all, against their native princes, should take the resolution of abandoning the standard of revolt, to attach themselves to that of the monarch. We know, besides, as I said before, that there are still officers who await our approach with impatience to unmask themselves.

On the other hand, when we consider the advantage of the royal army's marching *en masse*, so as to be more independent in case of anything happening, we are inclined to regret that the system of a division of the forces should be adopted.

[The resumed emigration of which M. de R—— speaks, drew along with it one whose steps had nearly passed the bounds of civilization and conventional society, with its goals and its heart-burnings,—alike unknown to the wild, albeit ruder impulses awoke there strife as rude,—but whom a lone stray echo from the far-off conflict reached in the forest, and summoned home the wanderer. A young French soldier, seeking in the American woods that almost sole lingerer of unaccomplished schemings, the dream of our sagacious Alfred, a north-west passage,—and having among the novel charms of solitude and nature half forgotten his errand,—in his wanderings from forest to forest, approached the limits of one of those settlements, which the advancing wave, as Alison calls it, of civilized humanity, is carrying into the desert; and seeing one evening, on the banks of a streamlet, a farm-house built of the trunks of trees, asked a night's shelter. As darkness came on, he sate down in the corner of the great chimney, while

the habitation was only lighted by the flame from the hearth, and picking up an English newspaper which lay upon the ground, amused himself in reading, while the hospitable hostess prepared his supper. His eye was soon arrested by the words, written in large letters, "FLIGHT OF THE KING," followed by the particulars of the unhappy Louis's attempt at escape, and his arrest at Varennes, his sorrowful return from which M. de R—— was a witness to. The young soldier, a captain in the captive monarch's army, thought he heard "the voice of honour," as, solitary in a lone homestead, his heart full of emotions little guessed by its sober tenants as they tended their stray guest, he read on, and learnt "the increasing emigration, and the assembling of nearly all the officers of the army under the banners of the French princes." His vivid and young imagination was revelling in the delights of forest liberty, envying not even kings upon their thrones; he had been soliloquizing, that in Charles or James of England's place he should have started for the backwoods, rejoicing in freedom *restored!*—"If I had lit," he says, speaking of it in after years, "the lamp of my hostess with the journal which changed the destinies of my life, and continued my journey, no one would have perceived my absence, for no one knew that I existed. The Bourbons had not need that a cadet of Brittany should return from beyond the seas to offer them his obscure devotion. It was a simple question between me and my conscience, which brought me back to the theatre of the world. I might have done as I wished, for I was the only witness of the debate. But it was," he adds, "of all witnesses, the one before which I should fear most to blush;" he abandoned his projects; and the future "freely elected monarch" of literary France, (selon Christopher North at least,) young François de Chateaubriand, returned to Philadelphia, and embarked in a Dutch vessel for Europe, where, "with his knapsack on his back and his musket on his shoulder," become from captain of cavalry "a simple Breton soldier," he marched gaily forward from the rendezvous of the army of the princes to the siege of Thionville.]

To return to our more proper hero, or rather to *his* hero, the Condé, M. de R—— now describes a project which was in agitation, for portioning out the artillery officers among the different bodies of the army, and the consequent distress of that corps, lest they should be separated from their idolized prince,—the scheme being one which the Marquis de Thiboult, the most aged general who had left France, had induced the princes Louis and Charles to think of adopting; Condé, however, witness of their vexation, undertook to represent it to the king's brothers, and in fact went to Coblentz, and requested as a favour that he might be allowed to retain with him all the artillery officers who had followed him from Worms. Returning in his yacht, the shore of the Rhine was covered as usual, at the place where he was about to disembark, with gentlemen who waited in impatience the hope of any tidings of a brightening sky; "the generals of his staff," writes M. de R——, "who were always the first to surround him, stood there waiting, and around them pressed a throng of other officers, eager to hear anything the prince should communicate. Had he *anything* new to relate? asked one of the generals as they saluted

him. 'O yes, and very good news,' replied the prince, elevating his voice, and glancing with a look of satisfaction at the artillery officers near; 'I keep all my officers of artillery!'"

* * * * * *

Bingen, July, 1792.

The Emperor Francis II. has just been crowned at Franckfort, and went thence to Mayence to join the King of Prussia and Duke of Brunswick, with whom he had appointed a rendezvous there. Many councils were held by these sovereigns, along with their generals, in order to fix the plan of the ensuing campaign, the operations of which appear to have been definitively settled; the Elector of Mayence displaying the greatest magnificence in the reception he gave to these illustrious personages, to whom were added many of the other princes of Germany.

It has been agreed in these conferences, that the army of the emigrants, from twenty to five-and-twenty thousand strong, shall be separated into three bodies; the most considerable of which, consisting of twelve thousand men, under the orders of the king's brothers, and of Marshal Broglié, is to make part of the Prussian army occupying the centre of operations.

The second, consisting of five or six thousand, under the Prince of Condé, is to direct its course towards the left, in order to act in concert with a division of the Austrian army.

The third, under (Condé's son) the Duke of Bourbon, who is to be accompanied by his son, (the young d'Enghien,) has for its destination Liége, where that prince will be able to collect around him about five thousand emigrants.

The corps of Condé, which is ready to take the field, is composed of the legion of Mirabeau, containing fifteen hundred men, cavalry and infantry, commanded by the Viscount Mirabeau, (of whom the English reader will remember Carlyle's vivid descriptions, his visit to his incarcerated brother, his own characteristic loyalty, &c.)

The regiment of Rohan infantry, raised by the Cardinal, and commanded by Prince Louis de Rohan, amounting to four hundred men.

Two small regiments of Hohenlohe, forming about six hundred men, which have been raised and are commanded by two princes of that name.

A regiment of infantry composed of nobles, amounting to fourteen hundred men.

Five squadrons of cavalry composed of nobles, forming fourteen hundred men.

A squadron of the Dauphin's regiment.

A regiment of Salm huzzars.

(And one or two more bodies, of which a list is given.)

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Kreutznach, July, 1792.

The Prince of Condé received orders to establish his head quarters at Kreutznach, a town situated nearer to the frontier, in order to concentrate his troops upon it. After staying there some days, we have

now received an order to put ourselves in motion in the direction of Spires.

* * * * * *

We perceived by the route we were ordered to take in setting out, that we should not follow the shortest road to the place of our destination; and from the uncertainty which we had fancied we remarked in the directions given us, about which there was always a sort of mystery, we guessed that some enterprise was projected. We were very near Landau, and our thoughts turned to that place, with which we knew the prince had intelligence; but a retrograde march soon convinced us that our hopes, if just, were frustrated, and the next day saw the arrival of the Marshal de Martignac, who commanded in the place, and had made his escape thence with an officer of rank in the artillery, and several others; they told us that they had effected their flight with great difficulty, having previously taken every measure, in concert with the civil authorities, for admitting into the city the Prince of Condé and the French troops under his orders,—the conditions of which, however, which consisted in the assembling of our troops in great force before the town, so as to have the appearance of investing it, not having been fulfilled, warning of our approach was given to the other generals commanding in the province, and that these latter, not being, for very good reason, in the secret, issued very strict orders for a closer watch to be kept upon the enemy's movements, in order to be ready to oppose any attempt upon our part.

It appears, from the explanations given on this subject by the Prince of Condé to several general officers of his army, that he has great reason for discontent with the Austrian general, Prince Hohenlohe, who, notwithstanding his reiterated entreaties, would not be prevailed on to march his troops towards that fortress, the only co-operation the prince requested, and which was in order to justify the authorities of the town, if called to account for the surrender they had promised to us.

We are told, that in the absolute refusal made by the Prince of Hohenlohe to acquiesce in the demand of his Serene Highness, he retrenched himself behind the fact, that the views of the allied powers did not allow of places in Alsace being occupied by either our troops or their own.

This news greatly damped our spirits, and the more because that, from all we can learn on one side or the other, it appears that the allied sovereigns and their generals do not show towards our princes the frankness and zeal which are desirable to make our cause triumph; so that the struggle appears likely to be sadly prolonged. We now begin to regret the division of the royal army into several bodies; since, finding ourselves thus comparatively isolated, it will become an impossibility for us to undertake anything great or daring, when circumstances demand it.

[A foreshadowing of the fatal effect of the too late regretted plan of divided operations; while the republicans were not long in carrying out their system of concentrating masses on one point, and thus rendering all the heroism, all the devotion of the royalists for a time

unavailing, whether in the gallant army of the exiles, or in fated La Vendée.]

Buhl, Aug. 13, 1792.

Since the projected *coup-de-main* upon Landau, and its ill success, we have played a gloomy part enough; for instead of passing across and penetrating into Alsace, as we had hoped, we are established on the right bank of the Rhine, and up to the present time have been reduced to the mere trade of coast-guards, forming a part of the Austrian army under the command of Prince Esterhazy. It appears that our further operations are to be dependent on those of the grand Prussian army, which provokes us beyond bearing, so burning are we with impatience to cross the stream. For this, however, we see no kind of preparation; the time is passed in marches and countermarches; while we are deploring the slowness thrown into our operations at the very moment when it is of such importance to act with rapidity. The officers of artillery are established at head-quarters, whither an immense concourse of nobles come daily from the village-cantonments round, to know what day we are to penetrate into France; giving to the little town of Buhl enough of stir and movement to make it be taken for a metropolis.

Nothing could be more amusing than to see the market-place, covered as it is in a morning by such thousands of French emigrants, of all grades, heights, and ages, come in their different costumes of *officer-soldiers*, to make their purchases of provision for the day. Our brave and aged generals arrive among the rest to make their choice of necessaries; they take *this* task upon themselves, and often that also of seeing to the skimming of the pot, while their few servants are occupied in grooming their horses.

After having gone from villagers' stall to stall, to choose what one will buy of fruit, vegetables, or other eatables, each of us carries home his marketings under his arm or in his hand, not failing to boast to any comrade who accosts us of the cheapness and goodness of what we have met with, though it often happens it is only a bunch of carrots.

At the door of the hostel where our good prince lodges, you perceive a troop of his people bustling to bring in all kinds of provisions, for the entertainment of the twenty or thirty royalist companions, whom the general invites every day to his table. His chief cook, who regrets the kitchens of Chantilly more than his master does its beautiful and forsaken halls, endeavours to supply their place by kindling an enormous fire in the street, near which he stands waiting with his spits charged with viands, till the minute arrives when his science requires that they should be put down, in order to be done to a turn.

And thus we pass alternately from the minutiæ and the trifling but the necessary of human life, to deeper thoughts, in which pass under debate, amid our circles, the interests of peoples and the fate of kings.

Occasionally we enact the part of a police towards suspected travellers, especially those whom we have any reason to suppose to be

emissaries of the Propaganda, come for the purpose of spying out our numbers, or guessing our projects: we can generally recognise them by their borrowed disguises; the men of Bâle have the character of being frequently employed in these sort of missions.

Buhl, August 16, 1792.

The details we have just learnt of the massacre of the tenth of August, have thrown us into such a state of exasperation against the monsters and men of blood who were its authors, that we breathe nothing but vengeance on behalf of the king and the unhappy Swiss. A dungeon, they say, has replaced the throne of our monarch! What is the Duke of Brunswick delaying for? Why must our courage be held back? What wants there more? Can there henceforth be any uncertainty whether we should be allowed to fulfil our mission of rescuing the king and saving royalty? Condé is at our head, and at his side de Turpin, de Bouillé, de Vioménil, de Béthisy; these two latter lead our advanced guard; for what better occasion are such talents and such heroism to be reserved?

Grotzingen, Sept. 12, 1792.

Share our delight, my dear father! the moment approaches when we are to penetrate into France! The army has just been concentrated in the neighbourhood of Bâle; we have been joined by the Austrian troops and directed upon the Rhine; boats have even been collected to effect our passage, and preparation upon preparation has transported us with joy. It appears certain that the armies of the coalition are already in Champagne, and are advancing upon Paris. An immense number of reports are in circulation, each more flattering than that which preceded it; they even go so far as to say that sixty thousand men, commanded by Dumourier, have laid down their arms, and that, recovering the heart of Frenchmen, they demand to fly with their officers to the succour of the king. If such a thing *might* but be true!

Mahlberg, Oct. 8, 1792.

Ah, my dear father, we can hardly believe it yet, but so unhappy is the fate pursuing the royalists, many of us fear it is but too true, that the Duke of Brunswick has operated a retreat. Is it credible? Not only are our projects for passing the Rhine all vanished, but we are now obliged to think of defending the passage of the river against the enemy!

What will our princes do under circumstances so unlooked for? Alas, for the unfortunate dispersion of the emigrant troops! Were they only united, they might risk everything to save everything! But what fatality pursues us! Instead of taking the road to Paris, as we so depended upon doing, we see ourselves constrained to defend the entry of Brisgau against the revolutionary armies. Such a panic has spread among the Germans, that they have just sent off from Fribourg the Emperor's chancellory, and the public chests.

THE DEAD TWINS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Two lovely flowers from Heaven
  My bow'r a brief while graced!
Hast thou not seen the snow-flake driv'n
  Across the barren waste,
Then melt all suddenly away
Beneath a truant winter-ray?

So shrank my blossoms from the cold
  Of this ungenial land,
Ere their rath beauty could unfold
  Wooed by my fost'ring hand;
Together they both came, and—*went*,
And then I asked "Why were they sent?"

"As messengers of heavenly love!"
  An angel's voice replied,
To guide thy erring soul above,
  Their seraph wings they tried;
Too often mortal hearts alone
Are wafted thus to Mercy's throne!

Strong as the hope of faith may be,
  Stronger are earthly ties
To draw man to eternity.
  Thus, when a loved one dies,
The thoughts the spirit's flight pursue,
And heaven *instant* is in view!"

Lord! on my heart these truths divine
  Fell, like soft Hermon's dew,
Earth fades—my thoughts are wholly thine;
  My *babe* no more I'll rue;
I feel in love my babes were taken,
To be no more by tempests shaken!

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

CHAPTER XIX.

The Sea-robber of the Morbiham.

The knight and the maiden stood not long thus at liberty in the place they had so strangely gained; for scantly had he unwound the silken band that held them together, ere a half-dozen of those fearful-looking men, awakening from their trance of wonder at his sudden appearance over their ship's side, ran in, and, unarmed as he was, and breathless with the toil of such ascent, easily made him their captive, binding fast both hand and foot. Neither staid they their rude hands, until they had robbed and rifled their prisoner to boot; nothing doubting from his mien and bearing, that he was of high degree, and like to afford them, not only rich plunder, but a goodly ransom.

So busy were these caitiffs over their chiefest prey, that not one as yet took heed of the damosel, who stood near, trembling at sight of the villainous countenances about her—by compare with which even the memory of Sir Lance de Hacquingay seemed comely. But that true knight, who forgot not in his own evil case her hapless estate, so soon as he could gain a hearing, besought them to give fair and courteous usage to the maiden, who, he said, had friends that well knew how to recompence their kindness toward her.

"By Saint Nicholas!" quoth one, "the deck of the Sea Dragon, like unto most other places, hath fair and gracious entertainment for those that can quite our courtesies. But here cometh the Seasweeper to make his own treaty. Stand aside, my mates!—wot ye not who is in presence?"

The whole rout hereupon gave back, discovering to May Avis a tall figure, sheathed in complete armour, who came down from the after-castle, and who, judging of him but by his port and look, she would have called a knightly person. As he drew nigh, she could likewise perceive through his open helmet, that he was comely enow of feature, though his complexion, either by nature, or the effect of sun and wind, was of a dark reddish brown—whilst, like his fellows around, the evil life he led was all too plainly shown in his fierce and sullen visage. To make his aspect yet more terrible, he was harnessed from head to foot in coal black mail, over which he wore a surcoat of a blood-red colour, whereon, as if in derision of all knightly and chivalrous devices, was wrought an escutcheon, bearing two besoms crossed, such as were seen on the mast above his pennon. The like mockery was blazoned on a shield that was borne after him by one of his band, arrayed as an esquire at arms; and also on his crest, overhung with a huge plumage of fiery red, that flowed loosely back on the air like the train of some blazing star, as he stalked slowly along striving to show by his proud air and gait, how little he recked of the presence of knight or baron. Yet might the beholders suspect from his face that he took more heed of his new captive than he cared to bewray to any there in

[1] Continued from vol. xxxviii. p. 275.

words; for his brow grew yet redder than his surcoat, and his eyes glowed like two freshly kindled brands, as they met those of the Lord Guy—who, on his part, stood awaiting him with look and air so high and haughty, that hardly might the damosel know him for the gentle, gracious companion of her former travel.

"Ill met!—by sea, as erst by land, Sir Count!" said scornfully the robber.

"Ill met!—in every place and tide alike, Sir Thief!" answered, not less scornfully, the knight.

"Now by Saint Nicholas and all his trusty clerks," cried the other, "that title pleaseth me to the full as well, County Guy, as if thou hadst cleped me duke or earl!—the rather, in that a goodly array of both are there to share it with me. Howbeit I will make proof to thee anon that a thief can hold his word as stedfastly as can a knight. What ho! on loft there! a rope forthwith from the top!"

Scantly were the words spoken, ere the rope was cast over the top, and waving to and fro above their heads; those evil-looking men on the deck all gathering round to perform his further hest with the ready glee of those about to perform some rare and pleasant pastime.

"Lord Guy of Beaucaire!" then said the robber, when he saw all arrayed toward his work,—"bearest thou in mind the oath I swore when last we spoke together in Bretaigne?"

The knight but looked on him disdainfully, without reply.

"That neither prayer nor gold should ever buy thy life again at the hand of Sansloy?"

"Do thy worst, caitiff!" said the knight, yet more proudly than before. "The blood of Beaucaire is all too noble to be bought by a villainy."

At this the visage of the robber grew well nigh black as his mail.

"Yea—sayest thou?" he answered, betwixt his set teeth. "Thou hast thy will! Address thee then without more, to a short shrift and a long journey."

"Maiden," said the Lord Guy, turning toward her, "come near, I pray thee, and take the last commands of a dying man!"

But here the poor young thing, who had not before fully understood what was on hand, suddenly sprang forward, and cast herself on her knee at the feet of the robber.

"O beseech you, noble sir!" she cried, holding up her joined hands—"beseech you, as you love your own precious soul, do not this wrong and outrage! So help me God and our blessed lady, as this noble lord hath never worthily deserved the hate of any!"

"By God's Corpus—and what art thou?" answered the robber, looking down on her in amazement. "His page,—or ape, or haply, as these gentles call it, his lady love?"

"Nay, nay," she said quickly, "God forbid so noble a gentleman should be disparaged in any such wise! In very deed, valiant sir, I am but an orphan of rude and small estate, voyaging, by the grace of friends, in the train of this worthy lord, whom soothly I had never seen but an eight days agone."

"By Saint Joce, the eighth part thereof should suffice to lime thee, silly wren!" answered the sea robber, with a scoffing laugh. "Yet

blame I not the count's choice of his company, for truly thou art as proper a pigsnie, by the mass, as I have espied this many a fair day. Hark thee, primrose! thou shalt go thy way with me, to serve bower-maiden to my wench at home—an office whereof thou mayest be both blithe and proud. How deemest thou thereof, Sir Guy? Wilt thou counsel thy gentle lady here to accord with my proffer?"

"I will, Sansloy!" quickly answered the Lord Guy;—"nay more, to give thee thanks to the boot thereof. Maiden, be not afraid! thou shalt have a fair and honourable service; and I charge thee discover, without delay or disguise, unto those to whom thou goest, both thy former fortunes and the purpose of thy present voyage."

But the little maiden, whose virtuous courage and stedfast heart had not shamed a nobler ancestry, little heeding her own better hap, so long as that brave and courteous young count remained in jeopardy of a cruel death, ceased not yet more importunately to pray and beseech the robber for mercy, regardless of his terrible looks; entreating him, for the love of his own renown, which doubtless was great alike for his valour and prudence—no less than for his safety's sake, since none might tell to what sorry pass fortune might bring the most prosperous—not thus to stain his honour with the murder of a noble gentleman, whose blood could not fail, sooner or later, to be terribly avenged on all concerned therein, and who, if he had indeed done him harm or offence, might yet make a noble amends in time to come.

Now, whether there was somewhat in her fresh fair face, and pleasant look and voice, that wrought upon the fantasy of this rude man—whether it seemed to him sweet to hear words of praise and courtesy, even from the mouth of a simple girl—whether it were that, in his hasty ire, he had menaced more than he desired, on further advising, to perform—in sooth I cannot tell you; nor yet in what fashion things had gone if the Lord Guy had been near enow to overhear what was spoken. But so it was, that the robber hearkened to her prayers and arguments with marvellous patience; and even after she had ended, he stood a space, as if studying upon all she had said;—when behold! ere he essayed to speak, there came after them a loud hurtling noise on the air, and therewith a shock and sound so fierce and dread, (as if a thunder dint had fallen,) that the very ship reeled and quaked beneath it from end to end; and in the next moment, there fell from above a shower of planks and timbers, whereby not a few of those on the deck were struck down and sorely hurt.

The Sea robber cast up his eyes, and beheld the top beaten in, and the sail all pierced and rent; whereupon, bidding them straightway thrust both captives into some place for present safe keeping, he ran in fiery haste toward the forecastle, shouting in a terrible voice, with many great oaths and curses, for one Rougemain; whilst one of his men at arms, without more ado, caught up the damosel Avis under his arm, after the manner wherein folks are wont to lift a fardel, and bearing her thus down a short ladder, that went below from the deck, he cast her more dead than alive into a small dark place, the door whereof he made fast on the outer side.

How great soever, at any other season, would have been the dread and dismay of the poor maiden on finding herself thus thrown into a

dark and dreary dungeon, she had then little leisure to think of such small grievances—no, not even to weep over the yet more woful plight of the Lord Guy, or the drowning of her faithful Gillian. For now there arose overhead so wild and fearful an uproar, that truly all the shoutings and yellings, and tramplings up and down, that had so affrighted her at first going on shipboard at Hampton, had been but as the music of flute and dulcimer to compare therewith; since besides the din and clamour at all times to be heard in a great ship, set as thick with armed men and mariners as a hive with bees, it seemed as if they were now menaced with danger from without—for at whiles, would all the shouting, and rushing, and running, suddenly increase tenfold; and right anon would come on the heels thereof one of those terrible thunder dints, making the very ship quake and crash beneath the mighty shock as it had done at the first—and more than once, she fancied she heard, amidst wild cries and curses, a sound like the groaning of those in pain, and at other times a noise, as if some part of the craft itself were violently struck and beaten in.

Howbeit, after this had befallen some five or six times, she could discern that these dreadful sounds waxed each one fainter and further off than the last; and now likewise began she to discover a shimmer of light, which, growing stronger as her eyes became accustomed thereunto, revealed to her by degrees the place she was in.

Now this, albeit not a fair parlour or lady's bower, yet neither was it the foul and murky den she had first deemed it, but a small, low closet, wherein she might scantly turn her, lighted from a hole in the door, and heaped up on one side with fardels of woollen cloth and other the like gear, out of doubt the spoil of some hapless merchants, whose ill-hap had brought them into the hand of those caitiffs some few days before. What was without she could not discover, for the little window looked but on the beams of the deck above; so she was fain to sit her down and abide patiently whatever might befal her—though not without many a sorrowful thought upon that noble young lord, the very flower and pride of chivalry, thus about to perish, like some wretched lazar or fellow, in this den of fiends, without help or even knowledge of those who should avenge him. For her poor Gillian, she could not grieve, or think, save with envy of her who was now free from these and all the other evils that cease not to haunt the weak and helpless in this weary world, and at rest in the deep sea, where she should never more be afraid of violence or cruelty.

Thus occupied in her doleful musings sat the damosel, until it was now dark night, by which time there was wholly an end to those cracks like thunder, and likewise to the strange and sudden outcries and runnings of those above; and no more was to be heard than the wonted noise of such a place, and the roaring and dashing of the waters, as the ship went over them, heaving and bounding so lightly and freely, as was well nigh a pleasure to feel. And ere long was she aware, at last, of footsteps drawing toward her prison-door—whereon some one smote lightly, and in soft and seemly guise prayed entrance.

Much amazed at such courteous usage in that place, she bade the speaker enter—since, in sooth, a denial had naught availed her—when, the door opening, she beheld thereat, to her great contentment,

a stranger, who she quickly perceived was not only smaller of stature and more aged than Sansloy, but in all things else as unlike him as might be—having thin yellow hair, goose-grey eyes, a fair, ruddy hue, and a small round visage, that looked as if he were always covertly laughing. He was besides quick both of eye and speech, low-voiced in his ordinary talk, and civil and courteous enow of behaviour. He made show of much kindness toward the maiden; first giving her good even in fair phrase, and then setting down before her both meat and drink of a daintier kind than might there have been looked for—praying her, with goodly words, to eat thereof.

Little will and less appetite toward feasting had May Avis in that tide; nevertheless, to show her thankfulness, she took a morsel of pain-demaine and a cup of water; with which graciousness the robber seemed well pleased, praying her to say if there was aught else he might do for her greater comfort. Then, at her request, he devised for her a way to make fast her sorry bower on the inner side for the time to come; promising, ere he departed, that she should have none to see or speak with her, save himself only, so long as their voyage might continue—and yet further, that he would strive, by every means in his power, to aid and friend the French knight; who, he swore unto her, was living, and in small peril of his life for one while.

They sailed on, seemingly after the same prosperous fashion, through that night and three following days; in all which time the old man held his word—bearing himself toward the damosel in all things after so fair and friendly a fashion, that, thief and outlaw as she knew him for, she was yet fain of his presence and talk; for in any case, here she had for jailor an old, sober wight, who plainly cared as little for fair faces and sweet looks in his heart as in his speech, and was moved to what he did on her behalf but by pity for her forlorn estate. And for one thing alone, if for naught else, could she have well nigh loved him—in that from his lips gat she some faint hope of again meeting with her poor Gille; for when she at length took courage to tell him, not without many tears, of her great and remediless loss in the faithful wench; then he called to mind, how that after the sinking of their craft, he had espied floating on the water, a plank, bearing two persons, of whom one was in woman's weed—and that he well believed both had been able to hold on, until help came to them—but that for themselves in the ship, they had been right glad, so soon as their end was gained in the destruction of the English bark, to bring round their prow, and escape as they might from the hot pursuit that was made after them. Then he told the maiden that the terrible sounds and shocks she had listened, had been caused by the letting off a great piece of ordnance from the deck of the Duchess of Normandy, the ship they had seen coming down from Harfleur; she having been newly provided with such gear, of which, doubtless, those on board her had been eager to make proof against them.

"But by stout Saint Hubert!" he said, "though true it is they took us at unawares, little enow have they to boast thereof!—since though soothly their handling, both to our craft and people, hath been somewhat over rough for us to keep the high seas for this present, yet have they shaken the ancient sides of their own drafty old barge,

until methinks she shall scantly roll back to the haven. Smite off my head, if I looked not to see her timbers open each time they gave fire!—as would they had, in guerdon of our Sea Sweeper's hurt!—with their treacherous new-fangled devices, that slay folks a mile away, and make brave men and cravens all as one."

In sooth, May Avis had little dreamed, when trembling at the sound of those fearful thunder dints, how greatly they were about to befriend her—not only by shortening the voyage of the robber's ship, but by providing that savage man with sufficient occupation, in the care of his own harms, to keep him for one while from thought of further cruelty or outrage; and devoutly she prayed that both the Lord Guy and the other captives, if such there were in the ship, might find the good effect thereof on their return to land, which the old man assured her was now not far distant.

Even as he had said, about the middle of the third night since her captivity, she began to hear that hoarse sullen roaring of waters, that she had learnt to know for the waves of the sea breaking on a rocky shore; and this noise waxed momently louder and louder, until it seemed close under the ship's side, insomuch that the maiden doubted if they were not driving on some of those sharp-pointed black rocks, whose grisly image was even yet fixed in her memory. But great was her astonishment, to feel the ship all at once turned about with the very head toward this raging surge; and ere she could draw her breath, behold, they had sprung past in some marvellous fashion, as swiftly as bolt from crossbow, and were sailing in still water beyond, and well nigh out of hearing of all that furious din and uproar.

Howsoever they had gotten there, it was plain enow that they were come within some close and well-sheltered place; for scantly seemed they to move over the calm sea, though above the wind might be heard howling and blowing with might and main. Also their course was changed more than once, and that with such haste and clamour as showed the passage to be both strait and perilous. And after this work had gone on a good half hour at the least, suddenly there was a loud noise as of grinding and rattling of chains, and the ship thereupon was as suddenly and wholly staid, as if she had run upon the land.

And now straightway arose there a tumult and confusion on every side, compared with which all that the damosel had before heard on board of that disorderly craft, seemed as naught. For whilst some were crying loudly to furl the sail, and unhang the rigging, others were shouting as lustily, to help coffers and fardels out of the hold: and strangest of all, were heard between whiles, voices that seemed far up in the sky, calling and answering to those below, not without abundance of grisly oaths, according to their wont, from all sides—the echoes of that hollow place causing the tumult to appear tenfold greater, until she was constrained to press her hands on her ears, to shut out so many and fearful sounds. Amongst these she failed not at times to distinguish the voice of Sansloy himself, for the most part calling as before on the name of Rougemain; and she also thought she could sometimes note the gentler voice of her friend with the yellow locks.

This last had not forgotten her—for when a weary time had passed away in this fashion, and the trampling and shouting above were in great measure abated, he came to her prison door, and bade her quickly follow him to the deck, whither he courteously aided her to climb by the ladder; and no sooner had she done this, than she discerned, with not a little amazement, the place wherein they were.

The great warship was lying on the water, still as a stone, where certes she had no need of anchorage; being grappled with mighty chains to the rocky sides of a haven that was of little more than her own length and bigness, and sheltered beside from all the winds of heaven, blew they never so fiercely, by huge cliffs that seemed almost to touch the sky, and encompassed the little harbour so straitly on every side, that hard was it to discover where lay the entrance. None such, in any case, could the damosel espy—not even by aid of the broad, beautiful moon, that was shining down full into the place from a firmament as bright and blue as a sapphire stone, lending a pleasant aspect even to those barren black rocks, and the evil-omened ship beneath them. But she had all too little leisure to look to such matters; for the old robber at her side straightway caught up a rope, and began with all haste to make it fast about her girdle; getting such small help as he needed from another that stood by, the falling aside of whose cloak discovered him to be maimed of his right hand. Then the old man, bidding her good speed, and also to keep a stout heart and fear naught—at sound of a whistle hard by, she found herself caught upward and hanging betwixt the ship and the sky, with the top of the mast already sinking below her feet. Then rocks, clefts, and moonlight, began to flit and dance about her all together in wild confusion, as in a dream; the whole vanishing after a while, at the touch of a strong hand that was laid on her shoulder. The rope that held her was loosed, and she found herself afoot in a lofty cavern amidst the cliffs; but more than this she was not suffered to discern, when one, taking her by her arm, quickly drew her onward. Scantly knowing where she went, she continued her way as the guide led; until when she had fully regained sight and sense, she knew that they were pacing peaceably along a gallery hewn out of the rock, by light of a lamp borne in the hand of her companion, an ancient woman.

Ere the damosel had taken courage to inquire how she had been brought thus suddenly from the wild cliffs and bright moonlight, into the centre of this spacious dwelling, as she deemed it, they had turned into a little chamber hard by; the which, albeit it held but a jointstool, and a couch of heather, seemed to her, who had now lodged for many nights on the rough seas, worthy to contain a princess. The old crone, bidding her array her for sleep with all speed, that she might go her way, tarried but whilst the poor wearied young thing crept to this homely bed; and then, making fast the door without, departed with her lamp—whilst May Avis, wholly spent with fear and watching, in a few moments fell asleep as sweetly as she had ever done in her own still and pleasant home at Malthorpe.

THE ROSE-QUEEN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"There is a festival at Salency, in France, for adjudging a crown of roses to the girl who is acknowledged by all her competitors to be the most amiable, modest, and dutiful."

Oh! young and gentle Rose-Queen, I have ever deemed till now,
That a crown was all too heavy for a fair and girlish brow;
But so lovingly these flowers around thy silken ringlets twine,
That care, I think, can scarcely cloud such royalty as thine.

No dull and cumbrous state affairs thy aching head oppress,
Thy sparkling eye is never dimmed by popular distress,
Thine ear, unhurt, unsaddened by the senate's jarring words,
Lists to the sound of gushing streams, the song of tuneful birds.

Yet sages say the rose-wreath in its loveliness deceives,
And soon its smiling bloom is changed to dim and withered leaves,
Therefore the rose is Pleasure's flower, and crowns the heedless throng,
Whose joys may flourish for a time, but never flourish long.

Not so the dewy roses that adorn thy brow to-day,
An evidence of purity and virtue they display;
Duty, and truth, and modesty, are in their blossoms seen,
Such are the needful qualities that constitute our Queen.

Oh! do not on thy drooping flowers at night bestow a sigh,
But take the garland from thy head and lay it gently by;
Its fragrant scent shall still endure, and thus through worldly strife
Is felt the guiding influence of a good and pious life.

Fair children at a future day around thee may arise,
Then tell them why these faded leaves are precious in thy eyes,
Tell them, like thee, to seek renown by virtuous deeds alone,
And win in rising womanhood such trophies for their own.

Thou hast not, happy Rose-Queen, proud possessions to bequeath,
Yet may thy young descendants feel ennobled by this wreath,
And own that valueless is wealth, and poor is lettered fame,
Compared to that best heritage—a pure unspotted name.

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.—THE OPENING.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.

The time allowed to us is so very brief, that we can do little more than glance slightly at the events which have occurred, and that within a very narrow space, since we carried the readers of the "Metropolitan" through the stirring occurrences of November, and presented them with a gallery of busts of all the leading characters in that busy scene. In order to preserve unbroken the chain of occurrences, and detail them, however imperfectly, in the order of their progress, while the public mind is yet heated with their interest, we steal a few hours from the throng and excitement of the Queen's Bench to continue our narrative. Before we open the prologue to the swelling scene, it will be necessary to connect the closing of the first with the opening of the second act by a reference to intermediate events. In the interval, there was action and energy on both sides. The Crown, secretly and in silence, carried out its measures under the combined direction of Mr. Brewster and the Crown Solicitor, who left nothing unattempted which the keenest foresight, and provision against all contingencies, could accomplish; while the first law officers crammed like Strasburg geese for the grand festival. On the other hand, the solicitors, or, as Lord Brougham, in his abhorrence of false taste, would call them, "the attorneys" for the traversers, prepared for a stout resistance. Some intelligent emissaries were despatched to collect evidence in the districts charged in the indictment as the places in which "horrid treason did bestride the blast." The traversers' counsel had various consultations on all the various points of attack and defence, and on Monday, the eighth, the order of battle was finally determined on, subject, of course, to such changes in detail as arise in the progress of every great cause. A plan, substantially different, more safe as well as more imposing, was suggested, and would have been adopted, had not a radical change become imperative after the striking of the jury—a subject which demands some consideration.

In England, this preliminary passes off as quietly as the cold muteness of the pleading. Palace Yard resounds with no unusual din. The attorneys meet in the Crown Office, settle the names of the jurors in decent silence, and the public know not, or care to know, the triers, while the prisoner makes sure of justice, whoever the "good men" may be. In Ireland, *Themis* moves with a more noisy accompaniment, and it had long been characteristic of her subordinate officers to take improper liberties with her sacred person. The best illustration of this defilement is a saying, once current in every mouth, "Let me see the jury, and I will tell you the verdict." Englishmen cannot comprehend the importance attached in this country to the striking of a jury. Party there does not operate to the exclusion and annihilation of all moral obligation. We, however, understand well the value of the evil. So

accustomed was the public ear to this desecration of the first safeguard of liberty, that the vice had long ceased to excite disgust. For some years a better system was in operation, and jurors were neither suppressed nor partially selected. The reform commenced with the late Master of the Rolls, and was inflexibly maintained by his liberal successors in office. Old courses were, however, revived, which resulted in a panel politically unfavourable to the accused. Who the novel adventurer into this region of political poisons may be, is still unknown. The Recorder, who preferred the gay revels of Drayton Manor to the impure atmosphere of Green Street, abandoned his duties, and slipped away over channel. He left orders that the names on the panel, in alphabetical arrangement, should be transmitted to the Manor for his authentication. Two slips, containing over sixty names, of whom twenty-seven were Roman Catholics, in some mysterious manner dropped out of the roll, and hid themselves in a corner! The officers declare their innocence—the clerks of the peace and crown are "free as angels from the damning sin." This recurrence to almost obsolete practice is among the most painful signs of our disorganised state. If it be a cure, it is such a cure as will finally kill. "Violent remedies," says Hume, "often produce for some time a deceitful tranquillity; but as they destroy mutual confidence, and beget the most inveterate animosities, their consequences are commonly fatal, not more to the public against whom they are tried, than those who make trial of them." A power founded on the moral stability of justice is not easily shaken, or, if shaken in a fit of popular animosity, soon rights itself, and reposes firmly on its centre; while the power which commits itself to injustice for the short-lived glory of a transitory triumph, loses in that process through which it had vainly hoped to acquire strength. Even though the Crown should succeed in obtaining a conviction, punishment can scarcely follow, and the Attorney-General may incline to the suggestion of *Starveling the Tailor*, "I believe we must leave the killing out when all's done." The object of the government is to suppress the Repeal Association by the ordinary powers of the law, and Mr. O'Connell stands on its absolute legality. If the Attorney-General should succeed in persuading the jury, Mr. O'Connell's well-contrived machinery is taken to pieces, and the reorganization of a similar body, with its devout enthusiasm and munificent contributions, becomes a great difficulty, if not a direct impossibility. Both sides are aware of the vital character of the struggle, and both will put forth their utmost powers of attack and resistance. The expenses of the defence are enormous. The fees to counsel with their briefs amounted to more than a thousand guineas, which, with daily refreshers during a long deferred contest, attorneys' bills, and a variety of other expenses, will form a weighty aggregate at the close.

The long-expected day at length arrived, big with the triumph of the crown or the fate of the accused—a day of grandeur and solemnity, not more from the vast importance of the issue, than the imposing forms with which it was ushered in, and the array of intellect assembled to measure swords in that "perilous and hard-foughten field." There have been great trials in British history, where kings and monarchies were the stakes for which the combatants played—some

where guilty or not guilty involved the progress or defeat of popular principles—others, where the impeachment of proud ministers or the rulers of oppressed provinces, realized the grandest spectacles that ever were presented on the theatre of the world, in the display of sumptuous pomp or of prodigal eloquence. But if they surpassed the present in intense interest and imposing magnificence, they sink beneath it in one respect—the accusation of millions at the bar of public justice—for that is the true issue. They are here in spiritual though not in bodily presence—*quo non corpore mente feror.* The excitement of the morning was immense, but unaccompanied with clamour or disorder. The hum of the awakened city at an early hour was soon matured into a general activity, and long before the gates of the Four Courts were opened, a well-ordered but impatient multitude crowded round the avenues. We wended our anxious way to the busy scene at eight o'clock, with the fair expectation of a first arrival at the doors of the Queen's Bench, for ten was fixed for the sitting of the Court, but we were disappointed in our rational hope. Chief Baron O'Grady's advice to his indolent relative was observed by numbers more watchful than ourselves, and early as we were out to surprise the worm, there were others who had long before captured the prey. At half past nine, we were released from the crowded antechamber, and the gowned throng rushed in, each congratulating himself on his patience and success, without reflecting that once in he was an immoveable fixture for eight hours. Not gradually, but in a single minute, every spot was crowded. One by one the leading counsel arrived, and took their seats. The Attorney-General moved in with an enormous pile of papers, followed by Sergeant Warren, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Brewster, and the rest of the Crown force, all in a body. On the other side, Mr. Whiteside first came with a long stride and bold front, and deposited his bag with a thump on the red cloth. He seemed all on fire for the fray, and nodded with good-humoured carelessness to the opposed array. Next approached Mr. M'Donagh, who exchanged a multitude of morning salutations with all on every side, not forgetting the jury-box, for which he usually puts on the most captivating of his wreathed smiles. In rapid succession followed Messrs. Henn, Hatchell, and Fitzgibbon, and the last who showed his "face of quickening impulses" was Mr. Shiel. Shortly after ten, the grand dignitaries were seated—all in their scarlet costume—which had a solemn and striking appearance. When to these were added the surrounding accessories—ladies—lawyers—well-filled but not overflowing galleries, the spectacle was one of subduing interest.

The crier was now ordered to call the traversers. They appeared, with the exception of Mr. O'Connell, who shortly after entered the traversers' box, accompanied by the Lord Mayor in his full municipal robes. The corporation escorted Mr. O'Connell to the Four Courts, but the Lord Mayor alone of the train entered the Queen's Bench. The Chief Justice did not seem to relish this display of the municipality. Leaning on his left hand, he scanned the civic intruder with a scrutinizing glance, and conveyed in that severe look the expression that the presence of the Lord Mayor in that costume was a sort of defiance to his authority, and incompatible with the respect due to the

dignity of the Court. It was intimated to the Chief, that he appeared as one of Mr. O'Connell's bail, which produced a softening effect on his Lordship. Mr. O'Connell having answered to his name, withdrew, and shortly after returned in a new patent wig and gown, which considerably improved his appearance. He sat between Mr. Henn and Mr. Whiteside, with both of whom he maintained a lively conversation for some time, and from the repressed laughter of the triad, he appeared to entertain them with his choicest anecdote. After the panel had been called over, and as the book was about to be handed up, there was a movement among the traversers' counsel which indicated that some plot was about to see the light. The Attorney rose to make a remark, when he was interrupted by Sir Coleman O'Loughlin, who handed in a challenge to the array on behalf of Daniel O'Connell. Here was a revival of the outpost warfare, which was likely to consume another day, and miserably depressed the spirits of the audience. It was thought the foils had been laid aside, and the time for striking with the edge of the sword commenced. The Attorney-General looked as surprised as the uninitiated; but the law officers might have conjectured that the traversers would have that challenge on record, whatever might be its fate at the hands of the court. Perhaps they did, although they looked astonished exceedingly. Mr. Brewster gathered up his eyebrows to his very temples, so profound was his surprise, though the Recorder had been summoned on the preceding day to give evidence, if the crown took issue on the challenge! It was founded on the omission of the names from the jury panel.

One challenge only was handed in, and Mr. Moore pressed the Attorney-General to traverse or demur to that while the remaining challenges were being drawn up. But that cunning master of fence, after a brief consultation with his brother Solicitor, refused to take the bait. He would conceal his course until all the other challenges had been filed, calculating that if the first went off, on an objection to the form, the traversers might correct the informality in all the others. The adroitness of the manager foiled this well-concerted scheme, and the traversers obtained time to complete the number. For two hours the court sat with the most exemplary patience—they asked occasionally if the challenges were forthcoming, but no other symptom of impatience did they exhibit, having manifestly resolved to set no limit to their resignation, and avoid the imputation of, in the least degree, unduly accelerating the trial. Counsel on both sides left the court, and after a long delay, the confederated powers again returned. On receiving an assurance that the challenges agreed in all respects, save the names, the Attorney-General demurred *ore tenus*, and argued in support of his objections. His argument was cool and well-reasoned. He defended the crown from any interference with the jury lists—he defended the Sheriff—he poorly excused the Recorder—he denied the jurisdiction of the Court to entertain the question, and very skilfully sought to fasten on the traversers a dispute with the worthy citizens in the jury-box. Sir C. O'Loghlin, the parent of the challenge, supported it with ability, but it was clear from sundry *dicta* of their lordships that they were ill-disposed to what Lord Brougham calls such "curious structures of sophistical architecture;" and still curious as

it was, that challenge involved a principle and a question which will embarrass ministers more than it did the judges of the Queen's Bench.

Mr. Fitzgibbon, as bold and intrepid an advocate as ever stood by a sinking cause, changed the plan of attack, and as argument was likely to prove of little avail, he resolved that the primary source of the evil should not get off without a wholesome lesson for the future. He was censured for his personalities; but there is a time when delicacy in the advocate is criminal towards the client, and to strike with effect he must abandon a straight-laced reserve, however painful to his own feelings may be the sacrifice. Fair in front of Mr. Fitzgibbon—at the side of the Crown Solicitor, and self-complacent at the honour just rendered him, by the three-fingered Jack of the *Illustrated News*, sat the Recorder! He looked so innocent—so unconscious of the fierce fire that was on the point of being opened on him, that it was almost a pity to ruffle the serenity of his spirit. Mr. F. soon ploughed up the surface, reasoning fairly that if the Recorder had performed his duties that challenge would not exist. There he sat, exposed to the biting sarcasms and well-merited reprehension of Mr. Fitzgibbon, who lectured severely without violating the fair limits of professional duty. The Solicitor-General, in his reply, comforted the Recorder, replaced his character on its pedestal, and then proceeded to the more pressing business. He spoke for the public ear—he sought to obliterate the disagreeable impressions produced by the refusal of the Crown to an amended panel, and concluded a very clever and conciliatory speech by deprecating the idea of injustice on the part of the Crown. Mr. Moore, on behalf Mr. J. O'Connell, then offered that the names should be added to the list, another jury struck forthwith, and the trials proceeded with within the week. The Attorney-General was astonished that a proposition betraying such "gross ignorance" should be made by so eminent a lawyer, and that Mr. Moore must be conscious of having tendered a legal impossibility. The latter, for once, lost his well-balanced temper. The accusation of "gross ignorance"—a hard phrase!—ruffled his plumes, and he replied to the unguarded language of the Attorney-General in a few sentences of caustic severity, which drew down a burst of indecorous applause from the galleries. The Court delivered judgment against the challenge, Judge Perrin holding it well taken, and thus ended the interest of the first day.

The irritating procrastination of the first only increased the excitement of the second day. After some delay in swearing the jury, during which process, Mr. M'Donagh shivered a lance with the Attorney-General, and effectively parried a blow aimed by one of their lordships, Mr. Napier briefly opened the indictment. The Attorney-General then rose in the midst of the most profound silence, and with a calm and studied solemnity of manner and language, commenced his address. He had a most formidable task to accomplish, and great as the expectation was, he certainly did not disappoint it in the elaborate clearness with which he unfolded the multitudinous details—the artifice with which he connected their incongruities—and formed out of such very unpromising and heterogeneous materials a cleverly constructed unity. How the imposing structure will fare hereafter, is not our purpose to

decide. He called the marked attention of the jury to the magnitude and momentous nature of the issue they had to try, and according to long-established custom, calculated on a pure and unbiassed verdict. According to what appeared to us an infelicitous and embarrassing mode of procedure, he began with the common definition of conspiracy, which he supported through a variety of phases, with numerous authorities. The law is indisputable—we only found fault with the application and arrangement. That branch would have come in more artistically after the developement of the facts which he conceived did constitute a conspiracy. But there was also much art, however questionable its exercise, in fastening the charge thus early on the accused. In this preliminary all was for the public and the jury, and we could perceive a strong effect produced, though it contained neither eloquence nor applicability. Mr. O'Connell listened for a time with a sort of smiling attention, which was soon converted into real or affected disregard; he drew forth a "Morning Chronicle," and during the remainder of the day, appeared to amuse himself with its contents. Sometimes he drew off his spectacles, glanced for a moment at the cool expositor of his sedition with a good-humoured or surly look, and then returned to the news. Once only did he offer an interruption, and that was in reply to a challenge of the Attorney-General. Commenting on the oft-repeated declaration of Mr. O'Connell, that the Queen, by virtue of her prerogative, might convoke the Irish Parliament by writ, which in fact amounted to a revival of the celebrated dispensing power, Mr. Smith, turning round to the traverser's counsel, said, "Is there one gentleman of that bar who will assert that such an exercise of the prerogative is not illegal and unconstitutional?" Hereupon Mr. O'Connell lifted up his eyes, and firmly replied, "Yes." But we must return to the thread of the discourse.

After much prefatory matter, Mr. Smith commenced the formidable ascent of a barren ridge of mountains piled on clouds, and clouds on mountains, from the summit of which he cheered us with a distant glimpse of the promised conspiracy. He began with Lord Grey's government in 1831, and passed in laborious review the several forms which political agitation assumed since then. The object of this long winding march, more tedious than a patriarchal journey, was to point out and definitively settle what we all knew before, that repeal was a cherished project of Mr. O'Connell. At last he pounced on the "Loyal National Repeal Association," and did not forget to mark the first attribute with peculiar emphasis. Here he stood on his true ground, and expectation was strained to the extremest point of tension to catch the scheme of hidden treason, which, on last term, he promised to reveal in all its naked deformity. Having with a great deal of "linked labour" passed in review the constitution of that society, and illustrated his remarks with some of the diplomas or cards distributed to the members, he wheeled back to the first of the monster meetings, and thence forward in succession to the others, to establish his case of conspiracy and sedition. To prove this, which was the great and peculiar difficulty—in fact, the burthen of the whole chant—he read a vast number of extracts from the speeches of Mr. O'Connell, and newspaper articles, which, in connexion with the

loose expressions of the populace reported by policemen, and a forced similarity between the proceedings of the Association and the United Irishmen of '98, he asserted, did constitute a conspiracy. That there was much of the visionary and inflammatory in his carefully and skilfully selected excerpts we do admit—that the spirit which presided at Mullaghmast and elsewhere had a dangerous tendency, we also admit—but that the whole was such a conspiracy as the law contemplates—that such an open union was unwarranted by the constitution of England, admits at least of much doubt and disputation. Mr. Smith read passages from the Secret Committee Report, stating that in '97 the people marched in formidable masses and military array, and the result was a rebellion; and by a cunning analogy, he inferred that the events of last year conducted us inevitably to a "ferocious republic." The affiliated societies of France were also among the ingredients of the cup of horrors with which he drugged the court and jury. So far he stated nothing unknown to every newspaper reader in Ireland. We looked forward with trembling and fear to that dark and mysterious popular organisation which, to heighten the effect of the disclosure, he was, perhaps, reserving to the last. We expected some secret information of a vast confederacy, embracing in its all-diffusive arms the entire population, bound together by some terrible adjuration—the revival of another Cataline blood-cup; but it turned out in the end to be the old story—that Mr. O'Connell had drilled a very efficient battalion of Repeal Wardens, who maintained an active communication with head-quarters, and brought the whole country within the influence of the Corn Exchange. Instead of important revelations, Mr. Smith commented with much force on the R. W. diplomas with their borders of national green, and the commemorative battle-fields which marked the four corners. We acknowledge an excess of absurdity, as well as mischief, in reviving the battles of Benburb, the Yellow Ford, and the other fields of Celtic renown. We ought to have outgrown such fooleries: they conduce to national hatred, and should, in wisdom, be avoided. The Attorney-General invested them with an importance which any head with two grains of common sense would reject as an insult to the human understanding.

The Attorney-General's address occupied two sitting days of the Court, the exact time we allowed him in the last number of the *Metropolitan*. Hereafter we shall have an opportunity of comparing it with other speeches. But this we must say, that he exercised his duty with a temperance and reserve by us wholly unexpected. He confined himself almost strictly to a plain statement of facts, adding few comments, which, if not remarkable for eloquence, were signalised by no abusive violence. His design clearly was to let the "conspiracy" tell its own tale, with the least possible aid from his involved rhetoric. He occupied eleven hours in the delivery, and of that time his original matter would scarcely fill half an hour. There were many tempting occasions for a lofty flight, but he never ascended beyond the humble level of plain exposition; in this acting with prudence, as a public officer, as well as safety to his own character. The matter was arranged with singular clearness; immense labour must

have been bestowed in the nice selection and adaptation of the parts, and viewed as a whole, it was creditable to the tact, the skill, and moderation of the Attorney-General.

In another, and more important respect, his address was a dire disappointment. We predicted quite as much. When Mr. Smith "smote the hollow of the general ear" with his mystic revealings of insurrectionary treason, we said that haughtier promises often ended in vapour. We pretend to no oracular intelligence, but, from our acquaintance with the mental habits of the Attorney-General, we concluded that his proofs would sink below his promises. It was unfair to the character of the country to declare in a crowded court, and in words which have since filled the mouth of all Europe, that, when the period arrived to make his statement, he would establish as dark and dangerous a conspiracy as ever perilled the peace of the world! Such was his promise—how has he fulfilled it? We associated with his declaration a recurrence to the rude instruments of rebellion. We seriously doubted—disbelieved, in truth, the existence of any such follies. But when the first officer of the crown emits a solemn annunciation that he would prove it, our incredulity received a shock, and we awaited the moment which would develope the treason with tremulous apprehension. We watched his progress from topic to topic, and nothing came. When, in the middle of his speech, on receiving a slight interruption, he still persisted in his first resolve with an air and emphasis which displayed much earnestness, we held on attentively, waiting for the fatal and final blow. But when he closed his labours with a borrowed peroration from the late Chief Justice, though we admired the cleverness with which he constructed his story, and gave him credit for very unusual coolness, we could not but smile at the parturition. He laboured heavily, and his throes ended in—nothing! Had he been more candid, he should have said, "I will prove the present organization to be illegal, with its officers, home and foreign subsidies, its objects and designs." This would be fair and intelligible. But to involve all Ireland in a dark cloud of suspicion—to blot her loyalty and obedience with the foul stains of treason and conspiracy, and with no other proof than Mr. O'Connell's speeches and newspaper flatulencies—was unworthy of a straightforward and fair-dealing mind. The declaration was intended for effect, but, like all effects not grounded on truth, it reacted with proportionate force on the propounder. All, even his friends, anxiously asked, "Where is the conspiracy?"—and for the present we leave echo to repeat the interrogatory.

THE INFANT PRODIGY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Surprising! what qualities solid and bright
In this dazzling diminutive wonder unite!
She sings German melodies, flits through the dance,
And lisps gay retorts in the accent of France,
Talks of fractions and numbers, of measures and weights,
Never seems at a loss in historical dates,
Twirls round a vast globe—spouts orations in rhyme,
And deems little story books "sad waste of time!"

In weariness some her achievements survey,
And whisper, "Vain folly"—"What tedious display!"
Some moralize—some seek a flaw to detect
In "the poor clockwork puppet wound up for effect;"
And some wish that children were children indeed,
Rejoiced from the school-room's dull toils to be freed;
To draw the light skipping-rope forth from its place,
Or deck the wax baby with ribbons and lace.

For me, though I censure this scene like the rest,
My heart is too heavy for laughter and jest;
Soon, soon must this child of endowments so rare,
For solitude, stillness, and darkness prepare;
I know by the colour, flushed, fitful, and high,
By the knit anxious brow, by the bright eager eye,
That the slight fragile frame has long drooped and declined
Beneath the precocious excitement of mind.

And ye, reckless parents, who thus, day by day,
Can see the sweet blossom of youth fade away,
Defrauding your child of the truest of wealth,
Life's unspent possessions of vigour and health—
Ye bar her from all that free Nature bestows,
From liberty, pastime, and needful repose;
Then lead forth your victim the homage to claim
Of a crowd, who accord you derision and blame.

And still shall fresh knowledge distract that young brain,
New works shall she study, new arts shall attain,
Till in Learning's vast treadmill, spent, worn, and opprest,
She faints in her labours, and passes to rest.
Then, lasting remorse shall the parents await,
Who mourn their rash madness, but mourn it too late:
And a light passing sigh shall be breathed by the crowd
For the fair Infant Prodigy laid in her shroud!

ODDS AND ENDS.

No. VI.

BRITISH CHAPELS ABROAD.

It has been said that in founding a colony, the first care of the Dutch is to dig a canal; of the French, to build a theatre; of the English, to construct a fort. This may have been very true when the remark was originally made; but times are greatly changed, and with the times our wants also are modified. Mynheer stays at home now-a-days; he has enough to do in maintaining his actual possessions: the French send out a brigade of gens-d'armes to keep order in their new colonies, instead of a troop of comedians to amuse them; and the English provide chiefly for the spiritual defence of their off-shoots, in the shape of a church establishment and titular bishop.

In this, as in many things besides, the government receives its impulsions from without, and merely gives expression to the popular sentiment. There is scarcely a corner of the continent, frequented by English families, which is unprovided with a place of public worship, and a resident clergyman, supported on the voluntary principle. In the single town from which I write, there are two congregations of the Church of England, a Scotch Presbyterian, and an Independent Chapel. There is a spirit of religion kindled, and extending ever wider and farther in the minds of a large portion of our countrymen, which, groping its way blindly, as it does, through Methodism, Non-intrusionism, Puseyism, will, at no distant day, I trust, produce the happiest results. For how much of the improved condition of the clergy of the Church of England are we indebted to the purity and apostolical character of dissenting ministers! Emulation has brought forth its fruits; and a drinking, sporting, dissolute parson, is now little more than a traditional monster.

By a different process, much good will probably be evolved from the schisms which divide the Church and harass the consciences of well-meaning and sincere men. The present inconvenience, no doubt, is great; but how incalculably will it be outweighed by the advantage true religion will gain, if the minds of its votaries, wearied out by these troubles and dissensions, turn from the discussion of barren forms and doubtful doctrines, to the one great source from which all real light emanates; that light which *alone* is sufficient to guide our steps in the right path.

When George Herbert built a new church at Leighton Bromeswold, the reading pew and pulpit were, by his order, placed a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say, "That they should neither have a precedency or priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation." The arrangement recommended by this excellent divine has been adopted in the

Lower-town Chapel, at Boulogne; but I greatly fear that here, as elsewhere, the equality it was intended to inculcate, has not penetrated into the hearts and understanding of the congregation. How frequently, at the close of the service, are your ears assailed by remarks upon the preacher's eloquence or dulness; how rarely, how very rarely do you find that the devout spirit, which should accompany prayer, has outlived the half hour or forty minutes' duration of the sermon! The Roman Catholic custom of allotting separate portions of the day to prayer and preaching, is an excellent one. Independently of the wearisome length of our church service, there is a rapidity of transition, from the earnest offering up of prayer to the critical spirit in which even a popular preacher is listened to, that is anything but favourable to the durability of the devotional feeling.

I know not whether other minds are acted upon in the same way with my own, but to me what is really impressive in a preacher is neither eloquence, nor argument, nor historical research. These are but adjuncts, pleasing, interesting, useful adjuncts it may be, but they are not the essence of profitable preaching. Religion is something quite independent of well-rounded periods; it is neither to be taught, like mathematics, by demonstration and analysis, nor like history, by accuracy in facts and dates. A priest may be excellent in all these respects, and yet, whilst he convinces the understanding, may be utterly without power to touch the heart. The true secret of his impressiveness lies in his being himself deeply impressed. A manner indicative of earnest devotion, and entire absorbtion in the sacred subject of discourse; above all, forgetfulness of self, and unconcern for vain display;—these are qualities in a preacher which come home to my mind with more persuasive force than any dogmas, or syllogisms, or nice distinctions, though clothed in the elegant diction of a poet, or argued with the refined ingenuity of a casuist. It is not to know *about* God, says Job, that is eternal life,—that a man may glory in; it is to know *God*, to be acquainted *with him*. In this case the heart glows in the all-pervading atmosphere of religious love; in that, it seeks in vain to thaw its icy currents at a fire which burns, brightly indeed, and visibly, but behind a crystal screen, through which it can radiate no heat.

There is a visible rhetoric in the manner and bearing of a truly pious clergyman, which is more convincing than the most polished style or the most gifted eloquence. When I hear such a one, I feel that religion is invested with a certain tangibility and reality, that the mere rhetoric of words can never convey. It has been my fortune to encounter two preachers of this description; and although the one is never at a loss for a phrase to express his meaning, and the other is constantly struggling with the unspeakable, I leave the church of either with a faith in his faith, with a conviction that his life is in accordance with his precepts, which is far more edifying than the homage and admiration generally accorded to the self-sufficient, argumentative talent of the popular lecturer.

It has been related that John Reynolds was brought up in the Church of Rome, whilst his brother William was educated a Protestant; and that the two brothers, meeting together one day, disputed

with so much energy that each of them changed his religion, on conviction from the other's arguments. This anecdote, which is to be found in the Life of Hooker, is strong evidence of the uselessness of theological discussions, or rather of the contests between theologians. Even when they are entered upon with a desire to sift out truth from the errors in which ignorance has involved it, they commonly terminate in a bitter unchristian spirit, and do far more harm than good.

Licences to preach are granted with a facility and a disregard to a man's fitness for the office he undertakes, that surely ought to be reconsidered. How often does it happen that a preacher dismisses his congregation with their belief quite unsettled on the very points which his discourse embraced; how often does he state arguments of his opponents, which he is incapable of refuting; how often does he suggest doubts, which it is beyond his power to solve satisfactorily! Many a pulpit, again, is filled by a narrow-minded, uncharitable bigot, who would so limit and circumscribe the goodness of God that his flock are taught, and, in as far as they acknowledge his authority, believe that a Papist is beyond the pale of salvation; and that the everlasting life even of a Protestant depends, in a great measure if not altogether, on his implicit faith in certain doctrines, on which the most learned and devout men, for ages past, have hesitated to pronounce a decision.

All this is calculated to do, and does infinite disservice to the cause of true religion, and of the church itself; for, as the Greek proverb says, nothing is useful to the bee that is not useful to the whole hive. Happy are we that some of our divines have regarded the matter in a different light, and that amongst these are to be found the best and wisest names our church can boast. As an antidote to the poison of exclusive bigotry, which sometimes vitiates and corrupts the holiest themes, how salutary, how consoling are the large principles of charity and toleration expressed by the venerable Hooker! "Like a mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to the too-exasperated heart," comes this message:

"Because of opinions which are held to be erroneous, shall man be bold enough to write on the graves of such as entertain them:—Such men are damned; there is for them no salvation? Saint Austin says: Errare possum, hereticus esse nolo. Except we put a difference between them that err ignorantly, and them that obstinately persist in it, how is it possible that any man can hope to be saved? Shall I think that, because of an error, such men touch not so much as the hem of Christ's garment? If they do, wherefore should I doubt but that virtue may proceed from Christ to save them? No; I will not be afraid to say to such a man:—You err in your opinion, but be of good comfort: you have to do with a merciful God, who will make the best of what you hold well, and not with a captious sophister, who gathers the worst out of every thing in which you were mistaken. Let me die," he says, in conclusion, "if it be ever proved, that simply an error doth exclude utterly from the hope of life. Surely, I must confess, that if it be an error to think that God may be merciful to save men, even when they err, my greatest comfort is my error; were it

not for the love I bear to this error, I would never wish to speak or to live!"

There are few wiser or more wholesome truths than that expressed in the few words which Sir Henry Wootton dictated to serve for his own epitaph:

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus auctor:
Disputationis pruribus ecclesiarium scabies.
Nomen alias quære.

Which may be Englished thus:

Here lies the first author of this sentence:
The itch of disputation will prove the scab of the Church:
Inquire his name elsewhere.

No. VII.

THE PUSEY MANIA.

My last number has ravelled itself out, in a somewhat *déconsu* manner, from its professed subject, into a sermon upon sermons, what Mr. George Ellis might designate as a hyper-sermon, concluding in an exhortation to tolerance and moderation in matters connected with religious forms and opinions. Whilst the fit lasts, let us continue for a number or two in the same vein.

There are, says Lord Shaftesbury, certain humours in mankind, which of necessity must have vent. Should physicians endeavour absolutely to allay these ferments of the body, and strike in the humours which discover themselves in such eruptions, they might, instead of making a cure, bid fair, perhaps, to raise a plague; and turn a spring-ague, or an autumn surfeit, into an epidemical, malignant fever. They are certainly as ill physicians of the body politic, who would need be tampering with these mental eruptions, and, under the specious pretence of healing this itch of superstition, and saving souls from the contagion of enthusiasm, should set all nature in an uproar, and turn a few innocent carbuncles into an inflammation and mortal gangrene.

Our bishops, acting wisely and with much discretion, have borne this truth in mind, in their treatment of the doctrines of the Oxford Tractarians. There has been no persecution exercised on their side, no martyrdom endured on the side of their opponents; and so long as this is the case, there is little cause to fear ultimate danger to the Reformed Church. The Tractarians, on the other hand, have commenced their system at the wrong end. Instead of resigning their ministry into the hands of those from whom they received it, they continue to preach as nominal members of the Established Church, whilst all their efforts are directed towards the subversion of its received doctrines. Had either party pursued a different course, the Oxford schism might have produced results of incalculable importance; as it is, there is every reason to suppose that it will, ere long, die a natural death.

It is not the province of a layman to enter into controversial dis-

putes; they demand much learning and deep study, and in all vested questions of divinity there is nearly as much to be said on one side as on the other: but no man of common sense can repose any confidence in the Christian sincerity and single-mindedness of a priest, who, whilst he holds benefices and exercises his ministry under any establishment whatever, can give utterance to such language as the Tractarians are not ashamed to use, in speaking of their Church, (for theirs we must consider it until they openly secede from it,) as constituted by the Reformation, and by the law of the land. There is scarcely an article of our faith, or an ordinance of our church, of which they have not fallen foul: their tenets are at complete variance with the generally received opinions on all subjects, from the use of the Book of Common Prayer, up to the principle of interpretation to be adopted in case of the Thirty-nine Articles. For so saying let their own words, on a few not unimportant points, be my warrant.

1. Respecting the Prayer-Book.

"Our Reformers, in not adopting "the Canon of the Mass," which is a "sacred and most precious monument of the Apostles," "mutilated the tradition of fifteen hundred years," and "our present condition is a judgment upon us for what they did." Their conduct herein excites a feeling of "indignation and impatient sorrow." We are in a position of servitude, and our Prayer-Book corresponds to that state. "Conscious of the incongruity of primitive forms and modern feelings, our Reformers undertook to construct a service more in accordance with the spirit of their age. They adopted the English language, they curtailed the already compressed ritual of the early Christians."—"I can see no claim which the Prayer-Book has on a layman's deference as the teaching of the Church, which the breviary and missal have not in a far greater degree."

2. Respecting the state of our Church.

"The present church system is an incubus on the country. The pure light of the Gospel needs to be restored to this benighted land." One Tractarian regrets "our Church's present corruption and degradation," hears with "pain" the words "pure and apostolical applied to her," and says, "that the mark of being Christ's kingdom is obscured and but faintly traced on the English Church." Another attacks even the validity of her ordination: "I found that you had been ordained by the Bishop of ——. For my part, I had rather have had my orders from a Scotch bishop. The succession is purer."

3. Respecting the Reformation and Reformers.

"I am every day becoming a less and less loyal son of the Reformation. As to the Reformers, I think worse and worse of them. Jewel is what you would call, in these days, an irreverent dissenter." —"I hate the Reformers and the Reformation more and more."— "Too many of us speak as if we had gained more by the Reformation (that deplorable schism) in freedom, than we have lost by it in disunion."—"To call the early Reformers martyrs, is to beg the question, which of course Protestants do not consider a question; but which no one pretending to the name of Catholic can for a moment think of conceding to them, viz. whether that for which these persons

suffered were the truth."—"The Protestant tone of doctrine is essentially anti-Christian."

4. Respecting their own objects.

"It ought not to be for nothing; no, not for anything short of some very vital truth; some truth not to be rejected without fatal error, nor embraced without radical change, that persons of name and influence should venture upon the part of ecclesiastical agitators; intrude upon the peace of the contented, and raise doubts in the minds of the uncomplaining; vex the Church with controversy, alarm serious men, and interrupt the established order of things. All this has been done; and all this is worth hazarding in a matter of life and death; much of it has been predicted as the characteristic result, and therefore the sure criterion of truth. An object thus momentous we believe to be the unprotestantizing (to use an offensive but forcible word) of the national Church; and accordingly we are ready to endure, however we may lament, the undeniable and in themselves disastrous effects of the pending controversy. . . . . We cannot stand where we are, we must go backwards or forwards; and it will surely be the latter. It is absolutely necessary towards the consistency of the system, which certain parties are labouring to restore, that truths should be clearly stated which as yet have been but intimated, and others developed which are now but in germ. And as we go on, we must recede, more and more, from the principles, if such there be, of the English Reformation."

5. Principle of interpretation to be adopted in the case of the Thirty-nine Articles.

We are told by the Tractators themselves, that "when the series (of Tracts) began, the prospects of Catholic truth were especially gloomy." But when No. 90 was written, the great difficulty confessedly was, "to keep members of our Church from straggling in the direction of Rome, and the method taken was to show that our Thirty-nine Articles might be interpreted so as to make them consistent with the decrees of the Council of Trent." Now, it is admitted by the writer of that Tract, that "it is notorious that the Articles were drawn up by Protestants, and intended for the establishment of Protestantism," and that "the tenor of the explanations" of them given in No. 90, is "anti-Protestant." And to this objection the chief and only answers worth noticing are, first, that "it is a duty which we owe both to the Catholic Church and our own, to take our reformed confessions in the most catholic sense they will admit; we have no duties towards their framers;" and secondly, that their framers "constructed them in such a way as best to comprehend those who did not go so far in Protestantism as themselves;" and that the interpretation of the Tractators "was intended to be admissible, though not that which their authors took themselves."

I think that the opinions of the Oxford divines, cited under the heads 1, 2, 3, and 4, speak so plainly for themselves, that any comment on them would be superfluous. Whatever may be my private conviction, I do not presume to decide whether they are right or wrong. I turn from these to the "principle of interpretation to be

adopted in the case of the Thirty-nine Articles;" and here I do venture to affirm, that no conscientious person entertaining such a principle could maintain his place in the ministry for a single hour, and for the following simple reason: that no bishop, being aware that such were his opinions, would have conferred ordination upon him.

"As the Church requires subscription to her own interpretation of Scripture," says Dr. Waterland, "so the subscriber is bound, in virtue of this subscription, to that, and to that only; and if he knowingly subscribe in any sense contrary to, or different from the sense of the imposer, he prevaricates, and commits a fraud in so doing."

"The only sound principle," says the Bishop of Exeter, "of interpreting the Articles, is to understand them in the sense in which he who subscribes them has sufficient reason to know that they are understood by the authority which imposes the subscription."

And lastly, in the words of Mr. Bickersteth: "The honest, open, plain, and literal meaning of our Articles, distinguished from all perversion which Jesuitical interpretation has ever introduced, must be the ground of our union."

No. VIII.

CLERICAL CELIBACY AND AURICULAR CONFESSION.

"Speculative heresies," says Lord Bacon, "though they work mightily on men's wits, yet they do not produce any great alterations in states;" and so long as the speculations of the self-styled apostolical sect were confined to mere matters of form, such as the lighting of tapers, bending of knees at certain stations on approaching the altar, and wearing this or that kind of gown in the pulpit, they were harmless enough; but when they extend to the injunction of celibacy to the clergy, and of auricular confession to the laity, the affair becomes more serious.

The French literature of the eighteenth century is rife with protests against the monastic system, against vows of celibacy, against the shriving of young females by young priests. But far beyond all these, in eloquence and convincing power, is the following picture, drawn by a master hand, of the internal struggles of a priest confessing a girl whom he loves. It is preceded by tales of crime and horror, connected with and engendered by this abuse, (and perpetrated by Mingrat, curé of St. Quentin, by the Abbé Guillaume Rose, *afterwards* Bishop of Senlis, and by the confessor of a convent near Nogent le Rotrou,) which I gladly pass over as too appalling to be transcribed.

"To what a life," he goes on to say, "to what a condition are our priests condemned. They are forbidden to love, and still more strictly forbidden to marry; yet women are given over to their guidance. They must not possess one, and live on terms of familiarity with all: of familiarity, said I?—of confidence, of intimacy! They are the depositaries of all their hidden actions, of all their inmost thoughts! The innocent girl, under her mother's wing, receives her

first instruction from the priest; soon he sends for her, converses with her alone, and he, before her young mind is tainted by evil thoughts, first teaches her the name of sin. When she is thus prepared, he it is who bestows the nuptial benediction upon her; when married, he is still her confessor and her guide. He has a claim, prior to her husband's, on her affections, which he never resigns. What she would blush to confess to her mother, to avow to her husband, must be confided to him. He questions her, she reveals all to him,—but he must not become her lover. How should he? Is he not a consecrated priest? And yet a woman, young and lovely, whispers in his ear her faults, her passions, her weaknesses; and he, a man of five-and-twenty years, must drink in her sighs without emotion!

"To shrive a woman! Picture to yourself what it is. In a dark corner of the church, the priest (not Mingrat, but some man of principle, abstinent, pious, if you will, for I have known such, but a man at the same time, and young, as they almost all are,) seats himself in the confessional, after vespers, and awaits, in the growing dusk, the approach of his young penitent. He loves her; she knows it; love can hide itself from the loved one's eyes. You interrupt me here: 'But his priestly character, his education, his vow.' I answer, that no vow can hold good; that very village pastor, coming from his college, young, healthy, and with natural dispositions, must love some one amongst his female parishioners; it cannot be otherwise. Nay, more; if you contest the point, I will venture to say that he loves them all—those, at least, of his own age. But there is one whom he prefers; one whom he thinks, if not more attractive in person, purer and more modest than the rest; one whom he would fain marry; one whom he would make his pious, virtuous wife, were it not that the Pope forbids it. He sees her daily; he meets her in church and elsewhere; and, seated by her side in the long winter evenings, imbibes poison, imprudent that he is, from her lips, from her eyes.

"Now, let me ask you, when on the morrow he awaits her in the confessional, when he hears her step, and says, 'tis she, what are the thoughts that agitate the poor confessor's soul? Duty, principle, wise resolutions, are here of little avail, unless supported by divine grace in a way not to be expected in every case. Let us suppose him to be a saint; unable to fly, he meets the temptation with sighs, and groans, and prayers for heavenly aid; but if he be no more than man, he trembles, and already, in spite of himself, perhaps even unconsciously, he hopes. She draws near, she kneels—kneels before him whose heart leaps and throbs at her presence. You are young, sir, or at least you once were young; speak candidly, tell me what is to be expected from a situation such as this? They are alone, on most occasions; there are no witnesses to their colloquy save those walls, those vaulted roofs; their discourse is—of what? alas! of everything that is least innocent. They speak together, or rather they murmur together in low whipers, their lips are scarcely parted from each other, their sighs are mingled. This lasts for an hour or more, and recurs frequently.

"Think not that I am overcharging the picture: this scene, just as I have described it to you, is enacted throughout France, and repeated daily, by forty thousand young priests, with the same number of young girls, whom, being men, they love, whom, as priests, they visit, converse with in secret, and shrive as I have told you, and whom they cannot make their wives, because the Pope forbids it. The Pope pardons them everything but the one crime of marriage: better in his eyes that you should be an immodest, debauched, adulterous assassin, like Mingrat, than a married priest. Let Mingrat murder his mistresses, he is defended from the pulpit: here, his cause is pleaded in God's own house; there, he is received amongst God's own saints. But were he to marry one of them, no sanctuary could protect so monstrous a criminal. Justice, prompt and severe, would be executed upon him, and upon the mayor who had sanctioned so unholy a union. But what mayor would venture to do so?

"Reflect, now, and tell me, sir, whether it is possible to unite in the same person two engagements so entirely at variance with each other as the duties of a confessor and the vow of chastity; tell me, what must be the agonies of these unfortunate men, forbidden, on the one hand, to possess what nature prompts them to love; enjoined, on the other, to converse intimately, confidentially, with the objects of their love; whether, in a word, this monstrous combination is not calculated to drive some of them mad, and to make the rest—I will not say culpable, for the really culpable are those who, being legislators, suffer a youthful priesthood to confess the young of the opposite sex—but licentious, and utterly wretched. Their secret upon this point has been revealed to me.

"I was acquainted, at Leghorn, with the Canon Fortini, one of the most learned scholars in Italy, and one of the most exemplary men in the world. Associated with him by our common pursuits and studies in the beginning, and afterwards by a sentiment of mutual affection, we were constantly together, and I chanced one day, I forget on what occasion, to ask him whether he had always been true to his vow of chastity. He assured me that he had; and I believe that in this, as in all else, he spoke the truth. 'But were I again to be subjected to the same ordeal,' he added, 'although I am now seventy years old, the renewal of youth would be to me the heaviest of curses. What I have suffered God only knows, and He, I trust, will remember it at the great account! But I should be loth to go through it again.' Such was his avowal, and it made so deep an impression on me, that I have repeated what he said, word for word.

"At Rocca di Papa, I was billeted on the vicar, at whose house I fell ill. He treated me with the kindest care, and took every opportunity to turn my thoughts towards God, of whom I thought more than he was aware; more frequently perhaps, though otherwise, than he himself did. He longed to convert, to save me from perdition, he said. I listened to him willingly, for he spoke Tuscan, and expressed himself with the utmost elegance in that sweetest of tongues. At last I recovered; we became sworn friends; and, as he preached to me incessantly, I once answered him thus: 'My dear Abbé, I will go to confession to-morrow, if you will consent to marry, and live happily.

You cannot do so without a wife, and I know one who will suit you exactly. You see her daily, you love her, and your hopeless love destroys your peace.' He placed his finger on my lips, and I saw that, as he did so, his eyes filled with irrepressible tears.

"Such is the condition to which their lamentable ministry reduces them. But why, you will ask me, when they are susceptible to such impressions, do they become priests? What, sir, do they make themselves what they are? From their very childhood watched over by the Pope's myrmidons, they are entrapped, enlisted; they pronounce that impious, that abominable vow, never to know wife, or children, or family ties; excusable in this only, that, as novices, almost children, they know not what they do; for he who, with a full consciousness of the responsibility he incurs, takes this vow, should be seized, imprisoned, or exiled to some desert island. The vow once taken, they are anointed, and it becomes irrevocable;—ah! were the oath binding but for a term of years, few, if any, would renew it! Girls, women, are then entrusted to their guidance. Sulphur and tinder are brought into contact with fire, and the fire promises that it will not burn. Forty thousand young men have the gift of continence conferred on them with the priestly garment, and, from that moment, are to live as though they had neither sex nor flesh. Do you believe this possible? Some few may overcome their natural weaknesses, but *how* few, in comparison with those whom grace abandons to their temptations! Grace is not granted to all; it sometimes deserts even the best of men. How can they look for this gift of continence; how should they, in their youth, in the flower of their manhood, when the old have it not?

"That curé at Paris whom Vautrin, the upholsterer, having surprised with his wife, threw out of window but a few years since, (the adventure was notorious in the Quatier du Temple, but was hushed up through the influence of the clergy,) that curé was sixty years old; and he of Pezai was seventy, when he took from the streets a beggar-girl, in the last stage of disease, and made her his mistress. Here was another affair, which the anointed had sufficient credit to stifle; for the father, when the consequences were too evident to be mistaken, brought an action against the seducer, but the Church interposed in his defence. When, at that age, a man cannot resist an object so loathsome and disgusting, what would have been his conduct, think you, at five-and-twenty, as the director of the consciences of creatures as attractive and beautiful as she was the reverse? If you have a daughter, sir, entrust her rather to the soldier, to the hussar, who can make her his wife, than to the man who has taken the vow of celibacy! What a catalogue of crime would be unfolded, if all that passes in secret were brought to light, or if all our magistrates were as conscientious as the mayor of St. Quentin! Of what horrors do we catch a faint glimpse in those facts that will transpire, in spite of the connivance of the civil power, the silence enforced in such matters, the measures taken to obstruct all publicity! And not to speak of crimes, what sources of impurity, disorder, corruption, are opened by these two papal inventions, the celibacy of the clergy, and the confession called auricular! How much evil do they create, how much good do

they prevent! To appreciate the full value of the priestly office, you must see and admire the pastor where his family is a model for his parishioners; where he inculcates nothing that his own conduct does not exhibit; where, whilst he instructs husbands and fathers in their duties, he enforces precept by example. There, the women have not the shamelessness to avow their frailties to a man; there, the clergy hold no exceptional position apart from the state, beyond the reach of the law;—abuses all these, that date their origin from times of the darkest barbarism, the most ignorant credulity, but which can hardly now maintain their ground, when the world has begun to reason, and knows how to count its fingers."

Such are the opinions of a man who had every opportunity of investigating the subject on which his judgment is delivered; a man of singular talent and mature age. Had these accounts come down to us from the pen of an apostate priest or renegade monk, we might receive them with hesitation and doubt; but they are placed upon record by a layman, the father of a family; by one whose regular, domestic habits, whose simplicity of life, passed far from the vices of a capital, and the intrigues of a court, preclude all suspicion that his testimony is biassed by personal considerations, or the desire to withdraw attention from his own backslidings, by presenting a highly-coloured picture of the errors and crimes of others. He is a man of whom his country may well be proud, to whom foreigners may listen with attention and respect. What he relates is drawn, for the most part, from his own observation and experience; and fearful, indeed, are the scenes, disastrous their consequences, which this observation and experience have laid open to him. Long may it be ere the like are permitted to defile our Protestant country; very long ere our clergy, cut off from all human sympathy with their flocks, coldly point out the road they are never called upon to travel, and are transformed, at the best, from living, encouraging guides, into spectral, automatic direction-posts!

SONNET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Look ye for certainty, and hope ye it
In anything of earth to find? As well
With human hands the fragrant rose compel
To yield its honey—or the beams that quit
The sun condense—or every petal tell
The hawthorn utters, when young Spring doth sit
Upon its branches, calling forth white flowers!
Nothing is sure for one brief moment's reign,
Nor life, nor love, nor friendship, health, nor ease;
Ev'n the eyes' laughter hath its hidden tear,
Ev'n the heart's rapture hath its doubts, that freeze
Like frosts severe, that may not thaw again:—
So pass we on, through Life's uncertain bowers,
Finding Hope's shadow still to be a *Fear!*

THE FORTUNES OF THE GREAT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY W. A. G.

The bells of Ghent were ringing a merry peal, flags and banners hung from steeple and tower, and the streets were overflowing with the citizens dressed in their holiday attire. It was the birthday of the mighty emperor who had first seen the light within its walls, and though to-day was not even the hundredth time of its celebration, yet it was evident that it could not pass without extrardinary festivity.

Our attention, however, is not to be called to a scene of mirth or rejoicing, nor have we to chronicle the fate of one, whose name threw a lustre over the place of her birth. But whatever were her failings, and they were not few nor light, who will say that they were not atoned for by the severity of her destiny? Whilst, then, the sounds of rejoicing were at the loudest, we must notice a heavy travelling carriage drawn by four horses, which came slowly lumbering along as it entered the gates of Ghent. It was an equipage which evidently belonged to some one of rank, for the mouldings were richly gilded, and the windows were of Venetian glass, in those days a great luxury. But it had seen its best days. The coats of arms, which nearly covered its panels, were scarcely any longer legible, the gildings were tarnished, and the horses, by their want of condition, showed that they were not fed by a pampering hand. Two ladies occupied the inside, one of whom, despite of her fifty years, might still have been called handsome. Her face and complexion betrayed her southerly extraction, and though her features were clouded with grief, there flashed forth every now and then from her eyes a glance of pride and self-consciousness. Her companion was a younger person, and altogether more feminine in appearance, but still the expression of her face was of high spirit, struggling with dreadful exhaustion. Eight days only before the time we write of, her fair head had fallen in effigy by the hands of the headsman; outside the carriage sat two female attendants, with a young page, and one who seemed to show to the full the wretchedness which was depicted upon the faces of his mistresses. It was an old man, whose hair was already white, whilst the velvet-laced coat which he wore accorded well by its threadbare look with the faded splendour of the equipage. The time had been when the travellers might have expected similar sounds of rejoicing to greet their ears, a concourse of people and the ringing of bells, and all in honour of themselves. Alas! those days were past. Just once the elder lady had allowed the noise to attract her attention to the street, but her look was speedily withdrawn. The memory of other times came over her, especially of the day on which she had made a public entry into this very town, attended by all that was fair and

brilliant. Treachery and ingratitude had done much, and had yet their worst to do.

The carriage at length stopped, and the page descended to the window to ask the direction the carriage was to take. "To an hotel, Paulo, it matters not which." Soon after, however, as the carriage was again rumbling on, a sign caught the eye of the elder lady, and the checkstring was hastily pulled. It was of a second-rate inn, and her companion asked with surprise, "What! here?"

"And why not?" said the lady, slowly. "It is the sign of the 'Helpful Mother of God.' We are deserted by all: perchance the blessed Virgin will shield me from the eyes of the world, and offer me a retreat where I may close my eyes in peace."

We resume the history after a lapse of seven months.

In the window of a small house in the street de la Crucé, a light might have been noticed burning deep into the night; within the small scantily furnished apartment whence it issued, were four people standing mournfully around a bed, on which lay a someone sick unto death. The elderly lady whom we have seen before, and an old attendant whom we recognize by his faded velvet coat and white hair, were two of these; the others were a sister of a religious order, and a celebrated physician of Ghent. The patient we have also seen before: she was a lady whose features still showed signs of beauty, though worn down low with bodily and mental suffering.

"Doctor," said the elder lady, her eyes swelled with weeping, "you say then that there is really no hope?"

"It is a light about to be quenched," he answered. "Human skill is of no avail here."

"There is then, indeed, no hope?"

"A miracle alone could save her;" and he added, low down, "this is not the age of miracles."

"And I do not hope," the lady answered, after a pause. "You told me she would die. These eighteen years you have told me truly all that was to come to pass; all my misfortunes. Just heaven, when will my cup of sorrow be full, how soon will thy wrath turn to compassion!"

There was a long silence. The doctor was the first to speak.

Heavy indeed must have been the blow, which brought one so young as she is into a situation like this."

"You are right. 'Tis no light matter to have to leave country, children, friends, to escape the scaffold; yet so it has been; she had spoken against the King and the Parliament. The tiger in human shape, not satisfied with having driven me forth into exile, must also kill my dearest, my only friend. Poor, unfortunate Isabella! death is the penalty you must pay for your devotion to one deserted by all beside."

The invalid opened her eyes, her half-glazed look dwelt for a moment upon the speaker, a placid smile played along her pallid lips; she sighed, it was a gentle sigh, but with it her spirit departed. All was

hushed; no sob or expression of grief broke the silence. The mourner had sunk upon her knees, and her face was buried in her hands. It was a spasm of woe. At length she rose; and, after gazing for a moment on the face of the departed, her hands firmly clasped together, she stooped, and imprinted a kiss on the forehead of the corpse. Then turning round, and drawing her figure to its full height, whilst her eyes sparkled, and her whole form seemed dilated,

"Triumph, vile priest!" she half screamed, "add another to your list of victims. Treacherous villain!—cowardly assassin!—take a woman's bitter curse—a curse," she articulated slowly, "heard by those blessed spirits who are even now wafting the soul of his victim to the courts of heaven.

"With her it is well," she added, after a pause, "but I remain here, deserted of all."

The old domestic threw himself at her feet. "By all,—but no, not by me."

"My faithful Mascali," she said, motioning him to rise; and her grief at length found vent in tears.

The day was breaking, and, with a low obeisance, the doctor and the servant had left the room. The old lady had sank into an arm-chair, whilst the Beguine, kneeling at the side of the bed, was offering up prayers for the soul of the departed.

It was high noon, when a gentle knock came to the door, and Mascali silently entered.

"Your grace," he said, "his majesty the king is below, and would wait upon you."

"Is his accursed favourite with him?"

"She is in attendance."

"I will see the King;—but, understand, alone."

A moment afterwards, Mascali opened the door for a young man richly dressed, who sank upon his knee, as he became aware of the lady's presence.

"Mascali, a seat for his majesty, and leave us."

Mascali retired.

"Veramente, I was not prepared for this visit," said the lady, bitterly. "I thought you had yet delicacy enough remaining to have spared me this."

"I have been calumniated."

"With words? It were idle, when deeds speak for themselves—your latest deed has proved sufficient; comfort yourself with the thought that you need do no more."

"Did you but know——"

"I know enough, quite enough, too much—I know that whilst your friends were shedding their blood for you, you were a base coward and—ran away. I know that you have entered into a treaty with your most implacable enemy, the principal stipulation in which is, that I am to be given up. I know, too, that I am your mother, or naught could make me even suppose that you were the son of the bravest of monarchs, whose blood is already tainted by your infamous cowardice."

"This is too much," cried the King, springing up.

"You can get into a passion then yet! Is there, then, a single spark of courage still left?"

"O, I know the Countess hates me, and never ceases to calumniate me; but, by ——, she shall answer it."

"Yes, I know you have courage to face a woman."

"As I hope for salvation I will be revenged upon her."

The lady rose, drew back the curtains of the bed, and, with a contemptuous smile, she said slowly, "There, then, revenge yourself upon her corpse."

The colour left the King's face, he staggered a pace or two backward, and laid a hand upon the speaker as if for support. She drew back, as if from the touch of pollution.

"What! I serve as a prop for you—Away with you instantly—rid me of your presence!"

The monarch reeled towards the door, and the lady's glance followed him till he was gone.

"The miserable creature!" she muttered; "and yet he can call me mother."

The next morning, a chapel in the church of St. Bavon was hung with black. In the middle stood a catafalk ornamented with a count's coronet; beside it stood the lady in prayer, and behind her Mascali, a page, and two female attendants, in deep mourning. On it was written, "Pray for the soul of the most noble lady Isabella, Countess of Fargis, Embassadress to the Court of the King of Spain and Emperor of all the Indies."

Twenty years ago, an old house was still standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A.D. 1577. Sixty years later than this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth up at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of the year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for anything, it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of everything."

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell upon the same

tarnished velvet coat which we have seen before. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and, bidding them a short "Good night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said. "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through; they were ladies who I have known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which will be of service to you."

"I am cold."

"It is fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man had provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better, that her attendant proposed she should endeavour to leave the house for a moment or two, and he succeeded in getting her forth as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken, it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he now approached them.

"*Parbleu!*" said he, "why that is Mascali. What, are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady. "I must indeed be altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word in the duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered, and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," he said; "but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honour of meeting your—"

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

"And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched caitiff?"

"He is in the zenith of his power."

"See, my lord duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the

Queen of the mightiest nation in the universe: and now both of us alike. But adieu," she said suddenly, and, drawing herself up, "the sight of you, my lord duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune once more may smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight colour tinged the lady's features, as she answered, with a gently commanding tone,

"Leave us, my lord duke, it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and, taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning, a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; she had a small packet for him, and also a billet. Inside this was distinctly written,

"Two hundred louis d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use. GUISE."

And the packet contained a hundred louis d'ors.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair for two long years. But the last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succour. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la Chapelle, to take up some small legacy. It was the thirteenth of February, 1642. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later, an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. One only word had escaped his lips as he stumbled up the failing staircase—"Nothing! nothing!" He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse which lay before him with an almost convulsive motion, and, letting it as suddenly fall, he cried,

"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold, and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, Queen of Spain, of Henrietta, Queen of England, of Christina, Duchess of Savoy, of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, dead of hunger, cold, and misery; and yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "the Just."

CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Old Christmas comes welcome to cottage and hall,
All doors are flung open to greet him;
Both aged and young blithely answer his call,
And run to the portal to meet him:
Where the wine-cup is filled, and the yule-log's alight,
In triumph they laughingly lead him,
And crown him with sweet bays, and berries as bright
As the visions of hope that precede him.

By the steps of the joyous each threshold is cross'd—
Old friends from a distance, and others,
Who come in despite of the storm or the frost,
To this meeting of sisters and brothers,
Of parents and children, and wild ones from school,
That come trooping like birds of a feather,
All order revers'd, and the "lord of misrule"
With the mince-pies and cake crown'd together.

'Tis a season of mirth unalloy'd to the young,
Not a cloud but the clouds of December;
But to some in life's sunset there whispers a tongue,
That calls on the heart to *remember:*
And they weep for the *hearth* in the *home* of *youth's day,*
Where at Christmas-time often they sported;
With the friends and companions long gone to decay,
Like the hopes that so vainly they courted.

They feel like to exiles, that dwell in a land
That knows nothing of what they most cherish'd,
Or as ruins, that still in their loneliness stand,
To tell of the things that have perish'd:
Though the smiles of the young and the innocent cheer,
And they laugh with the gay and light-hearted,
Yet oft on the eyelid there trembles a tear
For the dear ones that long have departed.

But even for such 'tis a season of joy;
For when hope is believingly given,
With the shadows of grief and its earthly alloy
Mingles light from the region of heaven;—
The light that now dawn'd from the Day-Star on high,
To the just that have long gone before us,
When the song of Salvation came down from the sky,
And the list'ning earth rang with the chorus.

Then away with repining! let Christmas be crown'd
With a garland befitting his glory;
At the plentiful board let the *needy* be found,
While the hearth has its song and its story:
Let the wayfarer rest, let the aged rejoice,
Let the humble partake the oblation,
And in each happy home with one heart and one voice
Let *all* praise the great King of Salvation!

THE PALAIS ROYAL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ambassador of peace, if peace you choose,
Or herald of a war, if you refuse."—DRYDEN.

ST. MAUR learned from one of the domestics that his Royal Highness was enjoying a promenade in the gardens. He accordinglywent in search of the Prince, fearing the meeting, yet with a resolution to oppose manfully his overbearing spirit.

The day was fine, the air calm and serene; the sun shone brightly, but without excessive heat, on one of the last days of spring; the eye, dazzled with the glitter of the gushing fountains, sought relief in the deepening verdure of the foliage. It was a scene of peace hardly to be realized to the imagination distracted with the turmoil of a rebellious city. The feelings of St. Maur were the same oft experienced by the visitant of the luxuriant abodes of princes and powerful nobles—wondering that, with such a paradise to dwell in, the owner's mind should seek pleasure in the wearying struggles of political strife.

A long avenue, terminated by a parterre, on which were grouped orange shrubs and other choice exotics, and over which rose to a considerable height the sparkling jet of a fountain, disclosed to view a happy coterie of idlers, amongst whom Condé was conspicuous.

As St. Maur approached, he recognised the leaders of the faction—Gaston of Orleans, the Coadjutor De Retz, Beaufort, taller than all his compeers, and Chevreuse, both mother and daughter.

The easy disengaged air, and diverse attitudes of the group, pleasingly reminded him of several of the pictures in the Cardinal's gallery. Condé and his cousin of Orleans were in earnest conversation apart from the others; the latter was not distinguished by the graces of person: vacillating in thought and action, his manners were uninteresting save when excited; then, indeed, there was a glow of enthusiasm and eloquence, beautiful, but unstable and evanescent as his character. But Condé's presence bore the very impress of genius; an air at once of grandeur, pride, and affability; eyes darting fire, and features of the cast of the eagle.

Far away, beyond hearing of his friends, walked joyously the Coadjutor, by his side a youthful beauty, the younger De Chevreuse. With dark visage, plump cheeks, moustaches, and tuft on chin, the prelate was far from handsome; but, possessed of that happy assurance and pliancy of manners which ecclesiastics with pretension to gallantry attain beyond other classes, he had the power to captivate and hold in subjection the fair dames of Paris, chiefest among whom was the lady now listening to his soft discourse.

[1] Continued from p. 43.

Beaufort, of whom it might be said without flattery that his form rivalled that of the fabled Hercules, bent in statuesque attitude over the Duchess de Chevreuse, who was seated on a low garden-chair, and engaged in picking to pieces a rose, whilst listening to the duke's theme. Her almost mechanical occupation, in which the mind bore no part, betrayed thoughts wandering to cherished scenes—perhaps, forgetful of her picturesque admirer, dwelling on other days, when she reigned chosen confidant of Anne of Austria. That beauty abideth not for ever was fully exemplified in the person of the duchess, but there were vestiges remaining, aided by a lively wit and intriguing spirit, sufficient to constitute an attractive leader of the faction.

Lovely as the mother had been deemed in the days of youth, it were difficult to believe that the purple light of love which radiated from the eyes of Mademoiselle was an inheritance; the youthful De Chevreuse, though her features were irregular, could, at will, throw such an expression of fire and soul-subduing tenderness into her eyes that spell-bound the beholder, making him almost believe that he had seen some one more than mortal.

De Retz was the first to notice the approach of the youth. Leaving the fair morning star of Condé's party, he ran forward to the Prince, telling him aloud that a herald was in waiting with tidings of war or peace. Condé bent a stern glance on St. Maur, but did not speak, which touched the youth deeply; for his former dependency on the good-will of the hero of Rocroi had so far enabled him to penetrate the Prince's character, that he judged that it was not from anger he was silent—for this was a passion which he never attempted to conceal, and had no scruple of giving way to it in every society—but a more amiable feeling—regret, perhaps, that one on whom he once smiled approvingly should have deserted his colours, and placed himself in the enemy's ranks.

"You must," said the duchess, addressing the Prince, "make me acquainted with this fortunate youth; and you, Monsieur de Retz, look well to your laurels! If you persist in the intention of winning a way to the saloon of Du Plessis, you will have to encounter more formidable competitors than are met with in my poor hôtel."

The name of Du Plessis brought colour to the cheeks of St. Maur, but, aware of the scorching ridicule to which he was exposed, he endeavoured to divert attention from the messenger to the errand, by acquainting the Prince that he was the bearer of a message from the Cardinal.

"Then declare it," said Condé, "for these are my friends, whom it imports as much as myself."

They gathered around the herald, who had scarcely commenced his speech when he was interrupted by the younger De Chevreuse inquiring of De Beaufort, in a very audible and impatient tone, what it was that her mother said respecting M. de Retz and Madame du Plessis.

The duchess looked angrily at her daughter, but was too much vexed at this awkward *contretemps* to express resentment openly. Mademoiselle, who almost from a child played a part on the area of politics, under the guidance of her mother, was as little scared by the

duchess's anger, as she had been deterred by any sense of delicacy from proposing the question. Isabella Chevreuse had been brought up as a puppet and an idol to attract and allure the powerful, and necessarily, from being engaged so unworthily at her youthful years, was without the refinement and delicacy which a more becoming education, or even maturer age, would have induced.

St. Maur, in revenge for the previous attack, paused in order to increase the embarrassment of the duchess, and that the *outré* conduct of Mademoiselle should not be lost upon his auditors. It was no secret to them that the adhesion of the Coadjutor to the party of the Prince had been influenced principally by admiration of the self-willed and spoiled beauty, and they also believed that he had made a conquest. It now received confirmation in the imprudent and reckless question put to De Beaufort, betraying a jealousy which none but herself would have dared discover. She was, however, a complete creature of impulse, regardless of consequences, fearing not the censure of society, or caring for its praise. Too late for correction, these qualities were beginning to manifest their tendencies, and the poor duchess, who, relying on a mother's power, expected that the daughter would be a willing instrument in her hands—a beauteous decoy, inflaming the passions of others, herself passionless—was now convinced, to her dismay, that she was a being beyond control, and even careless of the usual affected reserve of the sex.

A repressed smile, which the politeness of the guests, and their desire of retaining the friendship of De Chevreuse, could not wholly conceal, added to her annoyance, but the Prince, stepping in to her aid, in rather a sharp tone bade St. Maur deliver himself of his message, if he were charged with any.

"It is very easily divined," said the duchess, affecting to recover from her embarrassment, while De Beaufort engaged the attention of Mademoiselle; "his Eminence has a most important and delicate affair in agitation, which he could not commit to abler or more experienced hands. It can hardly be otherwise than he asks the consent of your royal highness to the marriage of his niece, the eldest Mademoiselle Mancini, with our royal Louis."

"No! It is an accommodation he proposes," said Orleans. "I know he is sick at heart of these troubles. What if he ask our cousin Condé to accept the *bâton* of Constable, and offer me the regency?"

"Is it not more likely," cried De Retz, "that this young man is here to treat for the purchase of his Eminence's library and pictures? If he do not soon make a contract of sale, they will become the property of the crown, and he has too much fondness for glittering coin not to forestall such a sad alternative. Do I not hit the mark, monsieur?"

"If it were so," replied St. Maur calmly, "there is one painting I would buy myself, to remind me of the present conversation."

"And which is that?" exclaimed De Beaufort, suddenly breaking into the discourse—"the slaughter of the innocents?"

"No, monseigneur!" replied the youth, "but that picture where the Saviour is occupied in driving from the temple those who disgrace its sacred offices." Saying this, his eye rested on De Retz.

There was an uneasy movement about the Coadjutor, as though he

were debating whether it were becoming his dignity to notice the remark. Condé, however, put a stop to this war of words, by desiring St. Maur to confine himself to the purport of the message.

When the latter had performed his task, which he did briefly, informing the Prince of the desire of her Majesty that he should be present at the ensuing meeting of the council, at which his Royal Highness of Orleans, and all the princes of the blood, were requested to assist, and at which the Cardinal desired to tender certain proposals respecting the welfare of the kingdom and his own tenure of office. There was a silence of some moments' duration.

"Let us not send St. Maur away without answer," said Condé. "My own mind is made up as to the good or evil of attending or staying away from the council, but I would have the advice of all."

Orleans first delivered his opinion, which was to the effect that his cousin should accept the invitation, for it would doubtless open the path to gaining peacefully what they were all striving for, and which, through other means, would only be accomplished by much bloodshed.

De Retz said that Condé should carefully avoid placing his personal safety within reach of Mazarin; the regency was a laudable object of ambition for his Royal Highness of Orleans, and the Constable's truncheon well became the heroic grasp of the idol of the French armies, but one false step would lose the means whereby these were won. The Cardinal was a gamester in politics, as well as with the dice, and was ever laying traps for adversaries. Let cunning match cunning. "Trust not yourself," concluded the ecclesiastic, addressing the Prince, "within the walls of the Palais Royal."

"Monsieur de Retz discourses most eloquently," exclaimed Isabelle de Chevreuse, addressing the Prince; then turning to the prelate, she added, "and do you, monsieur, listen to my advice. There is a certain house in the Place Royale where resort the most violent of our enemies. Do not trust yourself within its walls!"

"The Coadjutor of Paris is indeed happy with such peerless advisers as mademoiselle," said De Retz, bowing low. "Madame de Chevreuse has informed me that the widow Du Plessis is now her rival, attempting to draw a circle as illustrious as that which offers homage at the feet of her whom I have now the felicity to address, and I have hinted to madame how desirable it would be to attack the enemy in their own quarters. Truly I run more peril in the Hôtel de Chevreuse than I could meet elsewhere in all Paris, but I yield myself humbly to your fair counsel."

"And will not jump in at the widow's window, De Retz," cried De Beaufort, "unless she send for a friar-confessor."

"It would be more to the purpose," replied De Retz, "if we heard your advice whether his Royal Highness should make the venture at her Majesty's window. We are detaining this most goodly youth, who erewhile reproved the tenor of my life, much to his own disadvantage in listening to your levity."

"I do not judge it prudent the messenger should be present at our discussion," remarked Orleans very gravely.

"In war or play, I show the enemy my cards," exclaimed Condé gaily. "I wish Mazarin himself were here. But we have not yet heard our oracle."

"O, yes! *Contre fortune, bon cœur!*" cried De Beaufort. "*Il faut hazarder le paquet.* Nothing lost, nothing won. If I were his Royal Highness, I would throw my *bâton* into the council-chamber, and walk in to pick it up. We have driven them to bay, and this gentleman is arrived with a card of grace. Nothing less than the admiralty for my share!"

"And what will content our fair Queen of the Amazons?" said Condé, approaching the duchess with an air of gallantry.

"I must have the *tabouret*, you will admit," said De Chevreuse, smiling. "The dames of the house of Mont Caza, De Chatillon, and Richelieu, do not stand in the presence of the Queen, and why should De Chevreuse be without her chair?"

"Why, indeed, should the worthiest and most honoured be deprived of the privilege?" replied the Prince. "We will change all that;—but shall I meet the Cardinal?"

"I see nothing to risk—everything to gain—the game will fall into our hands," replidd the duchess. "If we spurn the Italian in his hour of necessity, he may seek support from Rochefoucauld, De Bouillon, and that party."

"I have now all your responses," said the Prince, turning from De Chevreuse. "The number of my advisers is odd, but here comes Gourville to make the sixth. I hope his opinion will equalize your votes, and give me the casting voice."

The Master of the Horse, on being appealed to, cast a rapid glance at the party, eying with some jealousy St. Maur, probably from being admitted to such a long audience, and replied that he had reason to fear the worst if his Royal Highness for one moment quitted the protection of his friends. He might be hurried off to Vincennes or the Bastille before his faithful Paris could muster to the rescue.

"Henri St. Maur," said Condé, addressing the young man, "you may have some voice here—are you capable of bearing a traitor's message?"

"When I took service with her Majesty," replied St. Maur earnestly, "I received the Queen's pledge, and his Eminence's assurance, that I should not be employed in aught against the honour or safety of the house of Condé and its illustrious chief."

"That is not badly spoken," said De Retz; "yet, if we lose our head, what is to become of our party?"

"We shall gain a name—indeed we have gained one already," said Gourville; "but listen."

Gourville then narrated that the idle boys of the city formed themselves into the opposite parties of Mazarinians and friends of Condé, and the latter being the strongest, having driven their opponents from the fields and open places beyond the barriers, commenced assaulting the passengers with their slings. The police being sent for, drove away the boys, but as fast as one group was dispersed, another congregated in a fresh quarter, using their slings even against the municipal authorities. The quick-witted Parisians, ever ready to throw an air of ridicule over their most serious concerns, transferred the epithet of *frondeurs*, or slingers, from the urchins to the party they professed to represent—and thus Condé's faction was called the Fronde.

"We will not regret the name," said De Chevreuse; "and from to-day let the colour of our party—the Isabel blue—be the chosen colour and badge of the Fronde. Let none appear at the hôtel without it."

"I think madame has reason," said Orleans; "these trifles weigh very much with the populace."

Madame made an ironical *obéisance* in return for the presumed compliment. The more youthful beauty forbade De Retz appearing in her presence without the hue of the Fronde; but the prelate excused himself on the plea, that though he would fight under the colours, yet he could not wear them without a dispensation from Rome.

Condé then remarked to his friends, that as the numbers were equal, the decision was left to himself, and that he should accept the invitation of her Majesty. It was not, he said, that the danger should be deemed as nothing, or, on the other side, that there was much to dread from the treachery of the Cardinal; but personally, these considerations, although of moment to his friends, did not affect him. He was induced to the visit solely for the object of once more seeing her Majesty, that he might deny his participation in the insult offered in the conduct of his friend the master of the horse. The Bourbons, he said, did not levy on each other till they had declared war.

Bending slightly to St. Maur, the latter took it as a hint to withdraw, and quitted the parterre.

CHAPTER IX.

> Being your slave, what should I do but tend
> Upon the hours and times of your desire?
> I have no precious time at all to spend,
> Nor services to do, till you require.

Thursday morning arrived, and the prince was expected at the Palais Royal. His intended interview had been freely canvassed by all parties in the capital, and although the peacefully disposed augured tranquillity and restoration of order, there had been, evidently, emissaries of the Cardinal, or of some other party, adverse to Condé, at work, instilling into the minds of the people distrust of the prince, alleging that if the conference produced an accommodation, it would prove a preconcerted manœuvre, by which the rights of the citizens were sold, and the nobles only reaped the fruits of the support, hitherto so zealously afforded by the good burghers and artisans of Paris. It was urged speciously, in corroboration of this view, that the avowed agent employed in the negotiation was an adherent, almost a retainer, of the prince. The citizens and the parliament must therefore choose between the alternative of being betrayed, or quickly selecting a new leader more devoted to their cause than the Bourbon Condé.

The wily Mazarin had thus already gained a portion of the benefit he doubtless strove for—sowing the seeds of dissension in the enemy's ranks.

St. Maur, who had been subjected to the overbearing spirit of the

leaders of the Fronde in his late visit to the Hôtel de Condé, yet retained a pleasing impression of the Prince's demeanour, which caused him almost to regret his attachment to the Court. He could even frame excuses for the other members of the faction, that their bitterness was not pointed at himself personally, but at the master he served. The man who quits his party voluntarily, retains for a long period an uneasy sensation of disgust; he feels that he has placed himself in the position of a defendant in the court of honour, and that he must make good his defence. Isoline, whom, as we have mentioned, retained her place in the household of Anne of Austria after the assumption of the mansion in the Place Royale, was daily in the society of our young Dauphinese, affording him the opportunities he so ardently coveted, of drawing closer the ties of their intimacy. And it cannot be denied that his attentions were agreeable; often as she may have attempted to impose on herself that the interest felt for the youth was prompted only by gratitude, and the more selfish desire of having an ally and friend at need, being as she was almost friendless and isolated, still the self-deception could not long exist in one bred, almost nurtured, in the worldliness of a court.

Her affections being thus all but avowed, it is nowise surprising that the disquietude of their object should excite attention. It could not escape the penetration of Isoline that St. Maur was dissatisfied with his service, that it was the subject of self-reproach, and that his melancholy was increased since the interview with Condé.

Why a mere change of party should be a source of lamentation, unless the change involved the loss of a dear and valued friend, was to her surprising; and when she reflected that her knight-errant had wandered from the dreary wastes of indigence into the castle of plenty, surprise was not lessened. Having seen all around change and re-change, throw off and re-assume the livery of factions, as suited convenience, and without risk or impugnment of honour,—friendships formed or dissolved as best consorted with fortune or varying position,—she could not appreciate the deeper sympathies and yearnings of affection exhibited in his political relations, and which were the result of a life of comparative solitude and singlemindedness.

In this respect St. Maur had an advantage, inasmuch as his education was purer and simpler, free from that corruption of the moral principle—the preference of expediency to a strict sense of justness—which the air of a court engenders. Isoline had preserved herself unsullied by strength of mind and firmness of purpose, qualities which her admirer lacked; but she had lent herself willingly in aid of her royal mistress's support of Mazarin, and would have been equally willing, at her liege-lady's commands, to assist in supplanting the favourite, were he in disgrace with the Queen. It would have been in naught contrary to her political creed; she had seen places lost and won—preferment bought, sold, and exchanged—and the honour of the parties engaged in the traffic noways compromised by their cabals and intrigues. Her disgust of the Cardinal arose, as we have stated, from imposing the office of spy and tale-bearer, and her reliance on the continued protection of the Queen was shaken by the conviction that she could not affront his Eminence without endanger-

ing the friendship of Anne. Seeing herself in the predicament of possible disgrace, it was, therefore, with some alarm that she witnessed the growing distaste of St. Maur to the air of the Palais Royal. To exhibit such a feeling was, in her estimation, throwing away the good gifts of fortune. Possessed, or having the credit of possessing, the confidence both of the Queen and the Cardinal, his career was in the ascendant, and he had already sufficient footing whereby to gain connexions to buoy him up, even if the Italian fell. As she had been instrumental in his introduction to the palace, so she resolved to exert an influence over his spirits which would hold him there, and chase away the foolish fancies of romantic attachment to a leader who would let starve his retainers.

Busily engaged with these thoughts, as she leaned from a window overlooking the gardens in the rear of the palace, she observed St. Maur walking pensively under the trees. It wanted yet several hours of the time appointed for the Prince's reception, and he walked to and fro, eyes on the ground, and all unconscious of the presence of the fair divinity gazing from above.

Was ever swain so blind, so heedless? Could he not once look up? Where was that fine instinct of sympathy which poets sing of, and by which lovers are conscious of each other's proximity or approach? Look not on the sand beneath thy steps, St. Maur, though it be as rich as the fabled strand of Tagus' stream, but lift up thy gaze to where "love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn," beam invitingly over thy footsteps.

"Will naught avail me with the simpleton?" murmured Isoline, growing angry. A thought struck her—should she let fall, as though by chance, a glove? But no—there might be unseen spectators—she could not be sure—for there were many windows—and the incident would be a pleasing theme to the Count de Nogent, or other idler of his class.

Fearing such a tell-tale missive as the glove, she feigned pruning the potted geraniums, taking care to let fall very luxuriant sprigs when the steps of St. Maur were directed towards the window in his alternate walk. The little fairy beacons, eddying downward through the current of air, fell kindly at his feet—he looked up—and though the lady seemed most earnestly engaged in cropping the redundancy of the shrubs' growth, and apparently unconscious of the presence of any one in the garden, he now displayed an alacrity of perception which made amends for previous blindness.

As careful as Du Plessis of giving room for scandal, he resumed his meditative promenade, but breaking off after a turn or two, disappeared from the garden.

The gallery where Isoline walked communicated with the antechamber of the Queen's boudoir. The latter, which had obtained the epithet of her Majesty's little grey chamber, probably from the colour of the tapestry, was at the angle of two suites of rooms, and could be approached by both. Ambassadors and other functionaries, admitted to the honours of *entrée*, were conducted through the more gaudily decorated side of the quadrangle, whilst the suite of apartments in which St. Maur beheld Du Plessis was reserved for the approach of

the inmates and officers of the household, their rank and office indicated by the permitted proximity of approach to royalty.

Fortunately for the usher of the council-chamber, the gallery was not beyond the limits of his range—he could, therefore, gain access to the fair tenant without incurring royal displeasure, or even exciting any curiosity amongst the members of the household he might perchance meet as to his real object in seeking the apartment,—a permitted lounge, though seldom used at that hour.

She was, as he fondly hoped, alone, and testified no extreme surprise at his appearance, which confirmed the suspicion that the geranium loppings were really *billets d'amour*.

"Well, Monsieur St. Maur!" exclaimed Du Plessis, breaking silence, "is the Prince a necromancer that you should so dread his visit? Why so melancholy—can he deprive you of life, or transfix you into a statue?"

"If he could," replied the youth, "I know where dwells a Sybil, whose charms would restore me to the breathing world."

"Take my advice," said the lady, "walk not under the trees, unless the day is exceedingly hot, or you have better company than your own thoughts. Return glance for glance with this haughty prince, who cares no more for you than for the many thousands who have fallen in earning him the name of hero. Hide every trace of care, or it will be reported that you are plotting against the state. Take the gay Bassompierre for your model rather than the gloomy Sully. Shall I say what all the world report of you?"

"It will do me good to hear, coming from your lips," replied St. Maur.

"Rochefoucauld names you the walking ghost," continued the lady; "he says you perform the duties of office as though you belonged to another sphere. He is afraid of meeting you in the galleries or gardens after nightfall. Voiture whispers you are engaged in the composition of an epic poem, the quarrels of the Cardinal and Condé, the staple of the subject—he drew from his pocket some very amusing lines, which he said had fallen accidentally from your hat. Whilst the Count de Nogent has actually petitioned the Queen for the reversion of your charge in favour of a Languedocian cousin, as he predicts you are not long for this world."

"And have I the same liberty you have taken?" asked St. Maur.

"Yes, truly!" replied Isoline.

"I cannot relate what passes current in the palace," said the youth, "for, as Madame very truly says, I do not much heed its concerns; but in the circle of the Fronde, as they are now called, it is asserted that you have the vanity to compete with De Chevreuse—that you would be with us what the Duchess is to the Prince's party—the idol of all eyes—the praise of all tongues! De Retz has heard so much that he would have been ere now at the Place Royale but through fear of Mademoiselle's jealousy."

"Is she not beautiful?" exclaimed Isoline; "if she had but wit, or but a faint idea of propriety, what could withstand her charms? Cardinal, Queen, the palace itself, must succumb to her basilisk eyes!"

"But wanting what her rival possesses," rejoined St. Maur, "instead of leading captive Mazarin and the four secretaries of state, she holds in her string only the dark-featured little priest."

"And he is the soul of the party," replied Du Plessis; "do not despise De Retz, though half fox, he is akin to the eagle, and has but one weakness. But I am not her rival, Monsieur St. Maur; I seek not to lead princes or prelates, or even cavaliers of lesser rank!"

"Not even gentleman-ushers!" cried St. Maur, smiling.

But the smile passed quickly away as his feelings changed to a deep earnestness.

"Isoline!" he exclaimed, kneeling at her feet, and taking a hand which was not withdrawn, "forgive me that I seem insensible to your kindness—my heart plays truant, but is deeply yours, more deeply than the tongue can tell. Each day devotes me more entirely your own. From the night when we first met, and when love, mastering my heart, made me forget poverty, and the vulgar scoffs which are ever levelled at the forlorn like myself, till the present hour, how much do I owe you! My destiny is truly happy—do not believe me miserable because idlers laugh, or that I walk lonely—but not in solitude, for your image is ever present—with you I walk, hold sweet converse, kneel to, though you are absent—'tis only Isoline's self that drives away the spirit which haunts me!"

"You are certainly, beyond any question, in love!" said Du Plessis, affecting a calmness which she did not feel, and gently withdrawing her hand, while she walked slowly a few paces from the still kneeling youth, so that their eyes no longer met.

"Was that a confession I heard?" exclaimed St. Maur, springing to his feet, and moving to her side. "You are certainly, beyond any question, in love—Does Isoline, then, confess so much of herself?"

"You are more ingenious than his Eminence in torturing words," replied Du Plessis, "but——"

"The meaning is not tortured, you would say," exclaimed St. Maur, pressing her hand to his lips. There was no reply.

The hours flew quickly on, and St. Maur and Isoline were roused from their dream of happiness by the shrill blast of the trumpet—the roll of the drum from the mounted guard echoed back the notes—Condé was on his route to the palace—and the usher has duties to perform.

"For my sake, Henri," said Isoline, bidding him adieu, "bear with the Cardinal—with her Majesty—the court, and even such men as De Nogent, and you will be carried safely through these stormy times, when, perhaps, those above you will fall. You offered yourself to the Prince, and he rewarded you with cold smiles—here you enjoy more than you ever strove to win from the warlike Bourbon—forget him, and you will be happy!"

From his station in the ante-room of the council-chamber, St. Maur commanded a view of the street by which the Prince approached. He came in his coach, attended by the Duke of Orleans in a similar equipage. Already he had lost a portion of popularity; for though, as heretofore, the air was rent with shouts of "Long live the Prince of Condé! Death to the Mazarin!" yet these were mingled with less

pleasing cries, imprecating vengeance on the Prince for selling his friends, and making peace with the Italian tyrant. Several volleys of stones were flung at the carriage, and St. Maur heard the report of a pistol, but could not distinguish whether it were fired at the Prince, or by his friends, to overawe the rabble.

Whilst gazing through the window, he suddenly felt a hand placed on his shoulder, and, turning, beheld the Count de Nogent, accoutred in the uniform of Colonel of the Swiss guards, the charge he held in the household troops. The youth started and turned pale; there was something ominous, he felt, in the rencontre, which boded no good to his honour or happiness; but the Count allowed little time for reflection, for making a gesture, indicating a desire that the usher should follow, he left the apartment.

In the lobby, St. Maur ventured to ask what service was required of him, but the colonel, who was professedly a mischief-maker, and who would sacrifice a reputation to cause Anne a laugh, felt that he had the youth entirely in his power, and was resolved to gratify his own malicious humour. He made no reply.

"Am I arrested, Count?" asked St. Maur, unable to endure the anxiety.

"Not yet," briefly answered the other.

Visions of the Bastille, with its dreary dungeons, rushed rapidly across his imagination, but he became calmer on remarking that the Colonel was leading the way to the Queen's grey chamber. Surely, he thought, I shall not be arrested there—no harm can reach me in the Presence.

De Nogent paused, knocked gently at the door, but no one answered. He opened it, entered, and was followed by St. Maur. The chamber was empty, but the door opposite, leading to her Majesty's private oratory, was partly open.

On crossing, they beheld the Queen and the young monarch, a boy of ten years of age, on their knees before the altar. Both were in tears, and praying.

The noise made by the intruders alarmed her Majesty; she arose hastily, and demanded hurriedly of the Count, if she and her son were yet happy—if they were free.

The reply was—not yet, but the hour was close at hand—he had brought the culprit whom her Majesty desired to see.

"Leave us, Count," said Anne, "but forsake us not."

De Nogent retired, bowing profoundly.

The Queen and the youthful Louis quitted the oratory, and re-entered the grey chamber, followed by St. Maur, whose mind was filled with apprehensions of coming danger. He could not, however, despite his anxiety, avoid noticing the manners of the young sovereign, who appeared to feel himself "every inch a king."

Two chairs of state, placed against the wall, and over-arched with canopies, enabled her Majesty occasionally to convert the boudoir into a reception-chamber. Louis immediately took possession of the lesser chair, and looked as though some little drama of royal etiquette were about to be enacted for his amusement.

CHAPTER X.

"Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason."—SHAKSPEARE.

Anne did not sit down, but after remaining several moments at the window to compose her tears, turned to St. Maur, and with an air of affected tranquillity, belied by the trembling tone of the voice, said—"We would fain know, sir, whether we may rely on your fidelity."

St. Maur replied, that his gratitude to her majesty for the protection afforded under the perilous circumstances in which he entered her service—brought on by his own extreme imprudence—would ever remain unchangeable, and that he was incapable of betraying his trust. He humbly begged her majesty to grant the boon of declaring whence arose her suspicions.

"Monsieur is a most faithful servant," exclaimed Louis, with great emphasis; "we wish we could say the same of the Count de Nogent, who only yesterday——."

"So is De Nogent, very faithful!" said Anne, quickly, interrupting her son in this speech from the throne. Then addressing St. Maur, she continued, "We do not doubt your fidelity, or should not now have stood your friend. His Eminence ordered your arrest this morning, but we interposed; we are well-affected to you, St. Maur, for your own sake, for we owe you goodwill, and for the sake of one other very dear to us."

Anne paused for a few moments, looking at the youth steadily; she then resumed, hesitatingly—"We are not sure you are equally well affected to us and our friends."

It was evident to her usher, that the Queen was labouring under a distraction of mind which took away her usual self-possession. She trembled, her voice quivered, and she looked often to the door, starting at the least noise of footsteps, as though expecting the report of some dreaded calamity. The usual cautionary reserve of royalty had quite forsaken her; she was at the mercy even of the usher of the council-chamber; and any one but our hero would have built strong hopes of fortune and advancement, from the familiar appellative of "St. Maur" applied to him by royal lips. But a strong sense of duty apart, and a desire to serve the Queen faithfully, his homage and fealty were bestowed elsewhere, and in that quarter his fears began to take alarm. He trembled for the safety of the Prince of Condé—and felt that a Queen's word might weigh lightest in the scales of political strife and expediency.

He reiterated his assurances of fidelity, to which her Majesty replied gravely that she had saved him from the arrest meditated by the Cardinal, which the safety of the state, and the security of her son's crown, required, and she hoped he would afford her no cause for complaint. Indeed she had allowed her zeal in his favour to outweigh the desire of privacy, that M. St. Maur might give her his *parole*, and be, himself, out of reach of danger.

"We would give our own word for M. St. Maur," said the boy-king, who seemed bent on having some share in the colloquy.

Further explanation of the pledge required from the usher was here cut short by a knocking at the door. The Queen hurriedly pointed to St. Maur to retire into the oratory.

He had scarcely withdrawn, when the door of the grey chamber opened, and the voice of Mazarin was heard—"Welcome! my lieges, once more to the throne of France. The kingdom is again your own. Condé the great is safe, and powerless as the meanest peasant on his lands. Here, my youthful liege, is a plaything prettier than your war-ship at St. Cloud—it is the sword of the great warrior who was to frighten us from our homes by raising his little finger—such was the tenure, by which he has often declared, my liege-lord held his crown!"

"But those cries we heard from the *canaille*," exclaimed Anne, "are the people now quiet—has there been much bloodshed? We dare not leave our cushions, but we prayed for your success."

"Dare!" cried Louis indignantly, "our mother may have her fears, but they do not dwell in us."

"Condé and his friends of the market-place and the Hôtel de Ville," replied the Cardinal, laughing, "are no longer one. I first plucked the bird of his feathers, and mean now to cage him."

The distress of the poor youth on hearing this intelligence was indeed great—he felt his own honour and self-respect gone for ever, and was obliged to lean for support on the rails of the altar.

"Your Majesty looks ill," continued Mazarin; "the anxiety has been very great—but bid farewell to sorrow—we will now have a court as gay and happy as that of Mary of Medicis!"

The terms in which Anne of Austria replied to this exhortation, completed the dismay of St. Maur; the exultation of spirit she exhibited at the downfall of the Prince, and her laugh of triumph over De Chevreuse and the Fronde, convinced him, that if she had not meditated breaking her pledge when it was given, she had been far from reluctant in yielding to the Cardinal's policy. "Put not thy trust in princes!"—murmured St. Maur, as he bent in mental agony over the altar.

She next inquired of the Italian the manner of the arrest—if he were present—how the Prince had behaved—where he was confined—and if his Eminence was certain that Paris would not rise against them, before Condé could be removed to a place of strength.

The Cardinal besought her Majesty's indulgence if he answered these questions briefly; there were many matters of moment which yet required attention. No disturbance from without, he said, was to be feared, as it was believed that the Princes were in council, and he had taken care to cut off all communication with the city, till Condé was in the castle of Vincennes.

St. Maur gathered spirits on hearing this intelligence—a chance offered of repairing, in some small degree, his fault, if he could find the means of acquainting the chiefs of the Fronde with the detention of their leader. He listened attentively to the narrative of the Cardinal.

"The Princes arrived," continued his Eminence laughing, "amidst a shower of stones, and one or more pistol-shots, and on their alighting

at the palace, Condé appeared chafed, and complained to the Count de Nogent of the insolence of the rabble, and that one of his lacqueys had been wounded in the arm. De Nogent, who, as it appeared from the tenor of Mazarin's tale, was in the secret of the court, pretended great concern, and offered his Royal Highness all the condolence in his power; he said, possibly the assassin might yet be recognized, and if the Prince would sign an order of arrest, it should be entrusted to his Royal Highness's people to identify the man, probably then lurking about the palace. Condé, disconcerted by the unexpected reception in the public streets, gave more attention than was his wont to such a trifling matter—for so he would at other times have esteemed it—as the attack on the carriage; and expressed himself pleased with the Count's offer.

The Duke of Orleans passed on to the council-chamber, whilst the Prince retired to sign an order of arrest for the apprehension of a party unknown. The name was left blank, and De Nogent receiving the arrest, parted with his Royal Highness at the foot of the staircase. The Count instantly repaired to the Cardinal, who had been a concealed spectator of the entrance of the Prince, and who upon seeing the document, tapped the colonel of the guard on the shoulder familiarly, saying, "Count, our play acts well—you know your cue!"

"Why—how, Monseigneur?" replied De Nogent, who did not comprehend the drift of the Cardinal, or affected ignorance of it.

"Fill up that vacant space with the name of Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé!" cried the prelate, running his finger violently across the paper, leaving the Count at the same instant to do his bidding, and perform the other more weighty charge entrusted to his management.

This detail, thus wound up with the farcical joke of his Eminence causing the Prince to be arrested under his own signature, was, as St. Maur judged by the tone of voice, delivered with great glee; and the Queen, by her laugh, appeared to relish it exceedingly. Bitterly he upbraided himself for putting trust in either sovereign or minister, and the incident just related brought to mind a similar instance of the Italian's *persiflage*, where on the very day of the arrest of the Abbé de la Rivière, to whom he had promised his influence at Rome to procure the high dignity of the Cardinal's hat, he invited the Abbé to his study, and there incidentally displayed several shades of scarlet cloth, urging the candidate to fix his choice.

"But where was the Prince arrested?" inquired Anne.

"Where we planned it to take place," replied Mazarin; "in the secretary's room, whither he was invited to look at some papers before joining the council."

The Cardinal then proceeded to relate that he had given orders to his secretary to detain the Prince at all risks till De Nogent arrived, to whom was entrusted the task of informing his Royal Highness that he was a prisoner. The secretary's chamber had been selected for the occasion, as there was a private staircase leading to the garden, and which, as St. Maur knew, had been used occasionally by Mazarin himself in gaining unnoticed access to the Palais Royal.

The concealed auditor of the Cardinal's exploits, whose presence in

the oratory had probably been forgotten by the Queen in the excitement occasioned by Condé's arrest, made up his mind to keep no longer any measures with such a perfidious court, and to risk life, if necessary, in serving the Prince, as a poor atonement for his offence. It flashed across the mind of the youth, that the Italian had only made use of his agency, that the arrest might be more galling through being aided by one of the Prince's own party; in the same mean, tricky, and maliciously playful spirit, as he had observed towards De La Rivière, and which also displayed itself in arresting Condé with an *arrêt* signed by himself. He was meditating how he might quit the oratory unperceived, and reach the temporary prison of his Royal Highness, when attention was recalled by the Queen asking her minister what passed between De Nogent and the Prince.

Mazarin affected not to know what had occurred, further than the simple fact itself; it was probable, as St. Maur surmised, that the Cardinal had some sense of shame, and did not like repeating what would escape from Condé on such an occasion. He had, however, the papers which the Prince carried about his person, and which he delivered up to the Count to forego the indignity of a search. "These," said the Cardinal, "were very important, as showing the preparations for civil war."

"But had his Royal Highness no request to make?" asked Anne, pondering with some surprise; "was he altogether silent?"

The minister replied, that he was about to inform her Majesty, that the Prince of Condé had solicited an audience previous to his removal.

Anne, who anticipated the request, faltered out that she could not see his Royal Highness—that the state of health brought on by the alarming condition of Paris and the provinces, prevented her granting the interview.

Mazarin then called attention to the papers; among others, was one containing a list of the gentlemen and non-commissioned officers of a projected regiment of horse—the privates chiefly composed of tenantry from his estates, and the officers of names well known as partisans of the Fronde.

The list was read aloud by the Cardinal; one name had been erased, and another substituted; and his Eminence was endeavouring to decypher the letters beneath the erasure. He at length succeeded in tracing the words St. Maur.

"St. Maur!" exclaimed Louis, "we have quite forgotten the poor usher."

"Peace! peace!" cried Anne, endeavouring to put a stop to the young king's lamentation; "we must solicit your Eminence's indulgence again respecting this youth—we have been guilty of a sad indiscretion, but——"

"Let St. Maur and his patron both sink into oblivion," said the Cardinal. "Had not your Majesty interposed, I should have found a less pleasant lodging for the young man; but Condé once safe within the walls of Vincennes, it matters little what course his friends pursue."

To St. Maur's great relief, neither the Queen nor her son made further allusion to his vicinity; prudence, he thought, suggested to her Majesty to suffer the Cardinal to remain undisturbed in his misapprehension of her meaning. There was another door leading from the oratory into the corridor. Opening this gently, he succeeded in escaping unheard—but which way should he take? There was no egress from the palace, as the Cardinal had declared, or he would have alarmed De Retz and the Duke de Beaufort, timely enough, perhaps, to invest the Palais Royal so closely as to prevent the Prince being carried to the fortress.

The more feasible plan, therefore, was to endeavour to procure access to Condé—throw himself at his feet, and remove, if possible, the very natural resentment of the betrayed Prince. Means of escape might yet be suggested, if not by St. Maur, by the acute mind of the hero of Recroi.

Looking towards the streets, all was tranquil; the crowd which beset the Princes had dispersed; their equipages were gazed on by a few boys and idle loiterers, such as are ever found in a populous city; the burghers and better class of citizens cast a momentary glance at the palace as they passed by, and pursued their way. There was nothing in its exterior to notify to the passenger the drama enacted within. On the event of the past and a few succeeding hours, depended the happiness or misery of France—the continuance of the dynasty of the elder branch of the Bourbons—a long civil war, or domestic peace and tranquillity—yet of these seething events and possibilities, what could be gleaned from the countenance of the careless sentinel, or the fluttering drapery of the fleur-de-lis hanging idly over the portal?

Where, thought St. Maur, as these reflections passed rapidly through his mind, is the subtle prelate De Retz, and the gigantic De Beaufort? Why come they not to the rescue of their leader? Why sounds not the toscin—why are not the barricades formed in the streets? Alas! Condé had requested that the usual tumultuary and daily assemblages of the people should be allayed, for at least one day—a calm reigned throughout Paris—a fatal security—and the city knew not its own danger, or the peril of its idol.

Could the air but waft a whisper from the gallery where stood St. Maur looking on the populous capital, to the archiepiscopal palace, how soon would the aspect of things be changed! But that could not be—neither could an exit be attempted without a summary arrest and confinement—every avenue was guarded by the Swiss, and with Mazarin, and the coxcomb De Nogent, lay the destinies of France.

If not by aid from without, then by the force of his own high resolves, must St. Maur essay his utmost. The secretary's apartment might be approached from the quadrangular garden within the palace—the path as clear as it had often proved to the Cardinal—and though, doubtless, the door was guarded, yet it was the weakest part of the citadel.

Ere he had the chance of putting his resolve into execution, he was suddenly confronted by the colonel of the Swiss.

"Once this morning have you slipped through my fingers," said De Nogent, interposing himself to the further progress of the youth; "whither away now?"

It often happens, that being taken by surprise, so far from taking away the keenness of a man's faculties, adds to their activity. So it proved with the usher, who answered readily—

"To yourself, Count. His Eminence requests that I may be conducted to the Prince of Condé, as I bear the Queen's reply to his petition for an interview."

De Nogent, through whom the request had been in the first instance made, and who had himself left St. Maur with her Majesty, readily believed the story. On the way, the Count endeavoured to sift the Queen's message, which the youth repeatedly parried; but on reaching the door of the secretary's room, which was guarded by an officer and several file of the Count's regiment, St. Maur feigned yielding to De Nogent's strong curiosity, and repeated her Majesty's words as she had delivered them to the Cardinal. This well-timed stroke opened to him without further delay the temporary prison-chamber of Condé.

"You will not find yourself so welcome a visitor, as when you lately paid your respects to his Royal Highness at the Hôtel de Condé," said the colonel sneeringly, as he closed the door on St. Maur.

CHAPTER XI.

"Et que l'amour souvent de remords combattu,
Paraisse une faiblesse, et non une vertu."
CORNEILLE.

The excitement in the mind of St. Maur, produced by the late events, supplied the place of courage, necessary to support him in the presence of the great Condé. He was now closeted with the Prince whom he had helped, though unconsciously, to betray—a Prince, who possessing magnanimity and heroic virtues, was yet of an irritable, impatient, and fiery temper, which at times burned all who approached.

As the usher entered, Condé was at the window, looking over the garden; but the noise at the door attracting his attention, he turned round, and St. Maur and his former patron stood face to face. The Prince was the first to break silence.

"Well, monsieur," said Condé, calmly—his face unruffled by the slightest shade of anxiety—"it was just such a day as this when you visited me last—yonder orange-trees remind me of my own favourite path. I have had something to repent me of since—I hope such is not your own condition!"

St. Maur very confusedly replied, in words scarcely articulate, for speech was almost strangled in his throat, that the blame, if his Royal Highness would but judge patiently, lay not with him.

"I do not blame you, Monsieur St. Maur," said the Prince in the

same tone of voice; "when any mishap befalls me, I blame none but myself. 'Tis my belief that our good or evil fortune lies at our own door; and if I now cared to trace the cause of my present position, I should find it spring from my own error—I have always found it so. But whence your message—from Queen or Cardinal?"

The youth replied that he was without charge of any kind.

"Then you have come to condole with me," said the Prince gaily; "but how am I to be sure there is no concealed listener? Mazarin in his best humour apes so closely the harlequin of his country—and monsieur must confess himself one of his puppets—that I cannot unburthen my griefs with any security. De Nogent, in making the arrest, showed me my own warrant filled in with my own name. This is the Italian's wit, and the scope, though pitiful, is plain; but I do not yet see the drift of your admittance here."

St. Maur reiterated, that he came of his own free will, and was but too happy in gaining unexpected access to his Royal Highness.

"Then you are not half lively enough for companion to a man in confinement," said Conde; "but tell me, where is the Duke of Orleans—is he arrested?"

St. Maur, who had much to say, yet knew not how to say it; a heavy heart to disburthen, yet saw no path whence he could break through the Prince's banter, and appeal to his sympathy, was compelled to answer the question as briefly as it had been asked.

"Orleans still at council—the chamber guarded—yet his Royal Highness not accounted a prisoner," exclaimed Condé; "it is clear, then, he is detained only till I go—a necessary portion of the plot. Are you high enough in the confidence of the Italian to know my destination?"

St. Maur, in despair, dropt on his knee to the Prince, and begged he would listen to what he was about to relate.

Condé smiling, excused himself from listening to the recital. "Of what avail will it be?" continued the Prince; "your history is one constantly repeated in our annals, and has lost all novelty. Mine I could read, if willing, in that of several of my ancestors—too much confidence at one moment—too little at another. But all that has passed is valueless and good for naught—I look only to the future—and want merrier company, M. St. Maur!"

The youth, though repulsed, was not yet driven from his object. His natural timidity, as he had before experienced, wore off when warmed into conflict, and a latent hardihood of intellect and feeling began to kindle.

"The Prince of Condé," he exclaimed, in rising from his lowly posture," listened to me once, and could he read my heart bared, he would listen to me again. Forgive me, noble Prince, that I have worn this badge of dishonourable service so long in your presence—and your own good steel now—the mockery of traitors. Thus may all connexion be severed between me and this hated spot!"

So speaking, the youth drew his rapier, bent it across the knee, quivering, till it snapt in twain—the pieces flew with the force of the recoil from his grasp, and he said calmly, yet feelingly, "I have oft waited in your Royal Highness's antechamber, hungry, almost famish-

ing—a suppliant for existence, and I gained only your goodwill and—smiles! I am now as poor and destitute as then—may I find, in offering to your Royal Highness my services to the very life's blood, as a poor token of contrition for the wrong and evil I have been guilty of, that I have regained the path to your favour!"

There was too much sincerity in this appeal to lose its effect on the sympathies of the Prince; his manner changed to a kindlier deportment, and he said, graciously—

"I believe I have been to blame, St. Maur; but I am surrounded by those who give me but little opportunity of remaining in ignorance of their wants; but even if my hold on your allegiance had been much closer, I can forgive your being enticed away. Cupid had his share in the abduction as well as Mercury and Plutus—those eyes have drawn others astray as well as yourself."

A pang shot through his heart as he spoke the words, still the youth replied boldly—"Let them beam on others—they are lost to me for ever—the false lights shall no longer mislead. I live now but to repair my honour and for your Royal Highness's service."

"It is bravely spoken!" said the Prince, smiling; "but you must have a harder heart than De Retz to keep to your pledge. My poor Coadjutor is sadly in leading-strings. Couldst thou but convey three words to him," continued the Prince, approaching closely to the youth, and speaking almost in a whisper, "it would suffice to blockade the Palace. There is yet time, for I suppose the Queen will not refuse to see me."

St. Maur shook his head. Fortune, he told the Prince, was at present adverse—there was no possibility of leaving the Palace without discovery—neither would her Majesty grant his Royal Highness an interview, an opinion in which Condé coincided, when he heard the relation of what had passed in the grey chamber.

The youth, in the fervour of gratitude for his restoration to the confidence of the Prince, offered to run all risks, by dropping from the windows, or attempting a retreat by scaling a very high garden-wall, guarded on the exterior; but Condé smilingly replied, that he could not afford to lose his friends—that they must now be chary of their lives and resources.

"Still," said the Prince, after a few moments' consideration, "although you have not wings to fly to our friends, you may yet prove the guardian of the Fronde, as we are called."

Leading St. Maur to a spot beyond beyond the range of the key-hole, or of any crevice in the door—for as Condé remarked, De Nogent or his subaltern might be at that very moment playing the spy—he explained to the youth, that to avoid the indignity of a search, he had handed certain documents to De Nogent, of considerable importance, it was true, but that others, of vital consequence to the fortunes of his friends, he had retained. But as all hope of an interview with the Queen, and of effecting a reconciliation, was at an end, since his young friend had narrated the particulars of the meeting in the grey chamber, there was no longer any doubt of his being handed over to the tender mercies of the Cardinal. He was desirous, therefore, of transferring the documents, which he ever carried about

his person, to the safer custody of St. Maur, relying on his honour that he would surrender them to the rightful owners without further perusal than was necessary to ascertain to whom they should be delivered. It might save, he averred, the attainder of twenty noble families.

The youth was but too proud to accept the important charge; but on reflection told his Royal Highness that he himself ran great risk of arrest and search, inasmuch as he had gained admittance by a subterfuge, which would infallibly be discovered when the Cardinal left her Majesty.

"True! true! the moments are precious," said Condé; "but adroit as you have proved yourself in foiling the colonel hitherto, you must owe to me the completion of your enterprise."

So soon as the youth had secreted the papers, the Prince explained that the door of the chamber leading to the back staircase and garden was guarded by only two sentinels without an officer. He had discovered that, he said, before the arrival of St. Maur, and might, perhaps, have made other discoveries if he had not been so happily joined by his young friend. As the usher had passed the change—so the Prince expressed himself—on the illustrious and witty De Nogent, he would have little difficulty in baffling two stupid guards, stationed to prevent the passage of the Prince, but, doubtless, not charged with other orders. On reaching the garden, he might re-enter the palace, and take the opportunity of concealing himself unperceived in one of the cells behind the guard-room, close to the entrance of the Palais Royal—wait patiently till his royal highness was conveyed to Vincennes or elsewhere, and hie away when the portals were once more thrown open.

"Have no fear of a discovery," added Condé. "I will put them on a wrong scent. Tell De Retz and Gourville I was in error in not taking their advice, and De Chevreuse that I was in error through following her dictates; she sees with her heart rather than her eyes, dreams of a quick return to her old station, and fancied the Cardinal was seeking an opportunity to humble himself, and take his power anew from myself. But one word more—breathe not a murmur of blame—my good wishes to all our friends—the paper you have will be ample credentials, and make you welcome. I already hear the little bird singing that my confinement will not be for ever. Farewell; I think even now I hear footsteps."

St. Maur knelt and kissed the readily extended hand, arose, and quitted the prison-room of the Prince.

As Condé had intimated, he was confronted on the little landing by two grim Swiss, who crossed halberds.

"Where are your eyes?" asked St. Maur quickly. "Do you take me for his royal highness?"

The men, who knew the person and the office of St. Maur, and had oftentimes occasion to permit him the *entrée* at unusual hours, both at the palace and the Hôtel Mazarin, where they mounted guard as regularly as at the royal abode, begged pardon for the fault, attributing it to the suddenness of his appearance.

St. Maur smiled, and passed down the stairs, bidding them be on the guard, as the Count was in the chamber with the prisoner.

So far his course had been safe, but as he walked across the garden with the intention of entering the palace, and gliding through the lower offices till he reached the destined place of concealment, he could not but reflect on the danger to which he was exposed. He had already committed himself irrevocably with the Cardinal, and as soon as it was discovered that he had quitted the Prince's apartment, doubtless a strict search would be instituted. Even if Condé diverted the scent to a wrong quarter—and he knew not how it was possible, unless his Royal Highness should affirm that he leapt from the window—still, if he were seen by any of the household in his way to the guard-room, it would render the peril imminent.

Caring little for personal safety, yet enthusiastic in the determination to be of service where service would be so highly appreciated, he trembled with anxiety, lest any mischance should spoil the success of his scheme. There was a path of distinction now open in the road he had first selected—favour to be won in a quarter to which his hereditary sympathies inclined—and the certainty, if successful, of holding a high place amongst the illustrious friends of the hero of Rocroi and Nordlingen.

The hopes inspired by the prospect of advancement shut from his breast all the tenderer feelings which had so lately possessed it; the excitation of mind produced by the interview with Condé, the Prince's affability and confidence, made him, for the occasion, the very slave of ambition.

The reputation of the Prince, which in earlier years was to him like a star shining in the distance, and had inspired the youthful hope of one day sharing in his renown, was not enfeebled in the imagination of St. Maur by intercourse. The cheerfulness of mind in adversity, the grace and ease of manner of the royal prisoner, were qualities as kindling as his heroic courage. Contrasted with the mean, spiteful nature of the Italian, his subtle cunning, avarice, and treacherous, disloyal heart, which scrupled not to counsel his liege lady to break her queenly pledge, Condé was indeed almost more than human. Who would not gladly take cause with such a prince? Who would not risk life to share the trophies of the laurelled hero?

These thoughts, spite of the peril environing his footsteps, kept the heart dancing within. Knowing the localities of the palace thoroughly, he was enabled to reach unperceived nearer and nearer the spot pointed out by the sagacity of the Prince as affording the safest hiding-place, as well as the readiest chance of escape, when the gates of the Palais Royal were thrown open.

Close to the entrance of the palace was stationed the guard-room, and behind a range of cells, dark and dismal, appointed for the confinement of casual disorderly soldiery, till it was convenient to remove the culprits to the barracks or prison. By winding along the intricate passages in the lower offices of the basement, he reached the cells without passing in front of the guard-room. Seldom used, and, as it fortunately happened, then unoccupied, he had the choice of twelve or

fourteen small stone apartments, opening into a corridor paved with stone, walls and ceiling of the same material. Cold and damp, and almost totally dark, the high-wrought enthusiasm of the youth was gradually chilling under the influence of the noisome air.

The image of Isoline arose on the imagination—she whom, in the anguish of his wounded heart, he had spurned as a false, traitorous spirit, sent to entice him from the path of honour and duty. Gentler feelings prevailed as the fire of excitement died away. He could not drive from the mental vision the picture of the gallery where he had so successfully pressed his suit, the fair Du Plessis beaming radiantly over him as he knelt at her feet. A few hours only had elapsed, and in his heart he had scorned her as the authoress of all the evil which had befallen him—leading step by step till he had become the betrayer of the royal Condé.

But was Isoline to be classed with the treacherous Italian—with vain, pledge-breaking Anne, a Queen at once unscrupulous and weak? Yet wherefore did she league herself with such a perfidious court?

An agonizing struggle tore his heart. He leaned against the damp wall, his eyes bathed in tears, which yet brought no relief. In the darkness of the cell, the form of Isoline appeared beckoning him away, with eyes pleading pity, whilst afar off loomed the phantom of the majestic Condé, pointing to a different path. Horror-struck, he attempted to dispel the illusion by pacing the narrow corridor; the vision fled, but the agony was reproduced in a new shape. It seemed as though his mind was the arena of a debate in which opposing voices pleaded for mastery—one advocating desertion of Condé, painting in the liveliest colours the charms of Isoline, her love and devotion, and upbraiding him for the cruelty of leaving her in utter desolation of heart; whilst another voice instilled into the reluctant ear exhortations to flee from the fatal charms of the sorceress, specially arguing, that one who had on every occasion sought the opportunity of linking him more closely with the perfidious Mazarin, and the equally treacherous Queen—one who had been almost cradled as well as bred in a licentious court, bestowed in marriage to a libertine, and returning to the same abode of intrigue and dissipation at his death—was herself endued with the spirit of her vicious domicile—and sought to ensnare him into the same path of dishonour. In the darker ages of the world, such an office had been assigned to the spirits of darkness, in fair forms of earth, seducing youth from the bright though thorny path of virtue; and though, as it was whispered into his ear, the belief in such agencies had disappeared, yet youth was doomed to undergo an ordeal as perilous, in the enticements of the votaries of pleasure and unrestrained license. What though Isoline were pure in the midst of corruption, was she not avowedly a participant in the political intrigues of her mistress—a panderer to the intercourse of a faithless Queen and treacherous minister—herself all but lost in the vortex of corruption to which she ministered?

Was not he himself on the brink of destruction in worshipping such a being? whispered the same subtle reasoner. Why not fly while there is yet chance of safety?

The poor St. Maur—a prey to the raging contention which possessed his mind—prayed for relief, lest the agony should be beyond his strength to endure. Was it not enough, as he asked, to be tried so severely in the bitter ordeals of poverty, but that now his heart must be rent with a distraction beyond hope of remedy?

To the deeply unfortunate there is one consolation, that their cup of misery being full, they can sink no lower. St. Maur had often reached this depth, and found consolation spring even from despair. He who has lost all, has room for golden hope; but he whose wretchedness springs from inability to make choice of besetting evils, the while a prey to their scorpion stings, is truly, hopelessly wretched.

Strong love for Isoline was baffled not vanquished; in vain she was pictured as the cause of dereliction from his first well-chosen path of action—as the insidious suggester of alliance with treachery and falsehood—she reigned mistress of the heart still.

St. Maur, absorbed in grief, knew not how the time passed, but was at length aroused from his reverie by shouts, report of fire-arms, and the trampling of horses' hoofs. There was a stir in the city, and around the palace,—the noise of a commotion of which he could not divine the cause. One moment he imagined that Condé was rescued by the Fronde—the next, it was as though the palace were invested.

Fearful of venturing from the cells, lest his exit should prove premature, and he should find the gates still closed, and himself discovered, and a prisoner of the wily Italian, he listened attentively to every sound, in the hope of gaining some clue to what was passing.

Soon there came a rush of footsteps—a tramp of men spreading in every direction—the noise approached nearer and nearer—light gleamed on the clammy walls—and he found himself surrounded by a crew of the lowest and most dangerous class of the Parisian populace.

Unarmed, he could oppose no resistance to their savage attack—the mantle was torn off his back by one, whilst another, clutching at the jewelled clasp, gained the booty with a portion of the vestment. The lace encircling his throat became the prize of a third, and he was nearly choked by another of the ruffians thrusting a torch against his face. He was dragged or carried into the guard-room, amidst cries and threats of instant vengeance. Such of the mob as could not see the prisoner, demanded with shouts whether it was the Italian tyrant; others declared that it was the flinty-hearted D'Emeri, the Cardinal's chief financier and contriver of new imposts;—all, however, cried out that he was deserving of death, whoever he was. "The entire household shall be hung as fast as they are caught," exclaimed a savage wretch, grasping the youth by the collar. "Give him time to confess," said another. "Let us know his name and office," was echoed from another quarter of the guard-room.

"We know him well," spoke one, struggling through the crowd in order to have a glimpse at the youth, "it is the traitor St. Maur, who forsook us to betray the good Prince."

This announcement raised a universal cry of vengeance—a rope was loudly called for—and the wretch, whose tightening grasp had

almost suffocated the poor usher, loosened his hold, derisively bidding him confess and repeat his prayers, whilst the cord was sought.

St. Maur, more dead than alive, from the violent treatment he had received, was conscious that the palace had been stormed by the populace, but under whose conduct or management he was ignorant. Could he but gain one moment's parley with any one of quality, there was yet some chance of life. Whilst looking round in search of a kindly face to which he might appeal, his tyrant, believing that the object was a monk or priest, cried out in mockery,

"Who will you have, young smooth face—we can suit you from the Coadjutor to a begging Franciscan?"

"If Monsieur De Retz were here," said the youth, "and would grant me life, I would tell him where the Cardinal is concealed.

"So you shall," said the man; "and if you fail, we will hang you by the heels instead of the head."

The chance of griping the Italian induced the rabble to delay the execution and send for De Retz, whom, as it appeared by their loose talk, if not one of the leaders of the enterprise, was at least an authority to whom they looked up for instruction.

He came in his clerical habit, the hilt of a dagger peeping from beneath its folds. Though unattended, the *canaille* fell back with reverence, bowing lowly and imploring the blessing of heaven on his head.

"You see," said the youth's powerful gaoler, pointing to the half-concealed weapon, "our good prelate carries his breviary."

The Coadjutor immediately recognised the usher, and said, "His Royal Highness would have been sorry to see you thus disgraced, M. St. Maur, though I cannot say I share his sentiments unless I speak as a christian priest."

"If you think as a gentleman after you have heard me, I shall have the protection of the Coadjutor," replied the youth.

De Retz immediately ordered the rabble-crew out of the guard-room, a command which was obeyed without hesitation, so powerful was the influence he exercised.

"The minutes are precious," said the prelate, closing the door.

St. Maur taking the hint, after prefacing his narration with the remark that the pretended knowledge of Mazarin's lurking-place was a fable to bring aid to his desperate situation, briefly detailed his last interview with the Prince and its results.

De Retz heard him at first with calm attention, which gradually deepened as he let fall the intelligence of being the bearer of the Prince's secret papers.

"Monsieur St. Maur was banned as a false, disloyal recreant," said the Coadjutor, with animation, "but he proves our good angel. Where is the Spanish treaty? let me see it before you proceed."

St. Maur produced the documents, from which the Coadjutor selected the most voluminous.

"Here it is, in good faith," he exclaimed. "When Gourville told us that his Royal Highness carried these about his person, we were furious, especially Madame de Chevreuse and the Duke of Beaufort. A treaty with a foreign power is, as Monsieur well knows, a matter of

attainder. We may bully a little at home to serve our ends, and no great risk with our Lady Anne,—but here we are all pledged to Spain, body and soul, and no help for it, as Condé could not get the funds from Madrid without we joined in the act. But welcome—thrice welcome, most delicious piece of parchment; and you, St. Maur, our good friend and deliverer, still more welcome!"

So overjoyed was the prelate, that he very cordially embraced the youth. Indeed, he was rapt beyond control of his usual subtlety and prudence, for he let secrets escape, which in calmer moments he might very naturally suppose St. Maur ignorant of, for though the papers were in his possession, there had been no opportunity for perusal.

"We must deposit these precious articles safely in my palace," said the Coadjutor, putting the documents in his bosom; "but proceed with your adventures."

St. Maur had, however, exhausted his narrative, and very earnestly requested the prelate, that as he was leader of the forces of the Fronde, he would pass him under convoy to a place of shelter and repose, which he stood so much in need of.

De Retz chid the youth very gravely for the scandal of supposing that gentlemen of his quality would be guilty of such unmannerly behaviour as driving the Queen away from her own palace. It would be utterly wanting of respect and fealty to the throne. His friends, he said, would disclaim such an act—it was, indeed, quite an affair of the *canaille*, but would, of course, work well for the Fronde.

Leading the way from the guard-room, it was, however, very apparent in their progress, that the populace who had attacked and carried the Palais Royal, though spreading in every direction through its spacious apartments, were under strict control, and committed no acts of destruction on the costly furniture and decorations of the royal abode. It was, doubtless, Beaufort's civic army, though he was not present.

In their passage to the archiepiscopal palace, which was performed on foot, they passed several barricades guarded by citizen-sentinels, who readily yielded a path to the Coadjutor and St. Maur. The former told his new friend, that the attack was made as soon as it was discovered that a carriage, well guarded, containing the royal prisoner, had been driven beyond the barriers. The news of the foul play used towards Condé spread rapidly, and an army arose like magic, for the design was suspected by many, and measures of greater precaution were only laid aside at the express orders of the Prince himself, whose fatal security had well nigh ruined his party. Mazarin, Anne, and the youthful king, had barely time to escape, without equipments of any kind; and, as it was ascertained, had taken the route to St. Cloud, where lay encamped the royal army.

A CASTILIAN SONG OF VICTORY.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

O'ER the mighty hills with a peal of song,
And the red flag* gleaming our spears among,
As the eagle returns to his eyrie-home,
To our lov'd Castile—we come! we come!
Never, oh! never more!
From mountain to ocean shore,
Shall the galling touch of the tyrant's chain
Be felt by the sons of Castile again.
By the murmuring sound of each mountain stream,
By the stars that each night o'er our valleys gleam,
With uplifted hand and on bended knee,
We have sworn that our sons shall be proudly free!

'Mid the olive woods at the break of dawn
We will chase the wild boar with spear and horn;
We'll track the fierce wolf to his fastness steep,
And guide our light barks o'er the midnight deep.
The depths of the mighty sea
Shall echo "Castile is free!"
As o'er its bright waters we gaily sweep,
Never again shall the sound of wail
Sadden the glee of the summer gale;
Our bards shall chant a triumphal lay
To welcome the dawn of a brighter day,
And our children's children shall proudly feel
That they are the lords of our own Castile!

There arose a voice 'midst our forests lone,
Proudly brave was its dauntless tone!
"Shall the curse of the slave on your fair land brood?
Shall the chieftains brave, that so oft withstood—
In proud battle array,
On an earlier day,
Th' invaders that dared to attack your land—
Like frightened sheep 'mid their coverts stand?
Castile shouts to her sons, 'Awake! arise!
Let your banners flash forth to the southern skies;
Send the war-cry forth, and your foes shall see,
That the sons of Castile will still be free!'"

Like a trumpet-note on each heart it rang,
Banishing fear with its warlike clang;
Then started each mind from its long dark trance,
Then flashed through the woods the rapier's glance.
Glittered on battle field,
Pennon and burnished shield!
Foremost and first in the strife of death
Many a wrung frame lent its parting breath
To swell the war-cry of "God shield the brave!"
Though the foe swept onward like wave o'er wave,
Still ever arose that triumphal cry,
Nerving each spirit to win or die—
And once again by our hearths we feel
That none but her children possess Castile!

* In Castile, a red flag was formerly the symbol of victory.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD TO A FRIEND AT CAMBRIDGE.*

BY JOHN HOGG, ESQ., M.A., F.R.S., F.C.P.S., ETC.; LATE FELLOW OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

VI.

Brussels, October 18th.

For the last time, I take the liberty of sending you another letter, with an account of my second journey homewards. I trust you will have received the one I wrote to you in June from Palermo. My stay in that capital—to me no less engaging from the extreme beauties of its natural position, and from its delicious northern sea-breezes, than from the many objects of art, and able works of man, which there attract the traveller's notice—did not in the whole exceed twelve days. Palermo may be said to contest the prize for beauty with her younger sister, Parthenope—although now more exalted than herself among the royal cities of Europe—and to which some consider her fully entitled; I, however, feel inclined to doubt this decision, but would willingly bestow on the elder sister a second and a goodly prize.

The Bay of Palermo, with its city, its luxuriant plain, called "Conca d'Oro," or *shell of gold*, its choice villas, and its semicircle of fine mountains, is, I think, nearly as inferior in grandeur, as it is in extent, to that of Naples;—the one is an exquisitely lovely picture, whilst the other constitutes a magnificent and gorgeous panorama. The numerous gardens near that "Happy" city certainly merit the praise they have long obtained, for they are filled with many of the vegetable productions of India, Africa, and South America, which flourish there in the open air—"sub Jove" *fervido*. Also, some of the buildings in Palermo pleased me much with their peculiar styles of architecture, especially the cathedral, *Il Duomo*, a Norman-gothic edifice, erected in the twelfth century; though large, and in its whole somewhat imposing, it is sadly spoilt by a Roman dome. The elegant Greek-Saracenic chapel in the royal palace, named *La Cappélla Palatina*, incrusted with truly splendid Mosaics in arabesques and figures, and the church *della Martorana*, with its handsome Saracen-Norman campanile, are both mediæval structures of nearly the same date. They, as well as the modern churches, present a surprising display of differently-coloured granites, porphyries, marbles, and precious stones; but the paintings with which they are ornamented are, in my judgment, only inferior, and do not deserve the almost endless encomiums that the Sicilians usually bestow on them. The university *Degli Studj*, founded in 1805 by king Ferdinand, has a small picture-gallery, a collection of Sicilian coins, a good

* These Letters were written, and sent *per post* to Cambridge from the cities whence they are dated.

library, and a museum of antiquities. In the latter, I examined with great delight those most interesting Metopes of early Greek sculpture, which I mentioned to you in my last letter, as having been discovered (by two English artists) amongst the ruins of Selinunte. In a suburb of the city, I visited the palace Zisa, erected by the Saracens, perhaps in the tenth century; it is in very good preservation, and still inhabited, and exhibits the Moorish character of architecture in its arches, as well as in its portico or hall, some Mosaics, and Cuphic inscriptions. I ascended to the top of it, where from the terrace I enjoyed an extensive and fine prospect. A second Saracenic palace, called *Della Cuba*, is situate to the west of Palermo, on the road to Monreale; this, and its pavilion in the neighbouring garden, are both excellent specimens of Arabic buildings.

A history of the Saracens during their rule in Sicily, compiled from the authentic sources of archives and records kept partly in Greek, partly in Arabic, and sometimes also in Latin, which are preserved in the royal palace at Palermo and other public repositories, with an account of the edifices erected by them, and of the revival of literature and of the arts under them, would be a highly important work,—in fact, nearly as interesting as the history of their dominion in the adjacent peninsula of Spain. The archiepiscopal city of the *Royal Mountain*—Montreale, or as it is more vulgarly termed, "*Morreale*"—is distant from La Cuba about three miles, and is approached by a very admirable road, here and there adorned with fountains, statues, and inscriptions. The chief sights there are the Benedictine monastery, and the spacious cathedral of *S. Maria la Nuova*, built by William the Good at the close of the twelfth century. The mixed gothic—that is to say, Greek-Roman-Saracen-Norman-gothic—style in which that church is erected, affords more that is remarkable than prepossessing. But my eyes were much gratified with the numerous Mosaics and granite columns which decorate the interior, and with the bronze doors of the great entrance. The panels of the latter are richly, though somewhat coarsely, cast in relief, representing subjects from the Bible.

I dedicated one afternoon to the ascent of Monte Pellegrino—anciently called *Ercta*, or rather *Eircte*—that broad, craggy, and isolated mountain of compact limestone, nearly bare of vegetation, which rises to the height of two thousand feet above the dark blue sea, and forms so picturesque and prominent a feature in every view of the bay. During the first Punic war, it became the natural fortress and camp of Hamilcar Barca. You will recollect Polybius' description of the mountain; which, on referring to it, (*Polyb.* Hist. lib. i. *Bell. Punic.* i. c. 56,) I find to be exceedingly accurate. At present it is renowned as being the sanctuary of the patron saint of Palermo, *S. Rosalia*. Induced by the splendour of the evening to climb to one of its summits, whereon the telegraph is placed, I was most amply repaid by the extent and magnificence of the view, while illumined by the sun sinking into the Tyrrhene sea nearly behind the westernmost Æolian isle—Ustica. Amidst so much beauty of nature, such luxuriance of vegetation, such fertility of soil, such a brilliant sunshine and heat of climate, I could not help lamenting that

the civil establishments and the government of Sicily are in no way commensurate with those vast physical benefits, nor indeed suitable either to the dispositions, or talent, or energy, or genius of the Sicilians themselves. Can the traveller, then, be surprised on hearing, as he does, such general complaints against the Neapolitan government, and so much disaffection against that weak domination? No country in Europe, I am convinced, could surpass Sicily in prosperity and happiness, if she were only blessed with a good and active government, and with the proper institutions of an enlightened people. To what a fortunate condition might she not already have arrived, had she, like Malta and Corfu, been placed under the protection of England!

Disappointed in not being able to procure a passage to Malta, or to any of the Ionian islands, I was obliged to give up all hopes of visiting any part of Greece, and I returned to Naples in the steam-packet, called in Italian, "*Pachetto a Vapore.*" Although I had seen some grand prospects since I left Naples, yet I thought, on my return, that superb bay, or rather gulf, and its varied and magnificent scenery, looked more beautiful than I had ever seen it. I remained a few days in Naples, enjoying its climate and its views, till the night of July 5th, when I was sorry again to depart. Nature, in truth, has lavished on that place all that is exquisite and grand, and at the same time, coloured with the loveliest tints of a hot sun, and a pure and transparent atmosphere. I was much grieved to leave it, knowing that though my mind will never lose its impressions as to the outline, and the general effect of the scenery, still its colouring and minuter beauties cannot be retained, but will daily become weaker, and too soon entirely vanish. It is one of those glorious situations that I am proud and thankful to have seen, and lament that it is, perhaps, only *once* I may have the power and opportunity of enjoying it. Having left the beauty, the gaiety, the bustle, and the multitude of Naples, I again found myself, July 6th, in the solemn stillness and tranquillity of Rome. I stayed seven days in the Queen of Cities, and bore very well the excessive heat. One evening I witnessed some fights with bulls and buffaloes in the amphitheatre built on the ruins of the mausoleum of Augustus; these proved but a tame spectacle; there was no effusion of blood, no breaking of limbs, and nothing occurred that could at all shock the most delicate feelings of the large concourse of Roman females. I also revisited St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Colosseum, the Forum, and the Capitol, with great delight. In my evening, or rather nocturnal, lounge up and down the Corso, scarcely an English face greeted me—indeed most foreigners, and the greater part of the Roman *beau monde* itself, were absent; a few carriages increased the now subdued gaiety of that favourite street. Most of the houses in the Piazza di Spagna and the English quarters of the city were shut up, and even many palaces of the Italian nobility were closed for the summer. To avoid the unwholesome heat and bad air, *Roma* had gone into the country—*a la Villeggiatura!*

From thence, I went through Viterbo, a considerable town—Bolsena, celebrated as the remains of the very ancient Etruscan *Volsinii*,

crossing the river Paglia by a solid stone bridge, ascending a bare volcanic mountain to the old fortified town of Radicofani; then passing near the famous vineyards of Montepulciano—the native soil of that delicious wine universally known under the august title of the "King of the Wines;" and escaping from the mal' aria districts, which extend as far as the neighbourhood of Piombino, I quickly entered Sienna by the Porta Romana. This ancient city, originally a Roman colony named *Sena Julia*, and probably founded by *Julius* Cæsar, is situated on the summit of a hill in a pleasant and healthy country. Once a small republic, it now belongs to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany; but contains only a seventh of its former population, who are well instructed, polite, and speak remarkably pure Italian. The shops are good, the streets well paved, the houses and public buildings noble and spacious. It possesses some valuable paintings, and many frescos, by the earlier artists, which still present great freshness of colour, and extraordinary beauty. The Greek-gothic cathedral, built in the thirteenth century, is, I think, more singular than handsome,—the façade, however, excepted. Being altogether constructed with alternate layers of black and white marble, it has a pied or zebra-like appearance; its pavement is peculiar; representing some scriptural subjects, it is formed something after the manner of *opus tessellatum*, by white and grey marbles being inlaid, and filled up with black cement. Its general effect is extremely good, and looks like a *chiaro-oscuro* drawing.

From Sienna, after passing over an agreeable and well-cultivated country, I arrived once more in Florence, on the evening of July 17th, and was much pleased to see that city in fine weather; and in spite of its dreadful heat, I became convinced that its epithet "La Bella" was a just one. Florence—*Firenze*, or *Fiorenza*—is so universally known, that I must omit to describe to you any of its delights.

Next, travelling through a picturesque and fertile valley in following the sandy waters of the Arno, I went to Pisa—once a large, commercial, wealthy, populous city, and famed for its university. Its origin is referred, by some, to a colony from the Peloponnesian *Pisa*, on the river Alpheus in Elis, who gave to their new town the name of Pisæ—hence Virgil designates it, "Alpheæ ab origine *Pisæ*," but by others, to a band of Trojans, which landed on the coast of Etruria after Troy had been burnt; it still keeps its ancient appellation, as well as that of its river, *Arnus*. Now, it possesses some marble palaces, a marble bridge, a marble cathedral, a marble belfry, a marble baptistery, a marble cemetery, and a marble college. The *Duomo*, dedicated to *S. Maria Assunta*, is of Lombard-gothic architecture, and was erected after the form of a Roman Basilica, in the end of the eleventh century; the inside is truly noble, especially the four rows of splendid granite pillars that separate the nave and the four aisles. The painted glass windows, the rich altars, bronze doors, and other decorations, render this one of the finest mediæval churches in Italy. The cylindrical *campanile*, or Leaning Tower, is curious, but a dangerous neighbour, and like those at Bologna and Saragossa, has evidently settled on one side by the partial sinking of its sandy foundation. The outside of the round Baptistery is quite beautiful. These three

buildings, standing a little way apart from each other, upon a neat grass-plot, not only allow all their sides to be well seen, but also make that spot one of the most remarkable in Europe. All the walls of the handsome cloister-like cemetery, *Campo Santo*, are covered with interesting paintings in fresco of the early school: besides, the ancient sarcophagi, vases, bassi rilievi, friezes, &c., which are there preserved, detained me long in admiring them. The Arno there is of considerable size; three bridges lead across it; the central one, called *Ponte di Mezzo*, is of marble, and has three arches. Its balustrade, being formed by chords, and not by a single arc, greatly detracts from its effect, since an ugly angle is made above the centre of each arch, and so causes the bridge to appear less elegant than the elliptical one of the *Santa Trinita*, over the same river in Florence. Notwithstanding the great antiquity of Pisa, a few poor rains of Roman buildings alone remind the traveller of that fact, and are hardly of any importance. Leaving Pisa, which I found but a dull place, I first visited *Livorno*—Leghorn, named *Labron* by Cicero—the great port of Tuscany, and afterwards the "industrious" Lucca—the old and original *Lucca*—seated in a garden-like plain which is surrounded by a range of mountains. The city looked *triste* and deserted, and its extensive walls and bastions were planted with tall trees. I had no time to survey the remains of the ancient amphitheatre. The method of agriculture, and the beauty of the crops that I saw on every side, struck me exceedingly. Coming to the river Serchio, the former *Auser*, I continued along its left bank for some distance, and had a delightful drive as far as the Bagni Caldi di Lucca. There, among the picturesque mountains clothed with woods of chestnuts, are placed those celebrated baths; where, staying nine days, I found it once more cool, and enjoyed the fresh air.

From Lucca to Genoa an excellent road passes through the most beautiful and varied country in Italy; over mountains, and through rivers and valleys, with frequent views of the sea, and its lovely bays. Massa, Carrara, La Spezzia, Sestri, and Rapello, are charming places. With the quarries near Carrara I was much gratified. The white marble of this vicinity is considered the same in quality as that which was anciently taken from the *Lunæ Portus*, now the Gulf of Spezzia, and is praised by Pliny. (See Nat. Hist. lib. 36, cap. 4.) Owing, however, to the excessive heat of the day, (Aug. 5th,) I was obliged to give up my examination of this part of the Apennines. It was a new sight to witness large blocks of statuary marble hewn out of the natural quarry, as clear in grain as the finest loaf-sugar, and nearly as white as snow. Rutulius thus correctly sings,

> "Dives marmoribus tellus; quæ luce coloris
> Provocat intactas luxuriosa nives."

August 7th, I arrived in Genoa, where I sojourned in all fourteen days; and I may safely add, that I never experienced such intense heat: the *mean* temperature of Fahrenheit's thermometer, out o doors and in the shade, during that time was 80° at ten o'clock in the morning, and the *mean*, at ten o'clock at night, in the same locality, came to 77°. The sea, instead of affording anything like a breeze or

a cool zephyr, only tended to make it hotter, by reflecting, like a mirror, the burning rays of the sun. The situation of Genoa is most delightful, and its gulf presents a magnificent prospect, though very much inferior to that of Naples. Still, I think it wants bolder features: the great chain of the western mountains is too much of the same form, varying only a little in height; there is no lofty peak, no detached mount, and no island to break its uniformity. The port, with its vessels, is highly interesting, and affords constant amusement to a stranger. The city itself, generally named "La Superba," is both superb and common-place; it is a city of palaces, and of narrow dirty alleys. Some of the streets are well paved, but in the poorer ones, I noticed the antique fish-bone method of paving, similar to that used in the old parts of Sienna. The great beauty lies in the three streets, which, as they join each other, may be called one, viz. Strada Balbi, S. Nuovissima, and S. Nuova. They contain many spacious and grand palaces, either of marble, or of brick covered with stucco, and painted in fresco so as to represent marble. Although the manner of painting houses looks gay, it is sometimes dauby and theatrical, and destroys that venerable dark appearance which Homer gives to his palaces—*μέγαρα σκιόεντα*. Nevertheless, I considered the courts, the staircases, and the interior of the Genoese palaces, more noble than the façades, and the exterior; and they far exceed those of Rome in cleanliness. Upon the whole, I must say, that Genoa did not answer my expectations, and I could not remove the impression from my mind, that its beauties are too highly extolled. To a native of our own sea-girt country, it is a place of extreme interest, whether he regard it in its present flourishing state of commerce and shipping, or in its "days of yore," and more splendid times of renown and maritime power. Formerly a considerable republic, it carried its naval victories even to the confines of Europe, and possessed some rich settlements in the East. If Genoa has enjoyed much glory, wealth, and magnificence, it has also suffered many reverses of fortune and disasters during the long period of twenty centuries—from the time of its being taken by the Carthaginians under Mago, to its late surrender to the Austrians and British. Yet, during all this period, and notwithstanding the different nations to which it was compelled to submit, its ancient name, *Genua*, is still preserved. There are no vestiges of Roman buildings, unless perhaps here and there some supposed pieces of old walls. Genoa contains few works of statuary, but many paintings; these are chiefly to be seen in private palaces; it struck me that there were very few of first-rate excellence. The churches are numerous, but not remarkable, except the Cathedral of S. Lorenzo, which is erected in pied marbles, like the *Duomi* of Pisa and Sienna, and of a mixed-gothic architecture. Leaving the shores of this lovely sea August 21st, I passed over the Apennines, and by Novi and Voghera reached Piacenza, an old brick town seated in a plain producing corn, melons, and gourds. It has no particular charms, and I thought not meriting its ancient title of *Placentia*; notwithstanding that it is celebrated in history for the successful opposition it made against the Carthaginians under both Hannibal and Hasdrubal.

Next, I traversed one of the most fertile countries in the world; and once more beheld rich meadows, and cows feeding in green pastures; everywhere here the famous *Parmegiano*, or Parmesan cheese, is made. In Parma, placed on the old *Via Æmilia*, I spent one day to examine its picture-gallery, museum, and churches. This is a clean and good brick city, having many of the houses faced with stucco, and is intersected by the small river, which also bears the name of Parma, but remains without any water during summer. A large square, or *la Piazza Grande*, comprises most of the public edifices. The *Duomo* is in the same style of architecture as that at Piacenza, yet it is a much better building; both are brick, and may be termed Lombard-gothic; that of Parma was built in the eleventh century. The entire form of its exterior is unquestionably handsome; the interior is large and striking in effect, having the choir raised on many steps. The octagonal dome presents a wonderful painting in fresco, by Correggio, of which the chief subject is the Assumption of the Virgin. Time, however, has much injured it. Several other churches, and some convents too, exhibit many astonishingly fine frescoes by Correggio, Parmigiano, Anselmi, and others. Nearly all of them are rapidly decaying, and it is much to be desired that the best frescoes here, as well as in other places in Italy, were accurately engraven and coloured after the originals; because they might then prove of great assistance to painters, when the noble art of fresco-painting shall be revived and brought again into use. The Baptistery (*Battisterio*), of the same architecture as the cathedral, is extraordinary; the outside constructed of red marble, is octagonal, but the inside sexdecimgonal. Its porch is very beautiful. The Gallery of Pictures in the Archducal Palace, possesses one of the first paintings in the world—"la Madonna di S. Gerolamo"—the *capo di opera* of Correggio. This superb work I prefer in some respects, to his other very celebrated painting, the Nativity, better known by the title of *la Notte*—"die heilige nacht," or the Holy Night, which embellishes the gallery at Dresden. It is difficult to say which of the figures is the most exquisite—that of St. Jerome, or the Virgin, or the Infant Jesus, or Mary Magdalene; all are deliciously coloured, clear, fresh, and in admirable preservation. This painting is sometimes named the Holy Day—*il Giórno*—because it represents such a surprising and gorgeous daylight. Four other pictures by the same wonderful hand, and two almost unrivalled in excellence by Schidone, likewise charmed me exceedingly. The *Museo Arciducale* is filled with antique relics, found in excavating the ancient city *Veleia*, which Pliny tells us was "circa Placentiam in *collibus*."—(Nat. Hist. lib. 7, cap. 50.), and by a slip of one of those hills, it is supposed to have been overwhelmed. The Library contains a large collection of books, and is especially rich in oriental manuscripts.

Thence, having recrossed the sandy and yellow waters of the Po, I arrived in the strongly fortified Mantua,—*Mantova*. This large and old city, placed upon islands in the midst of lakes—

> ——— "tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
> *Mincius*, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas,"

among marshes, reeds, frogs, and mosquitoes, is unhealthy in the summer. The streets are dull, empty, and grass-grown. I visited the imperial palace of the court, the palace of Te, and some of the principal churches, among which were the church of St. Andrew, and the cathedral. The last was erected by Giulio Romano, on the plan of a Basilica; though the four rows of Corinthian pillars, and two rows of pilasters, with only plaster capitals, dividing the church into seven aisles, render the width very disproportionate to the height. The interior, consequently, looks too broad and too low. The exterior I thought, but ugly. The different rooms in the *Palazzo del Te* are well worth visiting, to examine the arabesques and frescoes, by Giulio Romano. The arcades, battered towers, fortifications, churches, and campanili, give a singular and very antiquated aspect to the city; and so in reality it is, for it stands in the same spot with the original and Etrurian town. Indeed Pliny writes, that Mantua was a city belonging to Etruria, and Virgil, that it was descended "Tusco de sanguine." However, some Greek vases, or what are more commonly called *Etruscan*, dug up in the vicinity, are its only existing remains. Archæologists still continue to doubt from what country that very ancient and illustrious race, the Etruscans, were derived: and whether they were of Grecian, Pelasgian, Phœnician, or Egyptian origin, is a question yet remaining to be decided. After an attentive examination of the earlier figures, and peculiar style of sculpture of many Etruscan antiquities, which are collected in the museums of Italy, especially in those of Florence and Perugia, I am inclined to assign to the Etruscans an Egyptian, or speaking more correctly, an *Egyptian-Greek* origin; by which term I mean, that the Etruscans of Italy were probably sprung from a people who came into that country from Greece, and whose ancestors had, at an antecedent period been colonists from Egypt, or some portion of that extensive district bordering upon Egypt, and who were well acquainted with Egyptian arts. I looked about for some handsome public memorial of the great bard, but in vain. Nothing except a dull place, surrounded with trees, (la Piazza *Virgiliana*,) and a poor amphitheatre, (il Anfiteatro di *Virgilio*), built of wood, for the amusement of the "profanum vulgus," bear his name. Yet, it is worth remarking to you, that the Mantuans of the middle ages afforded a better tribute to the memory of their immortal poet, by stamping upon one side of their coins a good image of Virgil.

August 26th, I entered Verona, where I tarried two days, and was pleased with that interesting city. Situate in a delightful country near the Tyrolian mountains, on the rapid alpine river, the Adige, —formerly the *Athesis*, which cuts it nearly in the form of an S,— Verona merits its epithet of "*la Degna*," and the many praises bestowed upon it. The chief object of antiquity which is still preserved, is the famous amphitheatre, a venerable ruin, though I confess I was disappointed in it. The interior is perfect but *modern*; the exterior has only a little piece of the original elevation remaining, and presents in all the rest an ugly mass of stone, pebbles, and mortar. Far inferior to the Colosseum of Rome, the amphitheatre at Pola, and even that also in Nismes, it is like the latter vulgarly deno-

minated, *L'Arena*. Several arches being converted into the dirty shops of small tradespeople, sadly spoil its effect; and within the building itself, there is erected a small wooden theatre—*il teatro diurno*—for the entertainment of the common people. Remains of other Roman edifices are still to be seen, in those of a theatre, the gateway named *Porta de' Leoni*, and the more perfect one standing in the Corso, styled the Arch of Gallienus, or *Porta dei Borsari*. The last, however, is not particularly handsome.

All travellers are much struck with the more modern buildings; in fact, the city is full of the elegant and solid architecture of Palladio and San Micheli. The well-known tombs of the Scaligers, the former governors of Verona, are of beautiful light Gothic, and are built partly in white Carrara, and partly in red, marble. Of the many churches, St. Fermo's, St. Zeno's, and the cathedral, are best worth notice. Zeno is the patron saint of Verona, and the church dedicated to him has a very handsome marble façade, indeed much more so than that of the *Duomo*, which is Lombard-gothic, and built in part of marble brought from the neighbourhood, and in part of brick. The front porch, however, of the last is beautiful and richly carved; it contains, too, a few valuable paintings, amongst which the Assumption, by Titian, is a noble work; both admirably drawn and coloured. But in the church of St. Bernardin, the elegant Pellegrini, or Varesca, chapel most captivated me. This *rotonda* I think is San Micheli's chef d'œuvre; its order is Corinthian, having its small pilasters exquisitely sculptured in arabesque. Here I saw a choice collection of fossil fishes and plants, which had been found in the neighbouring volcanic mountain, *Monte Bolca*. The tomb of Juliet is still shown; as I had no tears to spare, I dared not visit it. I was constantly reminded of "The Two Gentlemen."

At "fair Verona," I was sorry to complete my Italian tours, and on August 29th, I bade my last adieu to that land of the arts, of poetry, and of music, and entering among the mountains of the Tyrol, I gradually receded from statues, paintings, and architecture, but advanced towards other and different charms,—the more simple, though grander works of Nature.

In bidding adieu to Italy, the traveller will find to his grief that he leaves—

———— "The *garden* of the world, the home
Of all Art yields,"————

and he may wander far and wide before he arrives at another home, which can prove more lovely, or more fertile in the productions of Art. Indeed, his only hope of success will be,

Ἑσπερίδων θ' ἐπὶ μηλόσπορον ἔκτὰν,

in the *garden* of Hesperia, the modern Spain. However superior that western peninsula may be accounted by some to the Italian one, in its language, natural beauty, climate, and richness of soil, still, I conceive, every candid person will allow to Italy a pre-eminence in literature, sculpture, painting, and architecture. Moreover, the vivid remembrance of former greatness and classical associations, must ever

afford an Italian tourist a charm and mental gratification which the traveller in Spain can never so highly experience.

I was delighted with the beautiful scenery of the South Tyrol, which I fancied quite Arcadian; among the mountains and valleys were castles, churches, picturesque villages, and chalets perched in sweet spots; trees and natural woods. The rich pastures, with pretty alpine cows grazing in them, and the greenest meadows, in which the peasants were busy in making hay, contributed a delicious freshness to my sight, already wearied with the flat corn lands and sunburnt plain of the Lombardo-Venetian country. In my ascent of a branch of the Rhœtian Alps over Mount *Brenner*, near the village of the same name, both probably so called from the ancient Breuni, or *Brenni*, thus mentioned by Horace,—

> " *Brennosque* veloces, et arces
> Alpibus impositas tremendis,"

I had a splendid view of a huge alp covered with snow, and a grand glacier imbosomed in one of its hollow sides. Descending a little, I passed the small lake *Brenner-see*, which is deep, and filled with trout and other fish; it forms the source of the rivers Eisach and Sill that run out of it in opposite directions,—the former to pay tribute to the Adige, and the latter to the Inn. The descent I found easy, and along an excellent road. The Tyrolese capital, Inspruck, in German *Innsbruck*—meaning, the bridge over the Inn,—is a nice clean city, placed in a charming valley. The scenery of the North Tyrol resembles greatly that of Styria and Carinthia, but it is less stupendous than that of Switzerland; and nothing, perhaps, can exceed the great beauty of the country from Inspruck to Salzburg. The latter town, the chief place of the Duchy of Salzburg, a portion of the original *Noricum*, encircled by lofty and alpine mountains, is in a magnificent situation. From thence, I made an excursion to Hallein, to visit the famous salt mines. The inhabitants of that district, as well as of the whole Tyrol, wear a singular yet neat costume; they are a good, honest, simple, but very ignorant race.

Leaving Salzburg, September 8th, I travelled over a less beautiful though a fertile territory, and came to Munich (*München*) the following day. I remained ten days in that *Hauptstadt von Bayern*, or head city of Bavaria, and was occupied every morning in examining its superb picture-gallery. After the celebrated Dresden collection, it is the first in Germany, both in the number of pictures and in the excellence and preservation of them; it is more particularly rich in examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The king has happily been stung by the '*estro*' of the fine arts; and has built a *Glyptothek* and a *Pinacothek*; the first a handsome museum for statues, and the second a gallery for paintings. The city is good and clean. The beautiful English garden is here the Hyde Park. I thought Munich not unlike Vienna; the same easy dissoluteness and love of pleasure characterise its people. I next arrived in the large manufacturing town Augsburg, abbreviated for *Augustburg*, the ancient *Augusta* Vindelicorum, chiefly famous for its Confession. This is the place of publication of

the best continental newspaper, "die Allgemeine Zeitung," or the Universal Gazette.

September 21st, I crossed the infant Danube, where the small river Iller, which divides the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, flows into it, and entered the town of Ulm. Here there is nothing very remarkable, but its fine Gothic cathedral, *das Münster;* and in beholding this, it was gratifying to me to contemplate once more a specimen of true Gothic, because the Italian Gothic, with the exception perhaps of part of Milan cathedral, is of quite a different character.

Having passed along the picturesque banks of the Neckar, (the *Nicer* of Ausonius,) I reached Stuttgard the same evening. I was much pleased with this handsome city, the noble royal palace, park, and vast stables. Here I saw a stud of above four hundred horses of all countries, Arabian, Persian, Turkish, Hungarian, Transylvanian, Russian, Tartar, Calmuck, Polish, Bohemian, Hanoverian, Bavarian, Spanish, Norman, and English; and was told that his majesty had nearly as good a collection of horned cattle. This capital of the small kingdom of Wurtemberg contains about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and is surrounded by very pleasant and cheerful environs. Next, I traversed a portion of Germany belonging in the earliest times to the ancient *Marcomanni*, (signifying probably in the original, as in the present, German, *Markmen*,)—that fierce and valiant tribe of men, who are recorded by Tacitus in his Annals, (Lib. ii. cap. 46, &c.,) and who caused considerable annoyance to the Roman arms.

The 26th September I staid in Carlsruhe, (*Charles' Rest*,) the principal town of the Grand Duchy of Baden. In a spot cleared out of an extensive forest, stands this minute capital, with a population scarcely exceeding twenty-one thousand souls. It is altogether new and elegant, as well as interesting, from the plan of its construction; for a spacious *schloss*, or castle, occupies the centre, and from it there diverge streets, roads, and walks, like *radii*, or spokes from the nave of a wheel, in perfectly straight lines. The regular streets are planted with avenues of trees, which in summer render them most agreeable. All around Carlsruhe the gardens and walks are truly delightful. The following morning I intended to have made an excursion to the charming and fashionable baths of Baden, more generally styled *Baden-Baden*, but as the day proved so wet, I went direct to Kehl, and crossing father Rhine by a long bridge of boats, I arrived in France, and in a few minutes afterwards in Strasburg. There my admiration of the cathedral of *Notre Dame* detained me four days. The tower rises four hundred and fifty-six English feet from the pavement, and is, indeed, the most perfect piece of Gothic architecture I ever beheld. It is so airy, so elegant, so rich, and so light, that it seems a triumph of skill in the architect to have made it stand so many years. The whole of the west front is beautiful and of exquisite sculpture; although the brick-red colour of the sandstone, in my opinion, detracts not a little from its beauty. Unfortunately only one of the towers is complete; but, if this cathedral had been finished, I do not hesitate in saying, that it would have been one of the most perfect Gothic edifices in the world. In exquisite lightness, I still

know nothing that can be considered equal to this finished pinnacle of the temple. The inside, however, is gloomy, and with the exception of the dark choicely painted windows, is inferior to the outside. Strasburg, *Argentoratum*, mentioned, I believe, for the first time among ancient writers, by Ammianus Marcellinus, though now a French, is more of a German city; and German is the language mostly spoken by the common people. Its commerce is very considerable, and its fortifications, in part the works of Vauban, are justly renowned.

Crossing the mountains of Les Vosges, I went to Nancy, October 2nd. This I unexpectedly found a large and beautiful town, but dull. Being once the capital of a king of Poland, it seems as if most of the inhabitants had been *polled*, for there are so few. After Thionville, I left France, and entered a new kingdom. Luxemburg is only interesting, on account of its amazing fortifications, and is considered one of the most perfect strongholds in Europe. Oct. 8th, I spent in Namur, also a fortified place of great strength. From thence to Liege, the country is most pleasing along the banks of the river Meuse. Its castles, villages, vineyards, and lofty hills, put me in mind of the more majestic scenery of the Rhine. Liege—a populous and smoky large town—is full of iron-works and cannon-founderies. At Louvain I saw a beautiful specimen of gothic architecture—the *Stadthaus*, or Town-house. I was then glad to find myself in Brussels on the evening of October 11th. This is a handsome city, cheerful and pleasant: it is like a small piece of Paris. I now fancy myself again in England, since there are so many English here; we have the English language, English dinners, English coal-fires, and English gas.

But the greatest attraction near here to an Englishman is—the field of Waterloo. However, I lament to add, that much of the interest of this memorable field is destroyed, by the levelling and raising of the soil, for a considerable space, into an immense mound for the colossal cast-iron figure of the Belgian *Lion*. The idea of this monument to the brave Belgians has evidently been taken from the account which Pausanias gives (*Bœot.* c. 40, p. 795. Edit. *Kuhn.*) of the Thebans, after the battle of Cheronæa, having erected a *Lion* on the Polyandrium, or place of burial of their dead, as a sign of their valour.

In two or three days, I shall start for Antwerp: thence visiting Ghent and Bruges, I expect to sail from Ostend to London. My travels, therefore, are nearly at an end; and whilst I rejoice in having had the power of visiting so much of Europe, I shall now return to England with pleasure, and look forward to some future time, when I may hope to make a tour in Greece. Dr. Johnson said, that the man who had seen the great wall in China might be considered as shedding a lustre on his children; but I, not having any desire to behold this Chinese wall, shall think that I have cast a lustre on my own mind and on myself, when I have seen the walls of Athens, and stood within its Acropolis. I know no one spot in this world which I should wish to visit more than Athens,—immortal from the recollec-

tion of its former deeds, and sacred for the splendid ruins of its ancient magnificence.

Exclaiming, then, with Menander,

Χαῖρ' ὦ φίλη γῆ. διὰ χρόνου πολλοῦ σ' ἰδὼν
Ἀσπάζομαι, ———

I return to England, and to my home, thoroughly convinced that there is no country so fortunate and so happy, as that fair Land and that there is no kingdom more virtuous and more blessed among all the nations of the earth.

SONG.

OLD FRIENDS!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Old Friends! old friends! the dear old friends
That time has swept away!
Ah! who can make the heart amends
For the friends of life's young day?
Oh! they were the *fixed* stars of love,
That never left their sphere,
The beacon lights, that shone above,
Our life's dark paths to cheer.
Old Friends! Old Friends!

Old friends! old friends! can we forget
Those days of golden prime,
When round our father's hearth we met,
And our merry voice's chime
Made the old hall ring to the roof with joy,
As we sang the songs of yore,
Or danced to the strain of the harper boy,
On the bright old oaken floor?
Old Friends! Old Friends!

Old friends! old friends! as time rolls on,
We miss them more and more;
Those halls are dark where once they shone,
And closed the friendly door;
While colder seems the stranger's eye,
As we pass on earth's dull way,
And think, with mem'ry's tender sigh,
Of the friends of *life's young day*.
Old Friends! Old Friends!

THE MARRIAGE OF CALCULATION.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THE English are justly called a nation of calculators; there are mercantile calculators, legal calculators, matrimonial calculators, and many more than I can enumerate; it is with the latter variety of the tribe, with matrimonial calculators, that I am going to deal at present. Never were there two people better entitled to that name than the Honourable Mr. Chillingworth, and Miss Stockford; and the sayings and doings of this manœuvring couple, who, to use the sentimentalist's phrase, "seemed born for each other," but who did not succumb to the attractions of each other so readily as might be expected, will form the subject of my present story.

Miss Stockford was the only child of a rich merchant, and sighed for rank; the Honourable Mr. Chillingworth was the younger brother of a peer, and wished for wealth; yet once in their lives, each of these calculating beings had known what it was to love. Mr. Chillingworth had been fascinated with the extreme beauty and sweetness of the fair Rosamond Murray; she was one of a large family, but had been adopted from childhood by a very rich distant relation, who had announced her intention of constituting her the heiress of her wealth. Chillingworth, happy in being able to unite interest with inclination, and flattering himself that his shrewdness and tact would be certain to ensure the esteem of the old lady, began paying much diligent court to her; but Mrs. Bayford was a calculator in her own way; she was very indifferent as to rank, but required that a sum of money should be settled on her *protégée*, at least equivalent to that which she was prepared to bestow upon her. Chillingworth was forbidden the house, but still privately corresponded with Rosamond Murray. Mrs. Bayford was in decidedly ill health, and he knew that her will was made in favour of her adopted daughter. Soon, however, came a wealthy suitor to "fair Imogen's door;" Mrs. Bayford imperiously commanded that his overtures should be accepted. Rosamond was firm in refusing them; a long conversation took place between the patroness and the *protégée*, and the option was offered to the latter of receiving the addresses of her moneyed lover, or immediately quitting the residence of her patroness; she chose the latter alternative, and the ceremony often performed by passionate old ladies and gentlemen in comedies and farces, of tearing a will to atoms, was instantly enacted by Mrs. Bayford before the eyes of the expectant heiress. The parents of Rosamond Murray were not needy, although the claims of a large family prevented them from being affluent; they received their daughter under their roof without blaming her for the spirit and independence that she had evinced; but she was severely blamed by one person, by her enthusiastic lover, the Honourable Mr. Chillingworth; he considered that she might have compromised with the old lady, agreed to receive the assiduities of her suitor, and then invented some plan of inducing him to break off the engagement of his own

accord; the single-minded unsophisticated Rosamond was utterly incapable of drawing such deductions, or concocting such schemes. Chillingworth told her that he discovered a decided want of congeniality between them; she could not deny the accusation; and they separated for ever; Rosamond, to forget her unworthy lover in the unwonted enjoyment of the society of kind parents and affectionate brothers and sisters, and Chillingworth to congratulate himself upon his prudence and self-control; and, whenever the soft eyes and auburn ringlets of Rosamond Murray arose before him, to counteract their influence by thinking of the fragments of Mrs. Bayford's torn will, and conjuring up images of damp cottages, crying children, and the various other concomitants of a love-match.

Miss Stockford also had a solitary love passage of her life to look back upon. When she "came out" at the age of eighteen, she had no cautious clever mother to whisper in her ear such admonitions as

> "Don't talk to that fellow, my dear,
> His income is only five hundred a-year!"

Her *dame de compagnie*, Mrs. Farnby, was quiet and subservient, and more inclined to follow than to lead. Miss Stockford, however, required no hints, no restraints, no tutorings; she was the wonder of chaperons, and the darling of dowagers; mothers held her up to their daughters as a pattern of imitation; like Minerva, she started at once into the perfection of wisdom, that is, of worldly wisdom. Miss Stockford was a devoted admirer of rank; had she been a man and a collegian, she would have been the most unwearying and obsequious of tuft-hunters; she by no means, however, undervalued wealth; and when addressed by the only son of a rich banker, she forgot that Atherly could not boast of aristocratic lineage, and only remembered that he was handsome, affectionate, accomplished, and rich enough to purchase a title, which she resolved he should do without further delay. Alas! for the immutability of human affairs; the bank stopped payment, and the heiress's heart became as hard and as cold as ever.

"Will you not entreat your father to sanction the continuance of our engagement?" asked Miss Stockford's lover in the softest modulation of the most musical of voices; "do you think he would refuse you?"

"Probably not," replied Miss Stockford coolly; "but I should deem myself wanting in duty and in prudence were I to prefer such a request to him. It is for your sake as well as my own, Mr. Atherly, that I wish our engagement to be at an end; where there is not an equality of condition, there can be no community of ——."

But Atherly had left the room, enraged at the cold worldly dogmas of his calculating goddess, and had reached the hall-door before she had come to an end of her platitudes; she immediately transferred her attention to an elegant ball-dress which she intended to wear that evening; and no one, when she made her appearance in it, remarked that her eye was less bright, or her cheek less blooming than usual.

In a short time Atherly accepted an appointment to India, and Miss Stockford composedly remarked to her *dame de compagnie*, that

"she had heard everybody must be in love once in the course of their lives; and that she deemed herself very fortunate to have got over the attack so easily." Miss Stockford, however, did not meet with the success among the aristocracy which she had anticipated; she was too ambitious, too apt to frown on one admirer if she received a little attention from another; she realized the lines,

> "His lordship's love contents the fair,
> Until enabled to ensnare
> A nobler prize—his grace's."

This failing was seen through, and played upon; and at the age of twenty, Miss Stockford had received no offer from a nobleman, save one elderly and penniless *roué*, whom she had the good sense immediately to discard. Once, indeed, she had made a decidedly favourable impression upon a young, wealthy, and handsome peer, but she marred her fortune by a most untoward mistake. She was introduced in a ball-room to Lord Berington, and his intimate friend Mr. Cosway, a young man without family or fortune, and only recommended by talent and amiability; she was instantly asked to dance by one of the gentlemen, who regarded her with looks of unfeigned admiration; but, alas! not by the right gentleman; she could not refuse Mr. Cosway, and suffered herself to be led to the quadrilles by him, but took her revenge by eyeing him with contemptuous looks, answering him by supercilious monosyllables, and flying to the wing of her chaperon the very moment the dance was ended.

Alas! poor Miss Stockford! the purblind deaf old general who had introduced the friends to her, and who had only met them once before, introduced them by wrong names; it was Lord Berington who had cast an enamoured glance on her; it was Lord Berington whom she had just treated with such undisguised contempt. The young peer had suffered her to remain in her mistake, probably wishing to see how much of his popularity was owing to his title; the result of the experiment caused some mortification to him, and he revenged himself by telling the story in a lively and humorous manner to a few of his friends, who soon spread it over the ball-room, thereby enlightening a number of mystified persons, who had been exhausting their faculties of conjecture in wonder how the ambitious Miss Stockford could treat her partner rather as if he were the younger son of a retail tradesman than the possessor in his own right of the two objects of her idolatry, rank and wealth. Miss Stockford had just got over the mortification of this unfortunate episode in her title-hunting existence, when she was introduced to the Honourable Mr. Chillingworth at the house of a mutual acquaintance. Mrs. Gatcombe was most anxious to inform the gentleman that Miss Stockford's father was reputed to be worth four hundred thousand pounds, and also to acquaint the lady that Mr. Chillingworth's elder brother, Lord Clarington, was an unmarried man in a galloping consumption; and that large estates, as well as the title, would revert to his brother on his death. Both parties seemed pleased with the intelligence, and with each other; but they were wary in the ways of the world, and did not commit themselves by any Romeo and Juliet-like demonstrations of feeling. Mrs. Gatcombe was anxious that the marriage should take place; she also was a calculator;

she had lost a sum of money to Chillingworth at *écarté*, small in itself, but sufficiently large to threaten to be a very serious subtraction from her pin-money, which she never found half enough to answer the demands upon it; if Chillingworth married a wealthy heiress through her instrumentality, she thought that he could never be so ungallant or so ungrateful as to put her in mind of the "paltry trifle" she owed him. Mrs. Gatcombe, when her *soubrette* entered her room the following morning, felt at first inclined to exclaim with the lady in Haynes Bayley's ballad,

> "Not at home, not at home, bring strong coffee at two,
> Till then leave me to doze in the dark!"

But presently recollecting that Chillingworth had whispered to her when he took leave on the preceding evening, that he should be an early morning visitor at her house, she ordered the strong coffee immediately, and contrived to be installed in her boudoir, delicately attired in white muslin and pale pink ribbons, at least ten minutes before the expected visitor arrived.

"Is not Miss Stockford handsomer than heiresses usually are?" she inquired, as soon as her "pretty page" had closed the boudoir door.

"Query, is Miss Stockford to be considered as an heiress?" asked Chillingworth, quietly.

Mrs. Gatcombe gazed on him in astonishment; she would as soon have thought of doubting the solvency of the Bank of England as the reality of Miss Stockford's heiress-ship!

"There can be no doubt of it," she replied; "she is an only child, and Mr. Stockford is worth at least four hundred thousand pounds."

"I think you told me her mother was dead," said Chillingworth.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gatcombe, with the air of a person making a very acute observation; "therefore, when her father dies, the property will come to her immediately; there will be no one to claim even a life-interest in any part of it."

"Her father is a very good-looking man," said Chillingworth, "and does not appear to be old; what is to prevent his marrying again?"

"Nothing to prevent it, certainly," replied Mrs. Gatcombe in a disconcerted tone, "only it is a thing I never thought about his doing."

"Very likely," said Chillingworth, with a distant approach to a sneer; "but it would be a poor consolation to me to reflect that 'it was a thing you never thought about,' if my father-in-law introduced a bride, and in process of time half-a-dozen sons and daughters, into his house, to share the portion of the young lady you have so obligingly selected for me."

Macbeth could not have looked more horrified at the sight of the shadowy roll of Banquo's descendants conjured up by the witches, than did Mrs. Gatcombe at this ideal bodying-forth of Mr. Stockford's second wife and family! "Miss Stockford, therefore," continued Chillingworth, "is only to be considered as an heiress presumptive."

"I am glad you allow her to be an heiress at all," said poor Mrs. Gatcombe, somewhat fretfully.

"Nay," said Chillingworth, "do not think I wish to depreciate the

claims of your young friend; there is a way by which her father might make her an heiress in good earnest, out of his own power to depose; he might bestow on her a large marriage portion."

"To be sure he might," exclaimed Mrs. Gatcombe, brightening up amazingly at this view of the subject.

"But," continued Chillingworth, "it is sometimes very difficult for men in business to call in their money."

Miss Gatcombe was silent for a moment, not quite understanding what "calling in money" meant; but presently a happy thought struck her, and she said, "Have I not heard of married ladies having allowances; what need hinder Mr. Stockford from allowing his daughter four or five thousand a-year?"

"Such allowances," answered Chillingworth, "are often made 'during pleasure;' and there may be a time when it is the pleasure of the donor to withdraw them altogether; besides, they are subject to the risks and chances of business: however, I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Gatcombe, for your introduction to Miss Stockford. I shall cultivate an acquaintance with her, and take the matter of a nearer connexion into consideration; but it is necessary to bring all one's powers of calculation into play before committing oneself in the matrimonial lottery."

Miss Stockford was no less calculating than her lover; at three o'clock in the morning, the moment she had divested herself of her ball-dress and flowers, she had enjoyed a confidential discussion in the quietude of her dressing-room with the sleepy Mrs. Farnby, and it was a very satisfactory one. Mrs. Farnby had actually a cousin living as humble companion with Lady Rayner, the aunt of Lord Clarington and Mr. Chillingworth. She promised to pay a visit to her relation early the following morning, and on this condition was allowed to seek repose, for what Miss Stockford called the night, although hundreds were then rising for the day, the sun having set them an example so to do about an hour ago. It is curious to remark that Miss Stockford only desired her confidante to make inquiries concerning the health and marrying inclinations of Lord Clarington; she had no anxiety to learn anything respecting Mr. Chillingworth; she knew that his expectations of wealth and title were entirely from his brother, and as for his temper, life, character, and behaviour, she was willing to take all these on trust. The visit was paid, and Mrs. Farnby returned to her patroness.

"You have been truly informed," she said, "Lord Clarington is decidedly consumptive, and the estates, which are large, are entailed upon the next male heir."

"But may not Lord Clarington marry, and have heirs of his own, before his consumption comes to a definite point?" inquired Miss Stockford.

"Not at all likely," said Mrs. Farnby. "Lady Rayner, who is very fond of match-making, wished, a little while ago, to introduce him to a beautiful and wealthy young friend of hers, and he absolutely refused the introduction, saying he had fully resolved never to marry, and that no charms or attractions could induce him to waver in his resolution."

"That is all very well," said the calculating heiress. "But although he may not have a son to inherit his estate, he may live a long time to enjoy it himself. What do the physicians say to him?"

"O, they all give him hopes," said Mrs. Farnby, "but that is a matter of course; physicians always give hopes."

"I quite agree with you," returned Miss Stockford. "Gay, in my opinion, achieved a very wild flight of imagination when he wrote the lines—

> 'Is there no hope? the sick man said,
> The silent doctor shook his head!'

I did not mean to ask you whether the physicians gave him hopes, but what they prescribed for him."

"Everything," said Mrs. Farnby, "and he takes everything they prescribe. He has summered at Switzerland, and wintered in Italy; he has been half suffocated in vapour-baths, and half drowned in shower-baths; he has tried brandy and salt and white mustard-seed; he has been mesmerised into a trance which lasted thirty-five hours, and galvanised into a lively display of gymnastics; he has just left off a regimen of mutton-chops and Hodgson's pale ale, and is at present dieted on Abernethy biscuits and Seltzer water!"

"Quite right," said Miss Stockford; "he must undoubtedly be killed or cured in a very short time, and either event would decide my line of proceeding."

But Miss Stockford's "line of proceeding" was not so soon decided as she had imagined. For many months Lord Clarington was sometimes better and sometimes worse—now laid up in a state of great danger, now appearing in good spirits at breakfasts and pic-nics. Miss Stockford could only resolve to continue an intimacy with Mr. Chillingworth, but to keep him at a certain distance; and, fortunately, her suitor had a spirit most congenial with her own, and exactly fell in with her views of the matter; he was willing to remain a frequent guest at her father's house, and also quite resigned to be kept at a certain distance. In fact, Chillingworth had many doubts about the permanency of Mr. Stockford's widowhood; he was a rigid spy on his actions, and was not quite satisfied with the result of his investigations. Mr. Stockford, like other rich widowers, was often made love to, and did not repulse these demonstrations of interest on the part of the fair sex quite so rigorously as Chillingworth thought it incumbent on the father of a marriageable daughter to do. On one occasion, Chillingworth went to pay him a friendly visit at his counting-house, and heard, to his great dismay, that he was closeted in his private parlour with a mysterious lady of decided elegance and beauty. The junior clerk, who gave him this information, and who was a zealous reader of romances and eastern tales, said that the lady evidently wished concealment, that she wore a thick veil, but that the wind, as she entered the door, blowing it aside, allowed him to obtain a view of her countenance, which was one of exceeding loveliness, that her air and bearing were of queenly dignity, and that Mr. Stockford had given peremptory orders that no one should be admitted to him during his conference with her. Chillingworth immediately said that he would call another

day, and, planting himself at a short distance from the house, (under the heavy fire of two policemen's suspicious glances,) waited till he saw the mysterious lady come forth, and prepared to dodge her footsteps. In a few moments, however, he recognised her dress and air, and found that she was an acquaintance of his own, a married woman of rank, famous for her devotion to Pam, and he instantly felt relieved from his fears, and surmised what was actually the case, that, having been unfortunate at cards, she had taken her casket of diamonds to Stockford, that she might have a sum of money advanced upon it. Chillingworth, some time afterwards, had more serious ground for apprehension. The showy, well made-up, needy daughter of an earl chose to lavish soft looks and soft speches on the merchant; he had been somewhat imbued with his daughter's reverence for rank, and could not receive with coldness her ladyship's assiduities; neither, indeed, did Miss Stockford wish the Lady Theodora Belford to be affronted, since she had several times introduced her into society where otherwise she could not have obtained a passport. One evening, the Stockfords and Chillingworth had an invitation to the earl's house; Lady Theodora was more winning, more insinuating, more delightful than ever; she devoted herself during the whole evening to the enamoured merchant; dukes asked her to dance and marquises implored her to sing in vain! Chillingworth was quite dismayed at the aspect of affairs; so was Miss Stockford, who began to think she should fall a victim to her own mistaken policy of giving her father a taste for rank, and to say with Manfred,

> "The spirits I have raised abandon me—
> The spells which I have studied baffle me."

The next day, however, brought consolation to the "heiress presumptive" and her prudent suitor. Lady Theodora Belford had only been encouraging the addresses of the merchant with the view of spurring on a dilatory suitor who was about the same age as Stockford, equally rich, and of superior birth. Her scheme succeeded; he had addressed a few imploring words to her when the party broke up, craving to be informed if she were really engaged to Stockford, and her languishing, tearful "not yet," elicited a tender request from him to be admitted to an interview the following morning. He came, proposed, and was accepted, and Lady Theodora, that very day, passed Stockford in the park with a distant bow of recognition. This occurrence had what Chillingworth termed "a very good effect" on Stockford; it made him associate almost exclusively with the lords of the creation, and not only ladies of rank, but ladies in general, were decidedly at a discount in his opinion, save and except his fair daughter, who seemed to be restored to all, and more than all, of her former consequence in his eyes since his discovery of the treachery of Lady Theodora. Chillingworth now thought it advisable to drop a few general hints to the father of his beloved on his own matrimonial plans.

"I cannot afford to marry without money," he said. "I cannot depend upon contingencies; I must receive a certain sum at the period of my marriage."

"Then I think," said the merchant, drily, your case is a bad one; "ladies of quality with large fortunes are not easily attained, and men in commerce are never willing to tie up money, when they might employ their capital to so much greater advantage; when you marry, you must think yourself fortunate if you receive a handsome yearly allowance with a wife."

"I suppose I must," said Chillingworth, in a cheerful tone of voice, and he instantly changed the subject, resolved to give the matter still further consideration.

Two years and a half had now elapsed since Chillingworth's first introduction to Miss Stockford; and one of his friends, Charles Cotterel, a lively young man, who had wooed and won a "bonny bride," and become the father of two children within the same time, rallied him upon his spirit of procrastination, and protested that, before he had made his final "calculations," some less worldly-wise lover would step in, and carry off the prize.

"Remember," he said, his merry eye dancing with delight, "your deserved disappointment in the treble loss of old Slade's co-heiresses, and do not again deliberate till the lady is lost."

Chillingworth, who, like many other persons, exceedingly disliked a joke which told against himself, immediately began to talk of something else, but I will explain the allusion of Cotterel to my readers. The heiresses of the late Mr. Slade were plain and middle-aged, and were designated by a bevy of their intimate friends as "Plague, Pestilence, and Famine!" They had each become possessed of a large property at the death of their father, and each looked with very favourable eyes on Chillingworth. He had only, it would seem, to choose which sister he preferred, and this might be easily done. He preferred Famine, who really had nothing against her except an alarming attenuation of person, which seemed to qualify her to be the consort of the "Spectre Bridegroom" of German tradition, or the "Living Skeleton" of modern days. The ladies, however, had shown different tastes in the investment of the property bequeathed to them by their father, and Chillingworth was most anxious to discover which had shown herself the wisest on the occasion. Plague, ambitious of large interest, had laid out her money in houses; Pestilence, desirous of safety, had allowed hers to remain in the Three per Cents.; and Famine, taking a middle course, had converted hers into mortgages and ground-rents. Chillingworth was eager to learn whether Plague's houses were leasehold, freehold, or copyhold, and whether the tenants held them on repairing leases; he also took measures to ascertain the safety of Famine's mortgages, and the length of time her ground-rents had to run. All these inquiries took up some time; and when Chillingworth was thoroughly informed on the subject, and proceeded to sacrifice inclination to prudence, and pay his devoirs to the lady of the Three per Cents.; he was startled by hearing from her that she had, the preceding day, accepted the proposals of an Italian count, to which she appended the gratuitous information that Plague was engaged to an Irish dragoon, and Famine to a Scotch laird! Chillingworth was much annoyed at this event at the time it happened, but when, a few months afterwards, he was introduced to Miss Stockford, who

was young and handsome as well as wealthy, he congratulated himself on his escape from the co-heiresses. Still, however, his habits of calculation continued, and still, as I have shown, were his proposals unmade, although thirty successive moons had shed their lustre over his fair lady and himself since "the blissful day when first they met." Mrs. Gatcombe was now quite indifferent about the matter; she had contrived to pay off her debt to Chillingworth, and, by wisely leaving off playing at cards, never incurred another. Lord Clarington continued much as usual, and Chillingworth and Miss Stockford continued much as usual too; they were mutually so afraid of not gaining enough for the loss of their liberty, that they quite understood each other, and neither of them seemed in the least degree piqued or wearied by the tantalizing length of their Hilpah and Shilpah courtship. At last came a decided advance from the father to the lover.

"I think I cannot be mistaken," said Stockford; "you feel a preference for my daughter, Mr. Chillingworth?"

"Decidedly I do," returned Chillingworth, "and would long ago have implored her to share my fate, had not honour restrained me. My income is quite inadequate to my expenses as a single man; I cannot marry excepting to one possessed of definite wealth."

"And definite wealth shall shortly be at your disposal," exclaimed Stockford. "You will, I am sure, be glad to know that I intend retiring from business, and have already placed my affairs in an active train of preparation for that desirable event."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Chillingworth. "How soon, my dear sir, do you think this desirable retirement will be effected? In a few weeks?"

Stockford smiled.

"Young men of fashion," he said, "talk of winding up a business as if it were as easy as winding up a watch. I do not suppose it will be settled in less than a year."

Chillingworth looked grave.

"But do not suppose," pursued Stockford with cordiality, "that I wish you to wait so long before I bestow on you the hand of my dear girl. My property, as you are aware, is estimated at about four hundred thousand pounds; I conclude you will be satisfied to receive one half of it as my daughter's marriage portion; you will not expect me," he added sportively, "to enact the part of King Lear, and make over the whole of my possessions to you, will you?"

Chillingworth inwardly thought that it would be very desirable if the merchant, like the monarch, had the power of making over his gifts the moment after he had done talking about them; but he did not give this opinion vent, but said, what, to do him justice, he really felt, that he considered Mr. Stockford's offer a very liberal one, and accepted of it with great satisfaction.

"I have this plan to propose," said Mr. Stockford: "I will immediately cause a bond to be executed, which I will place, properly signed and witnessed, in the hands of any trustees you like to appoint, by which I will bind myself to make over to you, as soon as my mercantile affairs are fully settled, the half of whatever sum of money I may then stand possessed of. I also see no reason why the

nuptials should not immediately take place; you have waited long enough for my daughter, my excellent young friend, and with exemplary patience."

Probably his "excellent young friend" thought that, having waited so long, he might continue to display his "exemplary patience" a little longer; at all events, there was something in the merchant's proposal that did not appear agreeable to him. He had all his life resolved never to marry on an uncertainty, and wished to be more exactly informed respecting the amount of Stockford's property before he decided whether two-thirds of it would be a fitting recompense for the forfeiture of his freedom.

"You are very kind, Mr. Stockford," he said at length; "but I am not in the habit of making up my mind hastily on important matters; pray allow me two or three days for consideration; I will then joyfully and gratefully give you a reply to your proposal."

Stockford took his leave of his intended son-in-law in very bad humour, and repeated the whole conversation to his daughter, who seemed far more disappointed than might be expected from one of her cold and indifferent disposition, and she railed against mercenary and calculating young men just as if she were a sentimental miss, freshly arisen from the perusal of an old love novel, (I say an old love novel, because there are no new ones; Love nestles not on the shelves of a circulating library, but "in a moment flies," if attempted to be pinioned down to a page of the metaphysical, historical, political, naval and military records which pass under the name of novels in the present day!)

"He will assuredly refuse your offer," said Miss Stockford to her father; "the truly selfish will accede to no scheme that carries the shadow of a risk with it."

Miss Stockford passed a more uneasy night than any one who knew her would be disposed to surmise, and the morning brought a note which added considerably to her discomfiture; it was not from Chillingworth to herself; it came to Mrs. Farnby from her cousin, whom she had coaxed into being a constant "watcher" of Lord Clarington's proceedings. It contained important intelligence. Lady Rayner had been sent for; Lord Clarington had broken a blood vessel; he was not expected to live. Miss Stockford burst into tears of mortification.

"How rejoiced Chillingworth will be," she said, "that he has not committed himself with me; as Lord Clarington, possessed of estates commensurate with his rank, he may choose among the lovely, high-born, and wealthy, while I am left to deplore my folly in having calculated so long and so fruitlessly."

Mr. Stockford warmly joined in his daughter's strictures upon herself, when she, like many other people, immediately began to take her own part, and to declare that all the blame rested with her honoured parent, and mutual and unwonted upbraidings ensued between the disappointed father and daughter. Stockford sent to inquire after Lord Clarington; the answer was that he was much worse. Stockford could not resist the temptation of calling on Chillingworth; he was not at home; he was with his brother.

In the evening another note came. Oh! how Miss Stockford triumphed! It was from Chillingworth; yes, it was actually a warm devoted profession of attachment from the future Lord Clarington! Chillingworth wrote that "he was on the point of returning a grateful acceptance to the generous proposals of Mr. Stockford, when he was summoned to the bed-side of his almost dying brother, and that he could not delay another moment to say how earnestly he hoped that he might be permitted, within a very short space of time, to call her his own." Miss Stockford and her father were both practised in the art of ascribing the worst possible motives to everybody, and seeing art and duplicity where other people would see nothing but nature and truth; but their united ingenuity failed in making out anything doubtful and sinister in the proceedings of Chillingworth. He was incomparably a far better match now than he had been when Stockford had offered him his daughter and half his fortune; there could be no deception in Lord Clarington's illness; physicians came and went all day long; he would soon pass away, and a new Lord Clarington arise to supply his place. Miss Stockford made up her mind that Chillingworth had a great deal more feeling than she had given him credit for, and she received him next morning all gentleness, sweetness, and blushes. Chillingworth preferred his request for a very early marriage. "The physicians," he said, "tell me that my brother will live a few days, certainly not more than a few weeks; should he die before my marriage, it will be necessary that I should devote a certain portion of time to the ceremonials of mourning; let, then, our nuptials be solemnized. I do not say with secresy, but in unostentatious quietness; let them, I entreat you, take place within a week." Mr. Stockford and his daughter were not made of marble, they consented; a few articles of wedding finery were ordered for the lady, but as she anticipated a speedy mourning, she had no inclination to form a regular *trousseau*, she now became rather nervous lest Lord Clarington should die before her wedding-day, but although he grew weaker, he did not become materially worse. The nuptial-day arrived, a few friends were invited to the wedding-breakfast, and the happy couple, in accordance with the unobtrusiveness desirable in their peculiar circumstances, instead of taking a tour on the Continent, set off in a quiet way to a quiet watering-place.

Were not the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Chillingworth happy during their honey-moon? they ought to be so; they had duly observed the Eastern maxim, "Begin nothing of which you have not well considered the end;" they had been prudent, and their prudence had been fully rewarded. In another year the bride of the gentleman would become the possessor of two hundred thousand pounds; in a few weeks, a few days, perhaps even a few hours, the bridegroom of the lady would be recognised as Lord Clarington, with accompanying and ample estates. Yet neither Mr. nor Mrs. Chillingworth were happy; a heavy weight seemed to hang over the spirits of each, a nervous irritability, a *presentiment* of ill: each saw it in the other, yet felt perfectly unconscious of themselves displaying it in equal force; they had calculated for happiness, their calculations promised to be verified to the utmost extent of their wishes; yet happiness, it was too evi-

dent, would not even condescend to hover round them during the early days of the honey-moon. A week elapsed; the newly-married pair were seated at breakfast, the post came in as usual, and brought letters and newspapers to them. Mrs. Chillingworth's quick eye caught sight of a large black seal affixed to a letter addressed to her husband.

"Ah!" she said, "all is as I hoped,—I mean to say, all is as I feared,—your brother, of course, is no more?"

Chillingworth leisurely broke the seal of his letter. "It is from my aunt, Lady Rayner," he said; "my brother died yesterday morning."

"How very melancholy!" said the bride, holding her handkerchief for a moment to her dancing eyes; "but, my love, you must not give way to grief; you must remember that this is a happy release to your poor brother."

Chillingworth displayed no signs of "giving way to grief;" on the contrary, he helped himself to an egg, and began assiduously to prepare it.

"Of course," said Mrs. Chillingworth, "we shall leave this place immediately."

"I do not see that it follows of course," returned her husband. "I have nothing to do in London that I know of."

"Who will give orders to the servants, and take the charge of the funeral?" demanded the lady, in surprise.

"Sir George Rayner is joint executor with myself," said Chillingworth, "and these matters will not be so disagreeable to his feelings as to mine."

"Feelings!" repeated Mrs. Chillingworth, "now, really, my love, you must endeavour to overcome this morbid sensibility, this excessive attachment to the memory of your poor dear brother: we must not suffer our regard for the dead to interfere with the claims of the living."

"Very good reasoning," said her husband, pouring out for himself a second cup off coffee, "but not needed on the present occasion; my brother has done nothing to lay any claim to my affection; I professed none for him when living, I profess none for him when dead."

Mrs. Chillingworth started, and for a moment thought that her husband was going mad, remembering that she had lately read in a treatise on insanity, that it is indicated by "a disturbance of the natural affections." Soon, however, a still more tremendous thought occurred to her. "Surely," she said, a little in jest, and a great deal in earnest, "you are not like somebody in a novel, going to turn out to be a foundling, are you?"

"How far I may resemble 'somebody in a novel,'" replied Chillingworth, with a sneer, "it is not easy for me to say, but I am undoubtedly the true and lawful son of the former, and brother of the late Lord Clarington."

Mrs. Chillingworth breathed freely again, imputed her lord and master's conduct to the spirit of contradiction, and began to think of her coffee and her own letters. One was from Mrs. Farnby, and perceiving the new Lord Clarington engaged in the perusal of the Times

newspaper, she opened it, but she had not read it half through, when an exclamation of passionate surprise from Chillingworth, demanded her attention.

"Read this paragraph, madam," he said, violently pushing the newspaper towards her, "and tell me whether the intelligence it contains is quite unexpected by you."

Mrs. Chillingworth, with trembling hands and flushed cheeks, took and read that "much consternation was excited in the city by the unexpected failure of the mercantile house of Stockford and Co.!" Other people might be surprised, but the bride was not; she had been perfectly aware of the impending shock; and when her father generously offered to Chillingworth a bond, securing to him the half of his ultimate fortune, she knew well that the whole of his possessions were the rightful property of his creditors, and would prove quite ineffectual to answer the various demands upon them; the merchant had spoken truth when he told Chillingworth that "his affairs were put into a train for winding up;" the time, he knew, was near at hand, when he must

"Shake hands with business, and retire indeed!"

"Answer me, Mrs. Chillingworth," exclaimed the enraged bridegroom, "what have you to say to excuse yourself from being a party to this atrocous deception? Can there be any parallel to such an act of perfidy?"

"Perhaps there may," returned Mrs. Chillingworth, sullenly and doggedly, "but I have scarcely had time yet to understand it."

"To understand what?" demanded her husband, somewhat of shame and humiliation mingling with his tone of asperity.

"After condoling with me on my father's misfortunes," said the bride, "Mrs. Farnby writes, 'And now let me further sympathize with you on a most distressing event, which has just been made known to me by my cousin. It appears that Lord Clarington, being conscious that his end was fast approaching, desired that a young person should be sent for, to whom three years ago he had been privately married in the country; she was of low birth, beautiful and virtuous, but quite rustic and unpolished in manners; he shrank from the ridicule of exhibiting such a wife, till the defects of her education had been in some measure remedied, and she and her friends acceded to his proposal that the marriage should be kept secret for a few years; she is the mother of a lovely boy, two years of age. Lord Clarington, it appears, had confided his marriage at the time it took place to his brother, Mr. Chillingworth, deeming that he should be guilty of an injury towards him, were he to suffer him to indulge unfounded hopes of being the heir to his title and estates, and knowing that, for his own sake, he would preserve the secret inviolate, since the disclosure of it would render him a far less eligible match than he had hitherto been supposed to be. The widow and her son are established in Park Place. There will be no difficulty in proving her claims, as her father and brother were present at her marriage, and it was acknowledged by her husband on his death-bed, and also in his will. Mr. Chillingworth would be much more pitied by the world, were it not known

that he has been so long aware of his brother's marriage, that it cannot have the effect of a sudden shock upon him.'

"Can you defend your conduct in this concealment, Mr. Chillingworth?" asked the bride, tauntingly; "is the 'act of atrocity' that I have committed quite unparalleled in the annals of deception?"

A long and vehement contention ensued between the newly-married couple, each of them making a hundred excuses for their own conduct, but compensating for any excess of lenity they might evince on that occasion, by the most Spartan severity of judgment on the conduct of the other. I will pass over the wretchedness of the next few days; the bitter taunts of the gentleman who had so lately promised to love and to cherish, the angry recriminations of the lady who had vowed at the same time to honour and to obey.

The bride one morning was standing at her rose-encircled window, when she beheld the unwonted sight of a visitor advancing through the flower-garden,—it was Charles Cotterel, the lively, good-tempered friend of her husband. She feared, from his habit of saying whatever he thought, that he would touch upon painful subjects, but she had no reason to be apprehensive. Charles Cotterel had tact and good feeling; he did not wish to slight his friend by omitting to call upon him when in the same place, but he was perfectly aware that it would be painful both to Chillingworth and his bride were he to mention the names of Mr. Stockford or Lady Clarington; accordingly, he talked only on general topics, and talked faster than ever, to pass off an uncomfortable feeling of embarrassment, which clung not only to himself, but evidently to his host and hostess.

"You have chosen an exquisite little cottage," he said, looking round it with delight.

"Do you like it?" said the bridegroom, coldly.

"The cottage next door is much prettier," said the bride, "but it was let when we came, and is now let again to a recently married couple, who came in yesterday,—I have not yet seen them."

"I think I can tell you something about them," said Cotterel. "I have heard the gentleman, Mr. Atherly, mention the name of Miss Stockford as a former friend; he recently returned from India, where he had been very fortunate, and had the still greater good fortune to find a delightful wife almost immediately on his arrival in England."

Chillingworth looked with some surprise and suspicion on the blanched cheek of his wife, but his own turn to feel embarrassed was rapidly approaching.

"The lady whom he married must be well remembered by you, Chillingworth," pursued Cotterel, "she was a rich heiress."

"A rich heiress!" repeated Chillingworth, with animation, for old habit rendered the sound delightful to him, though now, alas! neither the sound nor the reality could avail anything in his favour.

"Her maiden name was Rosamond Murray," said the unconscious tormentor, "and she was a sort of *protégée* to a wealthy, tyrannical, old dame, who led her so miserable a life, that the girl, with proper spirit, shook off her golden chains, and returned to the protection of her parents. Mrs. Bayford then filled her house with sycophants and

toadeaters of all sorts, sizes, and degrees, but she had sense enough to discover and disdain the duplicity of them all; she was attacked by a violent illness, she sent for Rosamond Murray, who forgivingly and tenderly watched over her to the end of her days, and was rewarded by the inheritance of all her possessions. Atherly and herself are perfectly congenial in mind, temper, and intellect; but I must say I have a great objection to two rich people coming together."

Mr. and Mrs. Chillingworth privately thought that there was a far greater objection to two poor people coming together, but they did not give utterance to their thoughts. Cotterel soon departed, and bitterly, although tacitly, did the bride and bridegroom reproach themselves for their mistaken worldly wisdom, when they reflected that had they acted with less selfish caution, they might each have been happy in the possession of the object of their first love, and also of the wealth which they had valued more than "a true and faithful heart."

The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Atherly had the effect of sending Mr. and Mrs. Chillingworth that very day from the neighbourhood; indeed, their only reason for lingering there so long had been, that they had nothing to do, and nobody to expect them anywhere else. They returned to London more unhappy than ever, each bearing a consciousness of having been outwitted by the other, which made them regard the partner of their lot not only with resentment, but with absolute abhorrence. In a few days they took a very decided step, by mutual consent; they agreed on a separation; the bride returned to her father, who was living in an obscure lodging on a small allowance from his creditors, and if her cup of sorrow admitted of an additional drop of bitterness, it came in the information that she received from him, that the grateful, attached, devoted Mrs. Farnby, had, through the interest of her cousin, sought and obtained the situation of companion to the widowed Lady Clarington. Of Chillingworth, I must candidly acknowledge that I know nothing; history has left me completely in the dark respecting his movements and proceedings; his creditors have been particularly anxious to trace him out, for he told the truth when he informed Stockford on a former occasion that he found his income quite inadequate to his expenses; but they have not been prosperous in their search, and where creditors fail in tracing out a locality, who can hope to be successful? I therefore must leave my readers in uncertainty whether my hero is cutting his way to good fortune with a sword in Spain, or cleaving it with an axe in New Zealand; whether he is conjugating the verb "to calculate" among the Americans, or whispering soft professions to some fair married dame of Italy in the character of a *cavalier servente*. Mr. and Mrs. Atherly occasionally speak to each other of the Chillingworths, but the remembrance of them seems quite to have passed away from the gay world, and their names are never mentioned, except when a wary mother tells her daughter to look at the poverty-struck contrivances and deprivations of some hapless Lieutenant Dashington and his pale drooping Anna Matilda, and "see what comes of a marriage of romance," and the young lady exultingly rejoins, "And look, mamma, at the fate of the Honourable Mr. Chillingworth and Miss Stockford, and see what comes of a MARRIAGE OF CALCULATION!"

MARCO BOTGARRI.

BY THOMAS D'OYLY.

This justly celebrated man headed a band of two hundred and fifty Suliotes in an attack on the Turkish encampment at Lashi, (the scite of the ancient Platæa,) on the 20th of August, 1823; the Greeks gained a complete victory, which was marred by the death of their gallant leader, who fell covered with wounds, while in the act of cheering on his men.

In the Turkish camp there is silence deep,
Chieftain and slave lie buried in sleep,
And there falls on the ear but a single sound,
'Tis the sentinel going his nightly round.
Midnight was past, when, hark, the drum
Beat loud to arms,—On, on they come,
Botgarri's patriot band.
Up, Moslems, or this hour you'll rue,
Your camp 's invaded—"Allah hu!"
This is no despicable foe,
Too well their cry of death we know,
"Strike for our father-land!"

Dire was the strife, the ensanguin'd plain
Ran red with blood of foemen slain,
The night was well nigh done;
O'erbearing all, the Greeks had broke
Through gleaming steel, and fire and smoke,
The victory is won.

When sharp and true the carbine rung,
Cleaving the air the death-shot sung,
A hero's fate it bore;
Their gallant chieftain's race is run,
All glorious as the setting sun,
He falls to rise no more.

* * * * *

Botgarri! many a future age
Shall bless thy name, and History's page
Record thy deathless fame.
Till Time itself shall fade away,
The mournful tribute Greece shall pay,
And children's children tell
His fate, the bravest of the brave,
Who died in vain attempt to save
The land he loved so well.

Rottingdean, September, 1842.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

BY J. W. LAKE, OF PARIS.

THE MAID OF LA VENDEE.

It was in the evening of the 15th of December, 1793, that a brigade of the Republican army, having found the little village of Saint Crepin abandoned by the Vendeans, set it on fire, in conformity with the horrible plan of campaign prescribed by the Convention. In the midst of the general conflagration, a single detached cottage stood out unscathed by the burning element, and every possible precaution seemed to have been taken to prevent the flames from approaching it. Two centinels were at the door, and officers of ordonnance and aides-de-camp were continually entering, and coming out with orders for the troops. The person from whom these orders issued was a young man apparently of from twenty to twenty-two years of age; his long flaxen locks, separated on the forehead, fell in waving curls on each side of his pale and attenuated cheeks, and his whole physiognomy bore the impress of that fatal sadness which seems to seal the front of those destined to die young. Beneath the folds of his blue military cloak were discernible the indications of rank—a general's epaulettes; they were, however, only of worsted, the Republican officers having made a "patriotic" offering to the Convention of all the gold on their uniforms. He was leaning over a table where a map of the country lay unrolled before him, and on which, by the aid of a lamp, whose feeble light was almost effaced by the surrounding flames, he was tracing with a pencil the route his soldiers were about to take.

This officer was Marceau, who, three years afterwards, was killed at Altenkirchen.

"Alexander!" said he, half-raising his head, "Alexander! eternal dozer, art thou dreaming of Saint Domingo, that thou sleepest so long?"

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the person so addressed, starting up from his soldier's slumber, his head nearly touching the cottage ceiling; "Is the enemy at hand?" These words were pronounced with a slight Creolian accent, which tempered the warrior's tone with a sort of native sweetness.

"No," was the reply: "but an order from General Westermann is just arrived."

Whilst his colleague—for the individual thus apostrophised was his colleague—was reading this order, Marceau, with almost infantine curiosity, gazed on the muscular proportions of the mulatto Hercules who stood before him.

He was a man who had attained his twenty-eighth year, with short and curly hair, deep brown complexion, open forehead, and teeth of remarkable whiteness. His almost superhuman strength was known to all the army, in whose presence, on a day of battle, he had often cleft a foeman's helmet down to the cuirass, and on a parade day had been seen to nearly strangle between his legs a restive horse that was trying to run away with him. He, too, had not long to live; but, less fortunate than Marceau, he was destined to perish far from the field of battle—to die by poison. This was the General Alexander Dumas, father of the celebrated living author of that name, to whose filial *souvenirs* this reminiscence is due.

"Who brought thee this order?" said he.

"The representative of the people, Delmar."

"'Tis well. And where are those poor devils to assemble?"

"In a wood, about a league and a-half from hence; see, 'tis there on the map."

"True; but on the map there are no ravines, no mountains, no barricades of felled trees, besides the thousand and one cross-roads that make a lottery of the true route, and which it is scarcely possible to hit upon in the daytime. . . . Infernal country! . . . Moreover, 'tis always cold here."

"Hold!" said Marceau, pushing the door open with his foot, and showing him the village in flames. "Step out, and there thou may'st warm thyself. . . . Ha! what's that, citizens?"

These last words were addressed to a group of soldiers who, in seeking provisions, had discovered, in a kind of shed attached to the hut containing the two generals, a Vendean peasant, who seemed to be so completely intoxicated, that, in all likelihood, he had not been able to accompany the inhabitants of the village when they abandoned it.

Let the reader figure to himself a sort of clownish farmer, with as stupid a set of features as ever combined to form the "human face divine;" with an immensely overshadowing hat, long lank hair, and wearing a grey jacket,—a being, as it were, rough-hewed after the image of man, yet of a species below even that of the brute creation, for it appeared evident that instinct was wanting to this corporeal mass. Marceau put some questions to him, but his country dialect, and the wine he had apparently swallowed, rendered his answers unintelligible. The general was about to give him up to the soldiers to make sport of, when Dumas hastily ordered them to evacuate the cottage, and to leave the prisoner inside. The latter was still held by the soldiers in the doorway; they pushed him forward, he stumbled, leant against the wall, where he staggered for an instant on his failing legs, and then fell heavily along the floor, laying there motionless, and, to all appearance, senseless. But a single sentry now remained before the door, and the window had been incautiously left unclosed.

"Within an hour we may set out," said General Dumas to Marceau, "as we now have a guide."

"Who?"

"That man."

"Oh, yes, if our march was for to-morrow night, it might be so.

The fellow has drank himself fast enough for the next four-and-twenty hours."

Dumas smiled. "Come along," said he; and he led his colleague to the shed where the peasant had been discovered. A thin partition, full of crevices, separated it from the interior of the hut, so that all that passed therein could be discerned, and the least word of the two generals, who had just left it, be heard.

"And now," added Dumas, lowering his voice, "now, look!"

Marceau obeyed, yielding to that ascendancy his friend had obtained over him even in the most common occurrences of life.

He experienced some difficulty in distinguishing the prisoner, who had *chanced* to fall into the darkest corner of the cottage, where he yet remained motionless. Marceau turned round to seek his colleague, but he had disappeared. When he again fixed his eyes on the inside of the hut it seemed to him as if the captive had made a slight movement; his head being placed so as to command an entire view of the room. Shortly after this, the Vendean opened his eyes with the lengthened yawn of a man awaking, and perceived that he was alone. A singular flash of joy then passed across his countenance. It was now clear to Marceau that he should have been the dupe of this man, if a more penetrating eye than his own had not seen through the artifice. He, therefore, renewed his scrutiny. The Vendean's face had resumed its first expression—or rather absence of all expression—his eyes were shut, his movements like those of a person falling asleep again; by one of them his foot caught the leg of the slight table on which Marceau had left the map and the order of General Westermann, and the whole fell down with a crash. The soldier on duty half-opened the door, thrust forward his head, perceived the cause of the noise, and said laughingly to a comrade who came up, "'Tis only the citizen disturbed by a dream."

The latter, who had heard those words, opened his eyes, and his menacing look for a moment followed the soldier; he then, as quick as thought, seized the paper on which the order was written, and hid it in his bosom.

Marceau held in his breath; his right-hand seemed glued to the hilt of his sword; his left-hand and forehead sustained the whole weight of his body pressing against the partition.

The object of his attention had now turned upon his side, and soon, by means of his elbow and arm, began to creep towards the entrance of the hut; the space, however, between the door and the threshold enabled him to perceive the legs of a group of soldiers, just on the outside. He then slowly and quietly crawled towards the half-open window, and when within about three feet of it, he drew a dagger from the breast of his jacket, and, at a single bound, cleared the casement, with the agility of a panther.

A cry burst from Marceau, who had not had time either to foresee, or to prevent the evasion.

This was answered by another and a wilder cry, breathing curses loud, and deep disappointment!

The Vendean, in leaping from the window, found himself face to face with Dumas; he sought to stab the general with his poniard, but

Dumas, seizing him by the wrist, turned the point against the peasant's own breast, so that by a single push he could have forced the prisoner to stab himself.

"You know I promised thee a guide, Marceau," said Dumas; "well, here is one, and an intelligent one, too, I hope. I could have thee instantly shot, rebel," exclaimed he to the peasant, "but it suits me better, just now, to let thee live. Thou hast heard our conversation, but thou shalt not relate it to those who sent thee hither. Citizens," continued he to the soldiers attracted by this exciting scene, "let two of you each take an arm of this fellow, place yourselves all three at the head of the column, and he shall be our guide. Mark, too, that if you perceive in his conduct the slightest symptoms of treachery—if he makes the least attempt at escape—if he gives the smallest suspicious signal, then instantly blow out his brains, and throw him over the hedge!"

The necessary orders for a night-march, to surprise the enemy, being given in a low tone, an opaque line was formed, which soon after descending along the hollow way, separating Saint Crepin from Montfaucet, proceeded with noiseless caution, and was only discernible when the moon, at sparing intervals, passing between two clouds, reflected its fleeting light on the republican bayonets.

The nature of the country required, as the soldiers well knew, the most careful precautions, as each side of their route was fenced with lofty hedges, behind which were continuous fields of furze and thorny-broom. The character, too, of the enemy they had to deal with, equally well-known to the blood-hounds of the Convention, was not calculated to inspire the republicans with hopes of an easy triumph, even although the undisciplined royalists should be taken unawares, and consequently, at every disadvantage.

They had marched thus for about half an hour, the moon, as before observed, now and then shed a straggling ray, which served to show at the head of the column, the peasant-guide, attentively alert to the minutest noise, and constantly and closely watched by the two soldiers between whom he was placed. Sometimes, a rustling of leaves caused a sudden halt of the head of the column, and the cry of *qui vive?* burst from several voices at once; but no answer was returned, and the peasant, laughing, observed: "It is only a hare starting from her form." Occasionally one of the two soldiers, fancying he perceived something in motion before him, but what he was unable to make out, hurriedly said—"Look! There! See!" And the Vendean coolly observed—

"'Tis nothing but our own shadow; let us proceed."

Suddenly, at the turning of a road, two men started up before them; one of the soldiers fell dead ere he could utter a single word; the other tottered for a second, and in falling, faintly cried, "Help! help!"

A discharge of more than twenty muskets instantaneously followed, and by their flash three men were discovered trying to escape, one of them, however, staggered a moment along the slope, trying to reach the safe side of the hedge, and then fell. The soldiers ran up to him, —it was not the guide; they spoke to him,—no answer was returned: a bayonet was thrust into his arm; he was dead.

Marceau now took upon himself the office of guide; the study he had made of the localities encouraged him in the hope of not mistaking the way. After another quarter of an hour's march, they dimly perceived the thick outline of the forest, where, according to the notice given to the republicans, they were to find assembled, for the purpose of hearing mass, the inhabitants of some adjoining villages and the wrecks of several royalist armies, in all about eighteen hundred men.

The two generals divided their little army into several columns, with orders to surround the forest, and penetrate it by all the paths leading to the centre; it was calculated that to take up their respective positions, half an hour would suffice. The sound of their steps was heard for an instant, growing feebler and fainter as they proceeded onwards, and soon became lost in the deep recesses of the forest.

Advancing slowly and cautiously, it seemed to them as if the centre of the wood, where the cross-roads met, was illuminated; on drawing nigh they distinguished the glare of torches; objects soon became distinct, and a spectacle such as they had never imagined was presented to their sight.

Upon an altar, rudely represented by a heap of stones, the Curé of Sainte-Marie de Rhé was celebrating mass; the altar was immediately encircled by a number of aged men, with torches in their hands; another circle was composed of women and children in the act of praying on their knees, and between the republicans and these groups, stood a wall of armed men, placed so as to be ready for defence or attack.

That they had been forewarned of their danger would have been evident even if their fugitive guide had not been recognised in the outward rank of this pious, loyal, and devoted congregation. He was now in the complete costume of a Vendean soldier, bearing on his left breast the rallying badge of the royalists, in the shape of a heart formed of red cloth, and in his hat the white handkerchief in lieu of a plume of white feathers.

The armed royalists did not wait for the attack; they had spread their tirailleurs through the wood, and commenced firing. The republicans advanced with shouldered arms, and without returning a shot, in spite of the repeated fire of their enemies; at each discharge the only reply was—"Close up your ranks! close up!"

The mass not being finished, the priest calmly continued the performance of his sacred duty; his auditors seemed totally estranged from all that was passing around, and remained devoutly kneeling. The republican soldiers continued to advance, until within about thirty paces of the royalists; the first rank then knelt down, and three rows of muskets were simultaneously lowered and discharged amongst the assembled Vendeans, carrying havoc and death even amongst the women and children at the foot of the altar. A momentary shriek of horror and confusion burst from that crowd. The priest elevated the host—the audience bowed down their heads to the ground, and silence was restored . . . . . .

The republicans made their second discharge at ten paces, which the Vendeans returned; neither party had time to reload their muskets, and both came to the bayonet, at which weapon the republicans had all the advantage, being regularly armed.

The priest still continued the mass. . . . . .

The Vendeans were now obliged to give way; whole ranks were mowed down amidst no cry but that of maledictions. The priest perceived this disadvantage, and made a sign; the torches were at once extinguished, and the fight continued in darkness. Thenceforth it was but one scene of disorder and carnage, in which each struck furiously at random, and those who fell implored no mercy!

At the feet of Marceau, a voice, in heart-rending tones, imploring pity, stayed his uplifted sword. It proceeded from a young Vendean, an unarmed stripling, who sought to escape from the horrible slaughter —"Mercy! mercy!" cried he; "oh, spare me in the name of heaven—in the name of your *mother!*"

The general drew him a few paces off the scene of battle, that he might not be recognised by the republicans, but was soon obliged to stop, the youth having fainted. Such an excess of fear on the part of a soldier, surprised Marceau, but did not diminish his efforts to restore his helpless foe; he unbuttoned his coat to afford him air, and discovered that helpless foe to be—a woman!

Not a moment was to be lost; the orders of the sanguinary Convention were precise; all Vendeans taken in arms, or forming part of a meeting, were, *without distinction of age or sex*, consigned to the scaffold. Marceau gently placed his unconscious captive at the foot of a tree, and ran to the field of carnage. Amongst the dead he perceived a young republican officer, who seemed to be about the same size as the "fair unknown," and with whose uniform and cocked-hat he quickly returned to the latter.

The freshness of the night soon restored her from her swoon, and her first words were,

"My father! my father!"

She then rose, and pressing her hands on her forehead, as if to recal her ideas, continued,

"Oh! 'tis dreadful—I was with him—I have abandoned him;—my father, my father!—Oh! he is dead!"

A head, starting up from behind the hedge, exclaimed,

"No, dear young mistress—no, Mademoiselle Blanche—the Marquis de Beaulieu lives—he is saved:—Long live the king and the good cause!"

The person from whom these words proceeded disappeared like a fleeting sprite; not, however, so rapidly but that Marceau had time to recognise the rustic-guide of Saint Crepin.

"Tinguy, Tinguy!" cried the young damsel, stretching forth her arms to seek the peasant-farmer.

"Silence! silence!" whispered Marceau, "a word may denounce you, and it would then be out of my power to save you; and I wish to save you. Quick, put on this coat and this hat, and wait here."

He returned to the place of battle; gave orders for the troops to fall back upon Chollet; left his colleague in command, and then hastened back to the young Vendean girl.

He found her ready to follow him; and both proceeded towards the kind of high road that traverses Romagna, where Marceau's servant was waiting with two saddle-horses, which could not penetrate into the interior of the country, on account of the bogs and ravines.

There his embarrassment increased, as he feared his youthful companion might not be able to ride on horseback, and be too feeble to proceed afoot; his fears, however, were soon dissipated, when he beheld her managing her horse with less force, but with as much graceful skill, as the most accomplished cavalier.

She remarked Marceau's surprise, and smiling said,

"You will be less astonished when you know me better. You will then see by what train of circumstances manly exercises are become familiar to me. You appear so good, that I will recount to you all the events of my life—so young, and already so full of inquietude."

"Yes, yes, but let it be by-and-bye," said Marceau, "we shall have plenty of time, since you are my prisoner, and for your own sake I will not restore you to liberty. What we have now to do is to gain Chollet as fast as possible. Fix yourself, therefore, firmly on your saddle, and *au galop*, my cavalier."

"*Au galop*," responded the young Vendean; and in less than an hour they arrived at Chollet. The general-in-chief was at the mayoralty, where Marceau entered, leaving his domestic and prisoner at the door. In a few words he gave an account of his successful mission, and, rejoining his little escort, went to take lodgings for the night at the *Hôtel des Sans Culottes*, the revolutionary name which had replaced on the sign that of *Au grand Saint-Nicolas*.

Marceau engaged two chambers, into one of which he conducted the young maid of La Vendee, and recommended her to lay down on the bed, just as she was in her dress, to take the short repose she so much needed, after the night of horrors she had passed. He then returned to his own chamber, and shut himself in, as he had now the responsibility of another's existence in his hands, and it required all his reflection to devise the means of preserving it.

Blanche, too, thought of her father, and then of the young republican general, whose looks were so mild and voice so sweet. The whole appeared to her as a dream. She paced her chamber to be certain that she was really awake; she stopped before a looking-glass, to be convinced that it was really herself; and then she wept to think of her desolate state. The idea of dying—of dying on the scaffold, did not even occur to her,—*she was so young!*—and, besides, had not Marceau said with his soft voice, "I will save you!" . . . . .

Marceau could only imagine one plan for preserving the life of Blanche, and that was to take her to Nantes, where his relations resided. It was three years since he had seen his mother and sister, and being within a few leagues of that town, his requesting a short leave of absence for that purpose would seem quite natural. The day was beginning to dawn; he waited on General Westermann, and his request was granted without difficulty. He wished to obtain the written permission immediately, as he thought Blanche could not depart too soon; but it required a second signature, that of the representative of the people, Delmar. Little more than an hour had elapsed since the latter's return with the soldiers of the expedition, he was taking a short repose in the adjoining chamber, and, as soon as he awoke, the general-in-chief promised to forward the permission to Marceau.

On re-entering the inn, he found General Dumas, who was looking for him. The two friends having no secrets from each other, the adventure or episode of the night was soon known to both. While breakfast was preparing, Marceau went up to the chamber of his captive, who had sent for him. He shortly after introduced his colleague, and, in a little time, Blanche experienced no constraint save that inseparable from the situation of a young girl in male attire, and with no other companions but two of the "sterner sex," scarcely known to her.

They were all three just sitting down to table when the door opened, and Delmar, the representative of the people, appeared on the threshold. This portentous personage was one of those horrible instruments of Robespierre, sent into the provinces on his regenerating system of "liberty and equality," by means of that *other* instrument, the guillotine.

The appearance of this sinister-looking wretch made Blanche start up from her seat, even before she knew *who* he was. Without seeming to notice it, Delmar thus addressed Marceau:

"So, thou art disposed to quit us already, citizen-general; well, well, thou behaved so well last night, that I can refuse thee nothing. Still, I am a little vexed with thee for letting the Marquis de Beaulieu escape, as I had promised to send his head to the Convention."

During these words, Blanche was standing up, pale and cold as a marble statue of Terror. Marceau, by a natural movement, placed himself between her and the speaker, who thus continued:

"But what is deferred is not lost; the republican *limiers* (bloodhounds) have a good scent and famous fangs, and we are on the right track. Here is thy permission of absence," added he; "'tis all right, thou art free to depart at thy will. But first I am come to beg a breakfast of thee; a brave soldier as thou art must not go before we have drank together to the success of the republic, and the extermination of the brigands."

Under the existing circumstances, this mark of good-will was anything but agreeable to the two generals; however, there was no remedy, and Blanche having recovered a little self-possession, they all sat down. To avoid being opposite to Delmar, the Vendean girl was obliged to take a place by his side, taking care, at the same time, not to sit near enough to touch the delegated ruffian of the Convention; though she soon perceeived that he paid more attention to the repast than to those who were partaking it with him. Now and then, however, a sanguinary phrase fell from his lips, and made her internally shudder; otherwise she seemed to be in no real danger, and the generals flattered themselves that their uninvited and most unwelcome guest would leave them without addressing a word directly to her.

The desire to depart served Marceau as an apology for abridging the repast; it was nearly over, and each of the three began to breathe more freely, when a sudden discharge of musquetry, from the square facing the inn, made the generals start up and seize their arms, which they had deposited near them. Delmar, laughing and balancing himself on his chair, called to them to stop, adding,

"Well done, my brave fellows! well done! I like to see ye on your guard; but ye may sit down again, there's no work for you."

"What's the meaning of it, then?" exclaimed Marceau.

"Oh, nothing," replied Delmar; "they're only shooting the prisoners taken last night."

"Oh! the unfortunate creatures!" cried Blanche, in a voice of terror.

Delmar lowered the glass from his lips, replaced it on the table, and, slowly turning his eyes upon her, said,

"Ah! but that is capital indeed! If soldiers begin to tremble like women, why, then, we must turn women into soldiers. It is true that you are very young," added he, taking hold of both her hands, and scrutinizing her features closely, "but you will get used to it."

"Oh! never, never!" exclaimed Blanche, forgetting how dangerous it was to manifest such sentiments before *such* a witness—"never can I habituate myself to similar horrors!"

"Child!" resumed Delmar, letting go her hands, "thinkest thou that a nation can be regenerated without shedding blood? factions repressed without erecting scaffolds? Hast thou ever heard of a revolution conferring equality on a people without cutting off heads? Wo! wo! then to the great, for the rod of Tarquin has pointed them out!"

He remained silent for a moment, and then continued:

"Besides, what is death? A sleep without waking. And what is blood? A red liquid, not much uniike what is in this bottle before me, and which only affects the mind by the idea attached to it;—Sombreuil has drank of it. Well! thou art silent. Hast thou not, then, some philanthropic argument ready at thy tongue's end? A Girondin, in thy place, would not be at a loss for a reply."

Blanche, in spite of herself, was obliged to continue the conversation.

"Oh!" said she, trembling, "are you quite sure that God has given you the right to strike his creatures thus?"

"Does not God strike them also?" demanded Delmar.

"Yes," rejoined the Vendean girl; "but His views are beyond this world; when man destroys, he knows not what he gives, nor what he takes away."

"Be it so!" said Delmar. "The soul either is or is not immortal. If the body is but matter, is it a crime to render back a little sooner to matter that which the Creator had thence borrowed? If a soul inhabits the human frame, and that soul be immortal, I cannot kill it; the body is but the clothing, of which I divest it, or rather a prison, from which I deliver it."

He paused an instant after this horribly absurd rhapsody, and then said,

"Now listen to the counsel I deign to accord thee. Keep thy philosophical reflections and college arguments to preserve thy own life, in case thou shouldst ever fall into the hands of Charenton, or of Bernard de Marigny,* for they will show thee no more mercy than I

* Celebrated Vendean chiefs.

have shown to their soldiers. For what thou hast said to me, thou mayest have reason to repent, perhaps, if thou repeatest it a second time in my presence. Remember this warning!"

He then left the room.

There was a moment of silence. Marceau laid down his pistols, which he had charged during this conversation.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, pointing with his finger towards the door, "never, without suspecting it, never man was so near his death as thou hast just been. Blanche, do you know that if a single gest, a single word, had escaped him, betraying his knowledge of you, that gest or that word would have been his last!"

Blanche heard him not; her thoughts were "far away;" one sole idea engrossed her—that the wretch who had just left was appointed to superintend the pursuit of the wreck of the Marquis de Beaulieu's faithful band.

"O my God!" said she, covering her face with her hands, "when I think that my father may fall into the power of such a tiger! If he had been made prisoner last night, it is possible that there, before that window—it is execrable! atrocious! Is there, then, no more pity in the world? Oh! pardon, pardon," said she to Marceau; "who more than *I* ought to feel the contrary? My God! my God!"

The domestic now entered to announce that the horses were ready.

"Let us go, let us go," cried Blanche; the air we breathe in this place is impregnated with blood!"

"Let us go!" re-echoed Marceau; and they all three instantly descended.

Marceau had an escort of thirty mounted soldiers, ordered by the commander-in chief to accompany him to Nantes. Dumas accompanied them for some time, but when within a league of Chollet, his friend almost forced him to turn back, on account of the danger he would incur in returning alone if he went farther. Dumas, therefore, took leave of them, put his horse into a gallop, and soon disappeared at the angle of a road.

Marceau drew near to Blanche, and thus accosted her:

"As we are now at ease, and have a long journey to accomplish, let us converse, and let us couverse about you. I know who you are, but that is all. How came you to be amongst that multitude? How came you to be dressed in man's attire? Speak, tell me; we soldiers are accustomed to hear hard truths. Speak a long time of yourself, of your childhood, of everything—I beseech you do!"

Marceau, without knowing why, could not bring himself to address Blanche in the republican *thee* and *thou* slang of the period.

Blanche then related the history of her young but eventful life. Her mother died, leaving her, while yet a child, to the care of her father, the Marquis de Beaulieu; her education, directed by a man, had familiarized her with exercises which, when the insurrection of La Vendee broke out, had become so useful, and enabled her to follow her father. She recounted all the events of that war, from the revolt of Saint Florent up to the battle when Marceau had saved her life. She spoke for a long time, as he had requested, and perceived that

she was listened to with pleasure. She had just finished her interesting narrative, when the city of Nantes appeared in the distance. They crossed the Loire, and in a few minutes Marceau was in the arms of his mother. After the first embraces, he presented his young companion *de voyage* to his family; a few words were sufficient to interest his mother and sisters ardently in her favour. Scarcely had Blanche manifested the desire to resume the costume of her sex, ere the two young girls disputed, as it were, with each other, to serve her as femme de chambre.

This behaviour, simple and natural as it might seem, at first sight, nevertheless acquires a high value from the circumstances of the moment, as Nantes was then writhing under the proconsulate of the eternally execrable *Carrier*.

God of mercy! what a strange spectacle for the "mind's eye," as well as the visible sight, was that of an entire city of eighty thousand souls, constantly bleeding at every pore, from the fiat of one single man!

The streets of Nantes were streaming with human blood, and the infernal imagination of Carrier—he who was to Robespierre what the hyena is to the tiger, the jackall to the lion—was constantly on the rack to invent new instruments of torture and of death. It was he who imagined the *noyades*, (drownings,) which word is become inseparable with his name. These boats * were expressly constructed in the port of Nantes, and the people came in crowds to see them on the stocks, though well knowing the dreadful purpose for which they were intended. On the day they were first tried, there was as great a multitude assembled at the water-side, as at the joyous launch of a ship, with a garland at her mast-head, and decked out in all her gayest colours.

But, let us return to Marceau and his family, for whom his name was a shield and a safeguard even against Carrier himself. The young general's republicanism was of so pure a reputation, that not the slightest breath of suspicion dared to attaint his mother and sisters. Thus it was that one of the latter, about sixteen years of age, loved and was beloved, unconscious of all that was passing beyond the domestic sanctuary of her mother's home. The latter's maternal anxieties, seeing a second protector for her daughter in a husband, hastened on as much as possible the marriage which was on the point of taking place, when Marceau and his young captive arrived at Nantes. His presence at such a moment redoubled their joy.

The sisters soon returned with Blanche in a female dress, supplied from their two toilets, and, their eyes sparkling with innocent gaiety, presented her to their mother and brother; the united ages of the

* The victims in these horrible boats, the royalists, those suspected of royalism and religion, the rich, honourable, respectable, and loyal of all ranks, were, without distinction of age or sex, divested of *all* their clothing, tied back to back, and then, by withdrawing the plugs, slowly sunk to the tune of *Ca ira!* and amidst the exulting shout of the demons of Liberty! The *patriots* of that day gave the name of "Republican marriages" to those atrocious drownings, by which many hundreds perished, many of them, too, who took no part in politics, and not a few who, from their sex and innocent years, scarcely knew the meaning of politics.

"three" scarcely amounted to that of Marceau's mother, who was yet handsome.

The young general advanced a few steps to meet Blanche, but stopped short with astonishment. In her first and strange costume, he had hardly remarked her extreme beauty, and those graces she had now resumed with her woman's attire. It is true that she had exerted all her skill to adorn her personal charms, and forgot for a moment, before her glass, the horrors of war, La Vendee, and carnage; for the most guileless heart is not altogether exempt from a certain degree of coquetry when it first begins to love, and seeks to please the object of its affection.

Marceau essayed to speak, but could not pronounce a single word; Blanche smiled and presented him her hand with joy, for she saw that she appeared in his eyes as handsome as she wished to appear.

In the evening, the future brother-in-law of Marceau joined their domestic circle, and as every species of love is egotistical, even to maternal love, there was then one house in the city of Nantes—one alone perhaps—where all was happiness and joy, while all around it was tears and grief.

In the delight of their new existence, Blanche and Marceau left the past far behind, or reverted to it almost as a dream. Yet the heart of the maiden was at times oppressed, and tears started from her eyes;—it was when she all at once thought of her father. Marceau then consoled her, and to divert her attention, recounted his first campaigns, and how the collegian became a soldier at fifteen years, an officer at seventeen, a colonel at nineteen, and a general at twenty-one. Blanche made him often repeat them, since in all he said there was not a single allusion to any other love.

And yet Marceau had loved before, loved with all the ardour of his soul—so thought he, at least. But he had been deceived, betrayed, and finally, disdain, blended with melancholy, had chilled the fervour of youthful passion in his heart. Before his meeting with Blanche, his situation was like that of a sick man who, by the sudden absence of fever, was deprived of all the energy and force which the disease alone had given him.

But now all those dreams of happiness, those illusions of youth, which he had thought for ever fled and faded, were renewed in the glowing though vague perspective; yet however vague, however distant, he might one day realise them! He was astonished to find the smile returning to his lips, and sometimes without knowing why or wherefore; his "bosom's lord too sat lightly on its throne;" he no longer felt life a weary burden, he no longer desired an early grave, as the only place where grief could not enter.

On the other hand, Blanche, at first drawn towards Marceau by a natural feeling of gratitude, continued to attribute to that sentiment he various emotions which agitated her. It was so simple that she should constantly desire the presence of him who had saved her life. How could the words that fell from his lips be indifferent to her? His physiognomy impressed with such profound melancholy, could it fail to excite her sympathy? And—

"Pity is akin to love!"—

And when he sighed in gazing on her, did not she feel always ready to say—"What can I do for you, kind friend, for you have done so much for me?"

Agitated by these divers sentiments, which daily acquired additional force, Blanche and Marceau thus passed the first days of their sojourn at Nantes, when, at length, the period fixed for the marriage of the young general's sister arrived.

Amongst the jewels he ordered for them, Marceau selected a brilliant and precious set, which he offered to Blanche. Blanche for a moment regarded them with the coquetry of a young girl, and then, closing the casket, sorrowfully exclaimed,

"Alas! are jewels suited to my situation?—jewels for me, while my father is, haply, flying from farm to farm, from cottage to cottage, begging a morsel of bread for sustenance, a shed to hide his honoured and proscribed head—and I, too, myself a proscript! . . . No, no! my security is in my simplicity, which is my only chance of concealment: reflect, Marceau, that I might be recognized."

In vain he pressed her; she would only accept an artificial red rose, which happened to be amongst the ornaments.

The churches being all closed, the marriage was *sanctioned* at the Hotel de Ville. At the portals of the Town Hall a deputation of mariners waited to render a homage of respect to the newly-married pair, on account of the rank of Marceau. One of these men, whose features seemed not unknown to him, had two nosegays, one of which he presented to the bride; and, then, approaching near to Blanche, who regarded him stedfastly, he offered her the other.

"Tinguy," said Blanche, turning pale, "where is my father?"

"At Saint Florent," answered the supposed mariner Take this bouquet," he added, "it conceals a letter. Long live the king and the good cause, Mademoiselle Blanche!"

Blanche would have detained him, to gain further information, but the faithful peasant had disappeared. Marceau had recognised the guide, and, in spite of himself, could not forbear admiring his devotedness, address, and boldness.

Blanche anxiously perused the letter. The Vendeans experienced defeat after defeat; an entire population had emigrated before fire and famine. The rest of the letter contained thanks to Marceau. The Marquis had learnt all through the watchfulness of Tinguy.

Blanche was sad; this letter had recalled her thoughts to the scene of war and its horrors; she leant more than usual upon Marceau's arm; she spoke to him in tones more confiding and more soft . . .

During the ceremony, a stranger, who stated that he had matters of the most urgent importance to communicate to the general, had been admitted to the drawing-room. On re-entering there, Marceau, whose head was stooped towards Blanche, leaning on his arm, did not first perceive him; but a sudden trembling of the arm made him lift up his head;—Delmar stood before them!

The representative of the people slowly approached them, his eyes fixed upon Blanche, a *smile* upon his lips. Marceau, the sweat start-

ing on his brow, beheld him advance, as Don Juan gazed upon the commandant.

"*Citoyenne*, thou hast a brother?"

Blanche stammered, and was near throwing herself into the arms of Marceau. Delmar continued,

"If my memory and the resemblance do not deceive me, we breakfasted together at Chollet. How is it that I have not since seen him in the ranks of the republican army?"

Blanche felt her strength about to abandon her; the searching eye of Delmar watched the progress of her emotion, and she was just ready to sink beneath its scrutiny, when, turning from her, he fixed it upon Marceau.

It was then that Delmar trembled in his turn. The young general's hand was on the hilt of his sword, which he grasped convulsively. The face of Robespierre's myrmidon soon recovered its habitual expression; he seemed entirely to have forgot the purport of his intrusion, and, taking the arm of Marceau, he drew him into the recess of the window, and for a few minutes conversed with him on the actual state of La Vendee; adding that he had come to Nantes to concert with Carrier upon the fresh measures of rigour which it was urgent to adopt against the insurgents. General Dumas, he said, was recalled to Paris; and then, closing the conversation, he left Marceau, and passing before the arm-chair, in which the affrighted Blanche had fallen, he bowed, smiled, and disappeared.

Two hours after this, Marceau received an order for leaving Nantes without delay, to resume the command of his brigade. This sudden and unlooked-for order astonished him, and he could not help connecting it with what had just passed, as a fortnight of his leave of absence was still unexpired. He hastened to Delmar's for an explanation; but the latter, after a short interview with Carrier, had left the town.

There was no remedy; to disobey was death. Marceau was with Blanche when he received this mandate. He had not courage to tell her its contents; he was overpowered at the idea of leaving her alone, as it were, and defenceless, in a city daily steeped in tears and *blood*. She perceived his agitation, and her inquietude overcoming her timidity, she drew nearer to him, with the anxious look of a woman who is loved, who feels the right to question, and who questions. Marceau gave her the fatal order; on which she had scarcely cast her eyes, when she comprehended all the danger to which her protector would be exposed in case of disobeying it; her heart was breaking, and still she found sufficient fortitude to urge his instant departure. Marceau, with a look of sadness, said to her,

"And you, also, Blanche, you send me away. But," added he, rising from his seat, and muttering to himself, "what right had I to think otherwise?" His steps were hurried. "Fool that I am! regrets and tears for me! As if I were not indifferent to her!"

On returning, he found himself facing Blanche; two or three tears trickled down the cheeks of the mute-stricken maid, whose bosom heaved with suppressed sighs. Marceau, in his turn, felt the tears starting in his eyes.

"Oh! pardon me," said he, "pardon me, Blanche; but I am unhappy, and unhappiness creates distrust. Always near to you, my existence seemed blended with yours; how separate my hours from your hours, my days from your days? I had forgot all else; I fancied eternity to be thus. *Oh! malheur, malheur!* I dreamt, and I awake. Blanche," continued he, with more calmness, but in a still sadder tone, "the war we make is cruel and murderous; it is possible that we shall never meet again."

He took the hand of Blanche, who sobbed convulsively, and continued,

"Oh! promise me, that if I fall—struck far from you . . . Blanche, I have always had the presentiment that I should die young . . . promise me that you will sometimes think of me—that my name will sometimes be repeated by you, if but in a dream! And I, Blanche, I promise you that if between my life and death, there should be but time to pronounce one name, one only name, it shall be yours!"

Blanche was almost suffocated by tears; but there were in her eyes a thousand promises more tender than Marceau had required. With one hand she pressed that of Marceau, who was at her feet, and with the other she pointed to the red rose with which her head was adorned.

"Toujours, toujours!" she uttered convulsively, and fainted.

The cries of Marceau brought his mother and sisters to her assistance. He thought Blanche was dead; he rolled in agony at her feet. Love exaggerates everything—hopes and fears. The soldier was but a child.

Blanche re-opened her eyes, and blushed on beholding Marceau at her feet, encircled by his family.

"He is going," said she, "going perhaps to fight against my father. Oh! spare my aged father! spare him, if he should fall into your hands;—think that his death would kill me! What more can you require?" she added, lowering her voice; "I thought of my father only after having thought of you."

Then, with a sudden effort recalling her courage, she supplicated Marceau to depart; he himself feeling the necessity of doing so, no longer resisted her tears and entreaties, and those of his mother. The necessary orders were given for his departure, and an hour after he had received the adieus of Blanche and his family.

Marceau, on quitting Blanche, followed the same route that he had passed over on conducting her to Nantes; he proceeded without either hastening or checking the steps of his steed. Each locality reminded him of some passage in the recital of the young Vendean maiden; he reviewed, as it were, the history she had recounted to him; and the danger to which she was still exposed, and of which he had scarcely thought when near her, seemed, now that he had left her, greatly increased. Each word of Delmar, in horrid fancy, sounded like a death-knell in his ears; at each moment he was on the point of stopping his horse, and returning to Nantes; and it required the utmost exertion of his reason to resist the powerful wish of seeing her again.

If Marceau could have occupied himself with aught save what was passing in his own thoughts, he would have perceived at the ex-

tremity of the road a cavalier, who, after stopping a moment, to be assured that he was not mistaken, advanced at full gallop to join him, and he would have recognised General Dumas as quickly as he had been recognised himself.

The two friends leaped down from their horses, and threw themselves into each other's arms.

At the same moment, a man, the sweat sluicing from his hair, his face all bloody, his clothes all in rags, darted from the hedge, rolled rather than descended the declivity, and then, exhausted and scarcely able to speak, came and fell at the feet of the two friends, pronouncing this single word—"*Arrested!*"

It was Tinguy.

"Arrested!—Who? Blanche?" cried Marceau.

The peasant made an affirmative gesture; the poor, faithful, devoted creature had not strength to speak. He had "cut across" the country for five leagues, (nearly thirteen miles,) constantly running, and jumping over hedge and ditch, through "brake and briar;" he might still have ran another league, perhaps two, to overtake Marceau, but having once reached him, his strength failed—he fell.

Marceau regarded him with distended mouth and stupid eye. "Arrested! Blanche arrested!" repeated he continually, while his friend applied his gourd, full of wine, to the clenched teeth of the peasant. "Blanche arrested! It was for this I was sent away, then. Alexander," cried he, taking the hand of Dumas, and forcing him to stand up. "Alexander, I return to Nantes,—thou must accompany me, for my life, my soul, my futurity, all, all, are there!" His teeth ground violently, his whole frame shook convulsively. He continued—"Tremble, wretch! thou who hast dared to lay thy hand on Blanche! Knowest thou that I love her with all the strength of my soul—that existence is no longer possible for me without her—that I will save her or die? O madman! O fool! that I was to leave her.... Blanche arrested! and where has she been taken to?"

Tinguy, to whom this question was addressed, was beginning slowly to recover. The veins of his forehead were swelled almost to bursting; his eyes were full of blood; he breathed short; and such was the oppression of his chest, that to the question put to him a second time—"Where has she been taken?" he could with difficulty answer—"To the prison of Bouffays!"

These words were scarcely uttered ere the two friends were proceeding at full gallop to Nantes.

THE YOUNG LADY AND THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

YOUNG Edward Hope had a very carmine complexion when he presented himself to his adorable after his interview with his uncle, the doses of whose philosophy seemed to have taken quite a different effect from what Plato might possibly have intended. The flushed cheek, the bloodshot eye, the distended nostril, the veins swollen like cords upon the brow, the curled lip, the whole passion-breathing countenance savoured indeed of anything rather than philosophy—philosophy that would make this world like a pool of stagnant water, were it not that men's passions stirred up the tides—and sometimes the tempests.

The fair Leonora, calm, composed, etherealized, celestialized, cream-like, honey-like, downy, sweet, silvery, seraphic, lay like an angel pillowed on a cloud, or like a wax doll wrapped up in silver paper, on Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole's most particular sofa. Since her fragile frame had been so shattered, and the joints of her delicate mind had been so terribly dislocated by Diana's vixen-like violence, she had considered those eider-down cushions her own peculiar property, her ambition being indeed of that nature which always prompted her to go up higher, but never to come down lower; a sweet sigh, a faint smile, a word softly murmured, were the receipts which she exerted herself to give in return for Mrs. Shrubsole's now and then offered kindnesses, and in no case could she accomplish a greater energy, saving and excepting on some very few occasions, when she bade Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole's darlingest pet of a lapdog "go down—and don't tear—and derange—my dress."

Into the presence of this calm, benign, and placid creature, did the red-hot Edward Hope whirl himself with all the emphasis of action, a stamp of the foot and a blow on the forehead from his own open palm, announcing the state of his physical and mental condition.

"Edward! Edward! What *is* the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole.

"O, Mr. Hope, you alarm—you distract me!" softly sighed out the New Companion.

"I am distracted myself!" exclaimed Edward Hope.

"What *is* the matter!" reiterated his aunt.

"The matter! Why the matter is, that my uncle has used me most injuriously, most unkindly, most cruelly!"

"What *has* he done?" exclaimed Mrs. Shrubsole.

"Refused me my heart's desire! would not hearken to my entreaties. Scoffed at my remonstrances—turned a deaf ear to my expostulations. Has not even treated me like a reasonable man!"

"He is unreasonable himself!" said Mrs. Shrubsole, indignantly.

"Ah, unhappy me!" pathetically exclaimed the New Companion, burying her face in an exquisite fine white French cambric handkerchief.

"He is the most hot-headed and passionate of men," ejaculated Young Hope. "He will not listen to a word of reason! You might as well expostulate with a granite rock, or plead to an iron monument! He is as deaf to the voice of entreaty as the roaring sea!"

"He cannot have common feeling!" sympathizingly said Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole.

"Common feeling! He is made of marble! He has treated me like a child—like a boy! Just as if I did not know what constituted my own happiness! As if I were a fickle—" *woman*, Edward Hope was going to say, but he put a timely arrest on the word—"weather-cock, or a baby crying for a rattle! As if I had not sense enough to know my own mind, or stability enough to retain it! But I will show him that I have made a resolution, and can keep it! I will prove to him that I have some stability of character! some resolution! some stedfastness of purpose! I will convince him that I am no schoolboy to be browbeaten, no dependant to be threatened! I am as firm as a rock! I will not give up! I will show the resolute spirit of a man!"

At this point of the conversation the New Companion sobbed out in mellifluous accents, "Oh! Mr. Hope. Dear Mr. Hope, let me not be the unhappy cause of family contention! Your good uncle does injustice to my character, if he thinks I would take advantage of your feelings towards me! Give me up, I beseech you!"

"Never! never! I will prove to my uncle that I am not the feeble frivolous being that he deems me."

"Do not make me the cause of domestic dissension!"

"*He* is the sole cause, not you!"

"Give me up, dear friend! Yield me to my sorrowful fate! Abandon me to my hard lot! Why should I involve you in my sad destiny! Oh! born to lose everything that I love—." Sobs concluded the sentence.

"No!" said Edward Hope dogmatically; "I hope I have some resolution of character, and that I can act firmly, whatever my uncle thinks to the contrary!"

"But why should you involve yourself in disagreement, and that, too, with one whom you love! Oh! far rather let me be the sacrifice! Yield to your uncle's wishes! resign me! abandon me! What if the world does impugn your honour—does call you unstable—does think you weak-minded, or, what is worse, dependant, you will know that I, who am the only one whose lot is implicated, that *I* will never breathe a word against you; that *I* will not only never say that you forsook me, or trifled with my affections, or wounded my soul, or broke my trusting heart—but will avow that I urged you to do all this! I who am more anxious for your happiness than my own! I who would disregard the whole world if it urged me to surrender you; I beseech you to consider your own interest, and to forget mine—and—me!"

Now it was rather odd that all the *dissuasives* uttered by the fair

Leonora acted as *persuasives* on Edward Hope. It must certainly have arisen out of the extreme simplicity of her character, that she happened to hit upon what was sure to spur him on, instead of upon that which would rein him in—upon what made him *rampant*, instead of what might have made him *couchant*.

"Never!" exclaimed Edward Hope; "I owe it to myself as much as to you to keep my engagement sacred. It shall never be said that Edward Hope was the weathercock to be blown about by every wind. No, no; I will prove that my honour, and my independence, and my stability, are all in the safest keeping when they are in my own!"

Magnanimous Edward Hope!

"Most generous, most disinterested of men!" resumed the New Companion. "But you, dear madam, dear Mrs. Shrubsole, you who have been so amiably, so tenderly, so disinterestedly kind, pray advise me, help me, instruct me how I ought to act. Will your dear nephew be injured, will his prospects be blighted, will he lose his fortune; will he be irreparably—that is, will he suffer in his affairs? I would not for the world that his affection for me should in the least degree affect his condition in life. No; I should never cease to reproach myself, to lament, to deplore, if for my sake he were to lose the advantages of his position, and what is far more, the affection of his dear and honoured relations. My feelings in such a case, I know, would kill me! I know they would!"

And again sobs and the French cambric handkerchief came into requisition.

"Injure him!" exclaimed Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole." "Injure him; yes, I should think it would! But he knows what he is doing! His uncle will disinherit him!"

"But you, dear madam, you who are so feeling and so good!—it will not injure him with you; you who were so kind as to grant him your consent? I think only of him. I should, indeed, be wretched at the thought of doing him one shadow of harm!"

"Yes; I did give my consent, it is true—I was hurried into it, my feelings overcame me—but my consent matters little. Edward Hope's good or evil fortune is not affected by it, so don't give yourself the slightest concern about *me—my income dies with me*," and thereupon Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole left the room.

"Oh! for ever to be misunderstood; for ever to suffer in the thoughts of those most worthy of my esteem; to be misconceived by your friends too!—your friends, whose good opinion I would for your sake die to procure!

"You are too generous."

"And yet is it not for your sake that I love them," said the New Companion, softly, plaintively, and tenderly.

"It is a debt which I will pay! pay with all my endeavours and with all that I have in the world! But that all!—how trifling it is! I know your disinterestedness, and now the generosity is all on your side. My uncle has disowned me—discarded me!

He will relent, *thought* the New Companion. "Ah, then," *said* she, "I can now prove to you my disinterestedness. O could you for a moment suppose that the base dross, the paltry particles of shin-

ing metal which the selfish world so prizes, could have any effect upon my feelings, any weight in my consideration? No; oh no. Had wealth been the desire of my heart, I should certainly have availed myself of those openings for its possession which have so frequently been pressed upon me. How many times have I been offered wealth —the most lavish wealth—but my feelings would not suffer me to accept it! It was a congenial spirit that my soul craved! A sympathetic bosom that my heart desired! What cared I for pomp and wealth! What to me were mansions, and carriages, and jewels? All these were pressed upon me, but I disdained them!"

"Dear, disinterested girl, your simple tastes may now all be gratified. A cottage is all that I can offer you."

"And enough—too much—for my deserts. But dear, generous friend, is there no hope—I ask it for your sake—oh, not for my own! is there no hope for reconcilement with your estimable uncle."

"He is furious—inexorable," said young Hope.

"No matter for my sake," replied the fair Leonora; "a dinner of herbs, the humblest garment, the hardest couch, would suffice for me. I care not for the pomps and shows of life. But, my kind friend, give me at least the assurance that your generous affection for me, when it has paid all its penalties, has at least left you in the position as well as the condition of a gentleman."

"The heritage of a gentleman is inalienable," replied Edward Hope, somewhat more proudly than a preux chevalier ought to speak to his ladye-love; "he carries it with him wherever he goes; but for the means of sustaining it in the world's estimation, my uncle has deprived me of them."

"How deprived?" asked the New Companion, with tender alarm. "He could not deprive you of what you possess, even if he give no more."

"I owe you perfect candour," said Edward Hope; "and even if I grieve you, I must confess that my uncle's displeasure strips me of all but a mere bagatelle. In a moment of mutual passion, I surrendered and he resumed the thousand a year which it has hitherto been his generous pleasure to allow me; and now I am little better than a beggar!"

"But what call you beggary?" asked Leonora, in a voice full of real emotion, generously hoping and trusting that another remaining thousand might be considered penury.

"The crumbs of my father's dissipated inheritance," replied Edward Hope bitterly; "something under the paltriness of a hundred a year."

The fair Leonora buried her face in her hands, and shed some very bitter and very honest tears.

Old Hope was sitting in his library-chair, not reading Plato, but swinging his foot backwards and forwards, frowning, muttering, shaking his head, and manifesting all those marks of disquietude of mind, which, like the smoky puffs of Hecla and Vesuvius, manifest that the internal fire is struggling within, and likely soon enough to make a

forcible disruption. Diana Slade was standing before him, looking very nearly as viragoish as our readers have had the pleasure of seeing her on other occasions.

"O woman, you petticoated thing!" apostrophised old Hope; "you draperied doll, you feathered and furbelowed phillligig; you bundle of whims and fancies, you complicated intricacy, you thing compounded of cross purposes, made up of yeses and noes, never knowing your own mind, because never having a mind to know, as wishy-washy as water, and yet as fierce as fire and aquafortis! you senseless, silly, whimsical, fanciful being in human likeness; you dose of sickness for any sensible man, why were you born into the world but to be the plague and the torment of all reasonable rational men!"

"Uncle, you will not hear reason!" said Diana, with red-hot cheek; "you will not suffer yourself to be convinced. Poor Edward! you surely would not leave him to starve."

"And why should he not get his own living, as others and his betters have done before him? And as to you, madam, you are such a whirligig, you so blow hot and cold with the same breath, you are such a shifting quicksand, that the moment you have persuaded a man to do one thing with all your might and main, and perhaps persuaded him against his seven senses, and his wish and will into the bargain, that moment, I say, that he has given over saying that his soul is his own, just to oblige you, you turn round and reproach him with what he has done, though all the while it was only complying with your own wishes, and upbraid him and abuse him until he is obliged to cry your mercy, and go and do the thing exactly opposite! But I tell you this, Diana, I am no football, no feather to be blown with the wind, no yard of ribbon to be twisted round your finger, no piece of melted wax to receive any impression your caprice may choose to impress! Not I, indeed; and I say again, that if Edward Hope marries that—that—true woman—I'll never see him again, he shall never have another farthing of my money while I live, and when I die I'll disinherit him!"

"What, doom him to penury! you who have so pampered him and spoiled him?"

"Why, Diana, 'tis your own doing more than mine. Do you not remember how passionately you implored me to prevent his ruining himself by marrying this very girl? Did you not tell me how base and cunning she was, and how credulous and blind he was; and did you not adjure me to interpose my authority to save him from destruction? Can you deny one word of this?"

"But if he is wretched—if his peace is destroyed——"

"Pah! you must not expect to do and undo in a breath."

"But did I ever interpose to do him harm? Did I ever ask you to make a beggar of him? Did I ever desire you to rob him of all the comforts of life? Was it like your generosity to deprive him of his accustomed stipend? to rob him of the paltry wealth which your liberality has hitherto allowed him? Was all this like you, or did I ever ask you to act thus?"

"You're a—you're a—*woman!*" gasped out old Hope, "you're a weak, empty vessel—a weak, empty vessel! and if you would be so

good as either to give over crying, or else go and cry somewhere else, I should be very much obliged to you. I want to study Plato, and I never can understand him except I am quite alone. He is a fine sedative after breathing the inflammatory hot air which surrounds a woman."

"I will go!" exclaimed Diana, "I will leave your presence. I will go where I may never more be in anybody's way. O, what a world it is when we get to know it! Cruel! barbarous! inhuman!" and so poor Diana Slade left poor old Hope, both of them as miserable as might be.

Old Hope continued see-sawing his foot, and making a pendulum of that orb which is generally supposed to inclose the intellectuality of the world as in so many round balls, when the door was opened, and the servant announced a nameless lady, who wished particularly to speak to Mr. Hope, and trusted to his kindness to admit her.

"Another of them!" said old Hope to himself. "Another of them! Another *woman!* another of the plaguy creatures! some old torment come to tease me about rents and repairs and leases. I'd sooner behalf say no to a man, but they have found me out, and now I'm everlastingly plagued with women. Women, women, nothing but women! I'm sick and tired of them, I'm sure! I wish I was never going to see another woman again as long as I live."

Even as he spoke the door opened, and there glided in a very pretty specimen of the sex, and one that might have fairly made old Hope recant his wish. The deep mourning, the fair complexion, the blue eyes, the soft swimming motion rather than the abruptness of a walk, the air of deprecating gentleness—our readers will know at once that it could be none other than the New Companion.

The fair Leonora glided into a good light and there paused, cast down her blue eyes, her bosom slightly heaved, her lips gently parted, and a soft sigh passed through their dewy portals, a messenger from her own heart to that of the gentleman who was gazing upon her, and who was standing fixed and rivetted to the spot whereon he stood.

And so a few moments passed, probably till the lady thought it was long enough, for there seemed to be something of a gentle agitation getting up within her, like a breeze passing over a bed of flowers; and this exciting old Hope's attention, and recalling him to a sense of his duties as a host and a gentleman, he said courteously enough, and magnanimously enough also, considering that he was sick and tired to death of the feminine gender, "Pray, fair lady, be seated, and tell me to what fortunate cause I am indebted for the honour of this visit."

"Alas! sir," said the New Companion, "I appear before you with fear and trembling, and nothing but the high estimation in which I hold your character could have tempted me thus to throw myself upon your mercy and your kindness. Alas! sir, you see before you an unhappy creature, alone in the world; sad, sorrowful, and bereft of all natural connexions; and, what is worse, the victim of the most injurious prejudices."

"'Tis a prejudiced world, fair lady; but worse than I thought if it makes you its victim."

"I will not say that the world is unkind," replied the New Com-

panion; "nay, rather, I should be grateful to it for kindness almost unparalleled. Wherever I have gone I have met with the kindest friends, the most partial affection, the most tender regard. Indeed, for a warmth of favour far, far beyond my own most poor deserts."

"How, then, are you the victim of injurious prejudices?" asked old Hope, rather more shrewdly than became a gentleman when a lady was in the case.

"Strange and yet true, and yet more strange that they from whose prejudices I suffer, are among the most liberal, the most generous, the most noble of beings. Ah, were they the little-minded and the mean, I could have borne their ill opinion almost without a sigh, and certainly without a struggle! Their affection would make me infinitely happy, and yet I lose it through a prejudice, a false impression. Can you then wonder, sir, that I make one effort, one struggle, to save myself from the misery which—which—losing their good opinion—their regard—brings upon me, and that too—when—I—could love them so well?"

Here sobs and the French cambric handkerchief choked the fair Leonora's utterance.

"Would not your tears melt the hardest heart?" said old Hope, gallantry making him blind to the danger of saying so.

"Would they melt yours?" asked the fair Leonora, imploringly and pathetically, and lifting her blue eyes full into the old gentleman's face.

Old Hope shut his eyes, and answered a little pettishly, "I have no prejudices, I have spent all my life in endeavouring to raise myself above them."

"O most true!" exclaimed the New Companion, while the very faintest gleam of that something between triumph and pleasure which had so maddened Diana passed over her face. "O most true! You would not condemn unseen! You would not judge unheard! You are too generous! too noble. I see that it is your very kindness, and not your unkindness, of heart, which has been turned against me. *You* are not prejudiced, but the tenderness of your nature has made you receive the impression of the prejudice of others. O, sir, I know too well, from the weakness of my own understanding, and from the void which I feel in not having the strength of a masculine mind to lean upon, how liable women are to make the most grievous errors in life when we have not the happiness of having your stronger intellects and firmer spirits to advise and direct us; and feeling this in myself, need I wonder that your amiable niece, Miss Slade, should not only have formed so grievous an opinion of an unhappy, destitute girl, but that she should have impressed the same cruel misapprehension on your generous mind! Alas! alas! unhappy that I am! Who will do justice to the purity of my motives? Who will believe in the unfeigned sincerity of my character?"

"What mean you? Who are you?" exclaimed old Hope.

"I am that unhappy girl whom the preference of your nephew has made obnoxious to Miss Slade! that lonely and injured being against whom she has poisoned your mind!"

Old Hope looked at her with a countenance in which there was a mighty struggle *for* and *against* her. She saw the contest, but she played her game on like one, who, having lost all, had nothing more to lose, and yet had a great deal to win.

"Ah, sir, let not the prejudices of others influence your generous mind! Do not suffer your good understanding to be guided by one of my sex, who are unhappily so altogether unable to direct themselves. As for me, I am so sensible of the weakness of my own judgment to guide me rightly through an affair of such vital importance, that I have ventured to intrude myself upon you for the sole purpose of intreating you to give me the inestimable advantage of your advice, that by following it I may at once show my respect for your opinion, my submission to your will, ensure myself the safety of a wise choice, spare myself future repentance for having acted wrong, and prove to you that I am not actuated by any selfish or self-willed motives."

Old Hope looked at her in amazement.

"Are you a real woman?" said old Hope. "Women are self-willed, self-opinionated, determined upon having their own way, though it should cost them life and happiness. Why, a true woman would not change the colour of her gloves or the fashion of her hair, though half her kindred died through her obstinacy."

"It is that unhappy obstinacy which causes so much of the sorrow of the world. I know it is the failing of our sex; I would fain take warning; I came prepared to submit my conduct to your decision. Let your wisdom guide my weakness. I place my fate at your disposal."

"Do you calculate," said old Hope, sharply, "that I shall revoke my determination?"

"*Calculate!*" exclaimed the New Companion; "alas! alas! do you too so injuriously term my unsuspecting confidence! Ah, if *you* do thus, what must I expect from others?"

"If you have the slightest idea of making me change my determination—if you think I am to be turned and twisted like a weathercock—if you think I am to be melted like a piece of wax, or echo your will, why then you are mistaken—that's all!"

"Alas! alas!" replied the New Companion, "do I not confess my weakness—my feebleness? Do I not say that I desire only to lean upon your strength—to submit to your decision?"

"My decision is made!" said old Hope, in just such a tone as adamant might speak in, if adamant had ever been heard to speak.

The fair Leonora lifted up her blue eyes to the ceiling, folded her hands across her bosom, and looked like some beatified spirit. "Dear sir, was that decision made on the exercise of your own reason, or was the tenderness of your nature worked upon by another? Ah, I know that Miss Slade, whose unhappy prejudice against me I must unceasingly deplore, because she is in all other respects so estimable and so amiable, has most naturally impressed her own feelings on you. But, dear, kind, good sir, is it consistent with your own dignity of character and independence of mind, to be thus induced to act

as a weak, misjudging woman wills? O, I implore you to exercise your own clear understanding, your own noble reason, and not to be influenced by a feeble, though an amiable woman!"

"I hope that I am superior to weak prejudice, and that I am too firm-minded to be made to think, or to speak, or to act just as any woman, be she who she may, happens to desire. Young ladies may have fluctuating fancies, but it becomes *men* to think and act with some decision of character. I can assure you that my niece, Miss Slade, had no influence on my mind when I formed my decision. How could she have? Do you suppose me to be such a puppet as to be guided by a mere girl, or that I would commit either a word or a thought of injustice on any body's prompting? No, I should trust not, indeed! No, no, I am neither so weak nor so unjust!"

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the New Companion, sobbing audibly, though still not violently; "by what fatality have I lost beforehand your good opinion? You have condemned me unseen—unheard? Why, ah! why, have I been thus sternly prejudged!"

"You have an opportunity," said Old Hope, bitterly, "of proving your perfect disinterestedness. You can marry Edward, and live upon love."

"I would share his poverty sooner than his wealth, but I should injure him! I should deprive him of the friends whom he loves better than his life—friends on whom he has doted from his childhood! No! no! indeed I would not do him so great a harm."

"You are sure that nothing of self mingles with your rejection?"

"*Self!* yes, yes, doubtless there is something of self, too, in my heart. O no, sir, though I would be humble, do not think that I would be so abject as to enter any family against the wishes of its highest members. No, sir, though I may be poor, I have an honest pride! a pride that forbids me to steal into any family! Sir, I came to you a weak, trusting woman, ready to submit my conduct to your guidance, and to obey your will, even though it were to the surrendering of my heart's dearest feelings, and you have—have—met my trusting confidence with—with—"

The New Companion buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed violently.

Old Hope looked at her with mingled feelings. "And are you really willing to give up this match with my silly nephew?" he asked.

"I submit, if you withhold your—your consent."

"That do I still."

The fair Leonora covered her face with her hands, and stood in the attitude of a Niobe. "O ever thus," she resumed; "from childhood's hour, I've seen my fondest hopes decay! I never nourished a hope, never cherished an affection, never cultivated a friendship, never suffered the deep well of my heart to overflow without—without—the blight of disappointment overwhelming all! But let it be so! Doubtless it is right and fit, if they who are the wisest and the kindest think so! And yet the heart—the heart—though it murmur not, may rend, may break! Alas! alas! that I must be doomed to drain

this cup of sorrow! and that without sympathy—without alleviation! But I must bear it—I must bear it all!"

"Well, 'tis an odd thing," soliloquized Old Hope half aloud, "an odd thing how that young fellow contrives to make these women fall in love with him; women did not use to do so in my young days. I believe that it's quite a new fashion of the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth love was never thought of—it would have been considered quite an indelicacy—an indecency—until a proposal had been made in form. I dare say now it's very flattering to a young fellow's vanity—I won't say that I should not have felt it so myself—to have these pretty simpletons mad after him. I wonder how a philosopher would feel."

The New Companion was very quick of hearing, and not a word of old Hope's soliloquy was lost upon her.

"I earnestly desire," said the fair Leonora, drying her blue eyes, "to shape my conduct entirely according to your will, that so, if possible, I may win and be rewarded by your approbation—and, perhaps, by your kind regard. As I have said, I could not condescend to steal or to force myself into any family, and neither could I consent to inflict upon Mr. Edward the irreparable injury of the loss of your affection. Now that I have seen you, I feel that those who had once enjoyed your—your—love—could never find anything in the world beside to compensate for it. Therefore from this hour I surrender him—surrender him—because you wish and will it."

Old Hope looked at her from head to foot. He saw nothing, however, but a very dainty, docile looking, pretty lady.

"I must needs say that you are more reasonable than any woman I have ever before chanced to meet with; that is, if you are sincere. But now don't misunderstand, don't think I shall change, don't suppose that you can gain any influence over me by seeming reasonable for a time, and so by-and-bye think you can make me change my mind. I tell you I'm firm as a rock—no melting me!"

"I see it, sir," said the fair Leonora softly. "I see that even if I had a point to carry, I must not attempt to assail your determination; and, indeed, I do so admire the firmness of your character, which seems so much the nobler from being contrasted with our own weak and erring flexibility and feebleness, that I could not endeavour to subdue what I so highly honour. I will be guided by you, but since I am doing so you will not surely withhold from me your kind advice. In relinquishing Mr. Hope I also lose my home. I cannot return to the kind, the affectionate protection of Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole's roof—I could not encounter their tender expostulations. I could not see poor Edward's dejection! I could not harden myself against their entreaties—their reproaches. O, whither shall I go, since you bid me give up the home where everybody has been only too kind to me?"

Old Hope looked pretty considerably puzzled.

"Well, I do begin to think that you really are not a mere every-day woman, and I could find in my heart to talk reasonably to you. I see you are placed in a difficult situation. With your attractions," old Hope was growing gallant, and the New Companion looked mo-

destly down with her blue eyes on the carpet,—" with your attractions I should not wonder if Edward were not quite tractable in giving you up; and if you were exposed to his entreaties, why perhaps you might yield your determination rather than him. I would, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, have offered you for the present the protection of my own roof; but——."

" Ah, how kind! how generous! what happiness!" exclaimed the New Companion, interrupting him in the warmth of her grateful feelings.

" But, as I was going to say, for those unhappy prejudices which Diana entertains against you. Now that I see you, I both wonder and wonder not. You are acting very handsomely, but it is not in nature for a woman to like a rival, and the less the greater her attractions. Everybody expected that Edward and Miss Slade would have made a match of it—that would have been suitable enough——"

" Ah! is it possible!" energetically exclaimed the New Companion, " that opens my eyes. Now I see it all. Dear sir, how happy you have made me by this disclosure! Miss Slade's prejudice against me was nothing but her wounded and disappointed feelings. Never, for a moment, would I have listened to your nephew's pleading had I known this. Oh! steal a heart from another, and that other so generous and so amiable as Miss Slade! Never, never! Had I known this before, what pain it would have spared us all! What sorrow and mortification should I have escaped! O, dear sir, go to Miss Slade, and tell her how unwittingly I have injured her, and how I deplore it. How I lament what she has suffered. That for her sake I give up Edward Hope without a sigh—that I will never see him more. That I pray for her happiness. That I know she is too kind and gentle to retain one unkind thought towards me: and since, sir, you are so good as to permit it, tell her how gladly I will devote myself to her interest, and study to make her happy in my humble society. That I will watch over her by night and by day, and think myself only too well repaid, if she will let me love her. And if you, too, sir, will only look approvingly and favouringly upon me, O I may now be the happiest of the happy."

" I don't see how I can help looking favourably upon you," said old Hope; " I will go and see what Diana has to say."

" Diana," said old Hope, entering the room where she was sitting, " do you know with whom I have been closeted for the last hour?"

" I am in utter ignorance," replied Diana, " but judging from your manner, it must be somebody very agreeable."

" Yes, that I must needs confess. Young, handsome, interesting, and a lady."

" I shall begin to suspect you, uncle, if you look so pleased," said Diana, with a faint smile.

" Suspect me! ha! ha! ha! That's very good. No, no; if I look pleased, it is on your account."

" On my account! What lady could come to you on my account?"

" Guess."

"Nay, do not torture me."

"I will not. It is Edward's flame; your aunt's New Companion."

Poor Diana gasped for breath. "And you speak of her with this commendation?"

"Aye, for she deserves it. She has acted handsomely, generously, nay, magnanimously. She has submitted herself entirely and unreservedly to my will. She has given up Edward Hope, and promised never to see him again; and she does not retain a particle of ill-will against yourself. She entreats you to forgive the unintentional injury which she has done you; and only desirous to show her attachment and devotion to you."

"Attachment and devotion to me!" replied Diana, with bitter scorn. "Rather let her avow an honest open hatred."

"Diana, Diana, I am shocked at your vindictiveness. You are enough to frighten this gentle, timid creature to death. It is not like one woman to another. Why, she would be your warmest friend. She thinks everything of your feelings, and you do not seem to think anything of hers. So violent as you are, I can only wonder how she can so have attached herself to you."

"Ay, there would be wonder if she had. O, the base hypocrite! and I see, I see, she has deluded you also."

"I defy any woman to do *that*. No, no, Diana, I am no weak blind dotard, to be turned and twisted this way and that. You ought to know better than to say so, for you have always found me firm enough. I thought you were pretty well convinced that I am tolerably stable. Womanish ways don't melt and mould *me*. But, however, I shall take pretty good care of my own consistency; and in the meantime something must be done for this poor young thing."

"*Something done for her!*"

"Yes, something done for her. Her submission to me, and her generosity to you, have placed her in a very awkward predicament. She can't go back to your aunt Shrubsole's—that is out of the question; and if she loses a home for us, it is only fair that we should find her one in return; at least for a time; so I propose her stopping here to keep you company, until—until she can get another situation, or something can be done for her."

"Stopping here to keep me company!" repeated Diana; "am I in my senses? do I hear aright?"

"And why not? It is really quite touching to see how deeply she is attached to you. Though you have treated her worse than a dog, yet I declare she is in raptures at the thoughts of being with you."

"Ay, she has some deep scheme to carry, no doubt. Why, uncle, is it possible that a man of your years and experience can fail to see through this creature of artifices?"

Old Hope had never in his life been in worse disposition to hear of his years and experience.

"Do you think me a fool, Diana, to be tricked by a mere girl? No, no; it is you who are blind through your passions, and I must say that you have treated this poor young thing with gross injury and injustice. I declare I don't wonder at your losing Edward; neither do I wonder at her gaining him. Why, Diana, she is like an angel of peace, and you are like——"

"Like a demon, you would say, and in truth she makes every place a hell to me! I see that she has added you to the list of her dupes! How is it that she blinds and infatuates everybody she comes near? Is the world without understanding, or do you all use it to deceive yourselves?"

"It would be quite as becoming if you mistrusted yourself more, and others less; and I must say, Diana, that I think you forget the respect which you owe to my relationship."

"I shall go mad!" exclaimed Diana.

"I think you are already so," said Old Hope, "and therefore I feel it to be only right that I should judge for you as well as for myself, and I would recommend you to imitate *her* docility. Why, she is as tractable, and gentle, and affectionate as a lamb, and has entirely submitted herself, and that too, in the most important and heart-touching action of her life, to my guidance. After such a mark of respect, I am determined not to forsake her, and therefore she shall stop with you here; and——"

"*She shall not!*" passionately exclaimed Diana.

"I am master here," said old Hope with a red-hot face; "and I say *she shall!*"

"The moment she comes into this house, I go out of it!"

"She is in it now, and shall not leave it. If you will not let her keep your company, I will get somebody who will be glad enough to keep hers."

Diana actually stamped her little foot upon the floor. "And next, sir, I suppose, you will marry this mask to your nephew, and perhaps do me the honour to invite me to the wedding!"

"No," said old Hope, with dignity; "I will convince you all that I have some firmness of character. I know what I am doing, and I am determined to act up to my judgment; I have refused my consent to her marriage with Edward, and I shall never change. *She* knows that, and is satisfied; *she* will never ask me."

"Then, perhaps, you will next marry her yourself!" exclaimed Diana, with an expression of concentrated scorn.

"I shall act as I think a man of firmness and decision ought to act without consulting you," replied old Hope; "I choose to have a will of my own, and my will now is, that this young person shall have her present home here: here in my house, and if you don't like it you may leave it!"

"And I will leave it," in a frenzy of passion, exclaimed Diana.

And thereupon Diana Slade left her uncle Hope's house, something like a flame of fire, just as a little while before she had left her aunt Moryllion Shrubsole's, and strange to say, like a ball tossed to and fro, she went back to that lady's dwelling, thus to all intents and purposes changing places with the New Companion.

SONG OF THE BETRAYER.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Thy youth was very happy, love!
A youth of fair sweet flowers;
Affection with its brightest sun
Shone on thy summer hours;
For thee there was no winter time,
No withering of life's bowers!

Thy very tears were happy, love!
Summoned by sweet glad things:—
No serpent glode across thy path,
No vulture, with foul wings,
Career'd above thy pleasant walk
With hideous mutterings!

Thou heard'st of sorrow, as one hears
A sound of the unseen sea;
So well thou lovedst every one
Thou knew'st not there could be
Hatred and strife 'twixt man and man,
And faithlessness in me!

The grave is deep, but quiet, love!
Where thou art resting now;—
Oh! gently, gently fell the kiss
Upon the death-cold brow
Of her,—upon whose path of flowers
I taught such thorns to grow!

SONNET.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

This world is beautiful! Oh, dearest friend,
Its glory pass not with regardless eye;—
Green fields, bright streams, deep vales, and mountains high,
Rainbows that o'er the wide blue ocean bend
Their many-coloured arch, the stars that send
Their mystic light through countless leagues of air—
Are they not all unutterably fair?
Can Art's proud triumphs e'er with thee contend?
You gaze on palaces and crowns, and own
Such baubles please. You bow to mortal kings—
Forgetful of *their* King, whose glorious throne
Mocks man's conception. Alas! earthly things,
Save those suggesting nobler, leave their stings
In the sad heart when youth and hope are flown!

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.—No. III.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.

We traced in our last number the progress of the great issue to the close of the Attorney-General's elaborate oration, which, like the theology of Zoroaster, was composed of two discordant principles—prodigality of promise, and parsimony of proof. We may now speak with freedom, for the contest is over. We leave to others to sound the abysses of state policy, which, after all, are little deeper than common draw-wells; but, deep or shallow, that policy has had, and will have, a profound influence on the future fortunes of Ireland. There is a facetious saying of the emperor Nero, that his favourite ministers "paid dear for their consular supper," and we suspect the continued feasting in the Queen's Bench will hereafter prompt a similar exclamation, with a slight variation in the phrase. Our province is not the political, but it is often impossible to touch on events without the peril of perhaps an impolitic opinion. With this brief preface, we take up the evidence of the Crown, and the speeches for the accused, which will afford to all matter of amusement or interest. All these, it is true, have already been spread out in the most ample profusion—the press has carried them throughout the world, outstripping in its rapid diurnal whirl our more lazy monthly flight. But there are many incidents, not unworthy of note, which evaporate in such a mode of communication, or sink unobserved into oblivion; and now that the tumult has subsided, and life resumes its ordinary course, we may jot down our recollections of the evidence and of the orations, which have revived the forgotten glories of the Irish bar.

The examination of Frederick Bond Hughes was looked forward to as a rich feast. Wherever you moved, among the leading questions which agitated the circles of small talk, the first was—when will Hughes be in the stocks? In the first heat of prejudice, innocence has often fallen a victim to popular clamour. Public rumours should not be too soon encountered. Give the report of the day time to grow stale, and it either dies of itself, or time will not fail to rectify the false judgment. Mr. Hughes was, unfortunately, one of those against whom the whole weight of public reprobation was directed. As a government reporter, he was not bound to prosecute for the government; his duty was to note what he heard, instead of playing the "informer"—we use the word in the limited sense of swearing the informations, and not as one of those agents of mischief who enter into the plans of the disaffected, if any exist, and report due progress to the Secretary of State. Mr. Hughes did not conceal his calling as a reporter, though he did as an informer—but, then, he swore only from his notes, and their correctness was unimpeachable. The traversers, availing themselves of the privilege of inquiring into the conduct of adverse witnesses, to impeach their credibility, had, it is said, made wide casts for some little *memorabilia* in his life, from which even the most virtuous are not exempt. How far they suc-

ceeded is to us utterly unknown, but, from the cunning screw of the mouth, and the glance of the fox-like eye of Mr. Hatchell, we suspected that he was not unprovided with some cross-pellets. It was clear, however, from the gentlemanly bearing of the witness, and the candour with which he not only answered but even added to the questions of the Solicitor-General, that he sought to withhold nothing. This changed the course of Mr. Hatchell, who probed Mr. Hughes with exemplary gentleness; and well he might do so—for the "perjured informer," as it was the fashion to designate him, bore testimony to the extraordinary peace and tranquillity of Mullaghmast—to the high and necessary duties of the O'Connell police—to the comfort of the new Celtic bonnet, which, he admitted, would be an excellent nightcap—and to the imposing splendour of the civic procession, as the worthy aldermen and councillors, in velvet and scarlet, ascended the historic Rath. He described the "inauguration" of Mr. O'Connell, who laughed most heartily at the novel coronation, while the Solicitor-General turned up his keen eye to the jury, and looked mysteriously grave. What was that municipal march but the affectation of royal pomp? What that foolish cap but the "likeness of a kingly crown?" Surely the Dublin aldermen did not dedicate their beauty to the sun of Mullaghmast without an adequate cause. And as for the great Agitator, in his coronetted magnificence,

> "Whoso had beheld him then,
> Had felt some admiration, mixed with dread,
> And might have said,
> That sure he seemed to be the King of Men—
> Less than the greatest—that he could not be
> Who carried in his port such might and majesty."

The caution and safety of Mr. Hatchell elicited all that was possible from the witness, and kept out of view the unfavourable, among which was the "Behemoth" trifle which formerly submitted Mr. Hughes to a perfect storm of indignation. He established his truthfulness in each particular, and clearly accounted for the memorable mistake in identifying one of the traversers. We like to aid in purging away a cloud from a fair reputation. Bond Hughes was associated in the popular mind with the Armstrongs and Reynoldses, and that eminent and patriotic engraver, William Holbrooke, was, it is said, engaged in a line engraving of the perjured and faithless informer, to be supplied to each repeal warden, and suspended in the repeal rooms throughout Ireland, as a warning against Saxon treachery. The candour of the English spy has dispensed with the exercise of Mr. Holbrooke's artistic skill.

The next of the "battalion of testimony" was Mr. Charles Ross, who has acquired much reputation on this side of St. George's Channel. He had three heads issuing from one small trunk. He reported for Downing Street, and also for a liberal and conservative journal. So very disinterested was he, that the *Chronicle* shared his favours in common with the *Standard*, and Sir J. Graham with both. He came over to this savage country, the victim of the most miserable apprehensions. He dreaded the repute of a government informer, and would not take fifty thousand pounds, as he confessed to Mr. Henn,

to disclose his dangerous occupation, though Mr. Bond Hughes was roaming about at large in jarvey and fly-boat, and feasting, unharmed, on repeal viands—there was, too, never a drop of an opiate infused into the Lord Mayor's "crusted port," with which he so freely indulged at the Rotundo dinner. With a political digestion so admirable as Mr. Ross could boast, it is surprising that his natural stomach should generate such dismal vapours and apprehensions of personal safety. He ventured, in deep alarm, to Donnybrook, and all were so good-humoured there, that he had the courage to pass beyond the jurisdiction of the new police, and commit his sacred body among the bloodhounds of Connaught. In his cross-examination by Mr. Henn, he afforded an excellent specimen of that fluctuation of opinion which is characteristic of his generous patron. *Tel maistre tel valet.* He opened the campaign of life in all the glowing pride of Radicalism, but, as he naïvely remarked, "All men's sentiments undergo changes in time, from reflection and reading." Too much learning, on the authority of *Festus*, made an apostle mad—it had not quite so decided an effect on the editor of the *Carlisle Patriot*—it only subdued his ancient fervour in behalf of abstract rights and imaginary republics to the more quiet tone of conservatism. When pressed to reveal the mysterious operations which deprived the radical world of such a "bright particular star," he, most unlike Sir John Falstaff, yielded to "compulsion," and was on the point of revelation, when the Solicitor-General interposed, and stayed the confession. What gave the bar and the public an elevated opinion of the fine sensibilities of Mr. Ross was the delightful uxoriousness which, like a thread of shining silver, ran through his testimony. Dear Mrs. R—— was at the top and bottom of all his movements, sentiments, and opinions. What she said became an immutable law of his conduct. He would become another *Eurostratus*, and fire Westminster Hall, if Mrs. R—— only suggested the fatal enterprise. What a model of an obsequious partner is Mr. R——! Mr. Henn, a compact batchelor, was struck forcibly with the picture of conjugal happiness. Will he repent of his unsocial singleness?

These were the only direct agents of the "Minister of Police." They were followed by two Irishmen, a Mr. Jackson, and a Mr. "John Ulick M'Namara." The former fared miserably in confirming his notes, and the latter had nothing to tell. Then followed a long and formidable array of stipendiary magistrates, head-constables, sub-constables, and common constables, who proved themselves accomplished masters in what *Tacitus* calls "noting the words of men, watching their looks, and warping every trifling circumstance into a crime." They showed, with all the good derivable to a government from the existence of such a force, the counter-balancing dangers and evils. They were the most expert of note-takers; long speeches and conversations were reported on the strength of an accurate and powerful memory, for the police are all peculiarly gifted in that quality. Whenever anything of a seditious nature was spoken, out flew the scroll, and down went the treason. One of the most remarkable facts connected with the meetings was the facility of access and movement afforded on all occasions to the police. They went on the platforms, surrounded the presi-

dential chairs, and when the Unionwas declared to be a "nullity," or the "sergeants" were promised promotion, or any special stimulant applied to the flagging enthusiasm of the multitude, in the shape of new tenures and titles, the policeman coolly took a note of the eloquent apostrophe, without menace, remonstrance, or violence. They did all in their power to back up the statement of the Attorney-General in the drilling, and marshalling, and parade of multitudes. Of infantry and cavalry we had countless numbers, marching under their wardens, who ever and anon exclaimed, "Steady, men—keep the step;" but of that very effective arm of field service, the artillery, there was no evidence—that only was wanted to enable Mr. O'Connell to take the field!

Of the cavalry, we will take as a specimen a very respectable and efficient force, "*The Ballinakill Repeal Cavalry.*" They must have formed a most magnificent body, if one were to judge from the state of their equipments, the condition of their horses, and the regularity of the march. Mr. Whiteside brought out their points of military efficiency in brilliant style. In Raphael's picture of the interview between Pope Leo and Attila, there is a mounted Hun in the foreground, without bridle or saddle. His image was suggested in the description of the Ballinakill light horse, whose accoutrements were almost as simple and primitive. "Splendid force, eh?" quoth Mr. Whiteside, stroking his unwhiskered jaws, and with a maliciously-humorous smile. "I have seen better," was the reply. "Did you? Well, I'm astonished! They moved, I dare say, with prodigious regularity!" And so he went on, amid a storm of laughter, to bring to light the imposing grandeur of the Cossacks of Connemara. On a total of two hundred, the amount of the Ballinakill contingent to the national army, saddles averaged about ten per cent, the remaining horsemen contriving to "balance their bodies on the sharpened ledge of spare back-bones." *Bona fide* bridles were about the same low average, the supplement being made up of twisted hay, which served the double purpose of control and fodder. "Woman," observes a crabbed and unloving philosopher, "is the baggage that retards man's march in life." The heroes of Ballinakill did not agree with the sour stoic, for each carried his baggage behind him. In such style did the pride of occidental chivalry prepare themselves for the great national struggle.

We are surprised the Attorney or Solicitor-General did not make more of this remarkable circumstance. It is matter of history that the Romans, in such secret expeditions as required a sure and decisive blow to be struck, always mounted a foot soldier behind the regular horseman, so that they doubled their force at the point of attack, without the delay or fatigue of a foot-march. By a similar stroke of military policy, the French often surprised and defeated the Spanish generals in the last Peninsular war. Now, it appeared to us very likely, though the sagacious police did not detect the scheme, that the Repeal leaders pursued a similar course, and that the blue cloaks and petticoats were merely the disguises of "warrior men." We may also assume another hypothesis—that the "baggage" were true daughters of Eve, but, emulous of the renown which their sisters on the other side of the

Shannon had acquired from the defence of Limerick, and of which they were unceasingly reminded by our national orators and poets, they accompanied their lords to the battle field, determined no longer to breed or suckle slaves. Had Mr. Smith discovered this manœuvre, he should have sent up a collateral issue to the jury, and they would, no doubt, have found that the women were men! Now, the Ballinakill division was confessedly the crack contingent of the Connaught levy, according to police testimony. They called these poor peasants "cavalry," who had come from afar off with their wives to see Mr. O'Connell, and as they moved together, distinct from the crowds on foot, they give them "marching order," and "military array!" Miserable heather-fed ponies, and harmless holiday peasants, constituting "Repeal cavalry!" It was too ludicrous. One could not laugh at its solemn absurdity, for it involved an imputation on the national loyalty. In describing the march of one of those irregular squadrons, we believe the Mallow procession, the witness, a policeman, stated that they moved in "close column," but that occasionally they broke rank, when the "captains" restored, by a word, the disjointed array. "Oh, I see," edged in the Attorney-General, "*marshalling them.*" This was a most unfair inference, but it proved the overflowing anxiety of the Crown to establish the drilling, and conjure up the terrors of '98. Here we leave the Ballinakill cavalry, and the Shilmonier infantry, and the "close embattled ranks," who were to fight under Mr. Holbrooke's oriflamme, and renew the glories of the Yellow Ford. That there was considerable regularity in their movements is true enough, but that the road exercise was performed to habituate them to the labours of future fields, as the Attorney-General suggested, is about as true as that the Loughrea light horse could measure swords with the Enniskillen Dragoons, or the canal turf-boats exchange broadsides with the gun-boats of the upper Shannon.

The documentary evidence consisted of Mr. O'Connell's speeches, newspaper articles, resolutions and publications of the Repeal Association. The first were read at great length, and, notwithstanding the tedium of listening to one of the most untuned of voices mouthing through whole files of newspapers, it was impossible not to be struck with the numerous passages of striking beauty with which the speeches abounded. We read them all before, but when brought together, and contrasted with each other, the mass and variety of thought which they contained was astonishing. What seemed to us peculiar in his eloquence is, the delicate sensibility with which he traces, and the natural expression with which he points out, his familiarity with whatever is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature. No orator of our times indulges so much in what constitute the material elements ot poetry. In the midst of his most busy and practical speeches there are bursts of picturesque beauty, without effort or restraint, conjured up from the scene before him, without interfering with his proper business, or appearing to digress from love of applause or need of repose. The opening of his speech at Baltinglass was a beautiful landscape; and, as if to show his triumph in humour, as well as fancy and imagery, he lit up the faces of his audience with the story of the attorney's messuage. Then followed the congress of tailors, to deliberate

on the fate of the snail, an apologue which had a joint application to Mr. Brewster and the Under Secretary. The quatrain ran thus:—

> "Four-and-twenty tailors came to kill a snail,
> One heroic tailor trod upon his tail—
> And the snail put out his horns, like a great dun cow—
> Run away, tailors, or he'll kill you all now."

What Mr. Sheil afterwards said in his speech appeared to us perfectly correct. Look at the vast quantities of thought spread over these speeches of nine months, and who, in ancient or modern times, has surpassed the effort? Look, also, at the oceans of words, many in the most exciting circumstances, and where is the leader of a people who, on the whole, has been so gentle and abstinent?

In the documentary evidence, there was one foolish and wicked hand-bill produced by the Crown. It was one of those papers of authority which are circulated by clamorous hawkers, and contained "The only true and genuine account of a most barbarous and bloody massacre of four hundred Roman Catholics by their tyrants, the Saxons." In seasons of peace and order, such wretched vendibles may safely be left to their brown paper and rarely-dishevelled type—things to grow fat upon, if such be the result of vigorous laughter. But when the social state is disturbed, and governments grow unusually vigilant, these miserable grotesqueries are fetched out of their obscurity, blown out into extravagant importance, and the safety of the monarchy is made to hang on a "doleful ballad!" The history of this myth of Mullaghmast, which was allowed in evidence against the accused, is this. There lives a speculator on small sedition of this marketable character in Thomas Street. He finds a ready sale for glowing descriptions of the battles of Aughrim and Athenry, and the chivalrous bearing of heroes who have never existed. The Irish are an imaginative people, and purchase with avidity, in the shape of truth or fiction, whatever exalts the character of their country, and enables them to forget the degradation of the present in the real or fabulous glory of the past. This purveyor had touched a chord in his bulletins of Benburb and the Bloody Pass, and, with the eye of speculating wisdom, he despatched his licenciates to Mullaghmast with a cargo of inflammation. A policeman, looking far into the future, purchased a copy for a single penny, and made an entry thereof in the diary. This was admitted in evidence against the accused—many conceived by a strained construction of the rule of law which makes the individuals who compose a public meeting responsible for every act performed at that meeting. In the whole mass of evidence, this was the only paper with which the public were not generally acquainted before. It was, no doubt, vile and seditious, and the printer of such infamies ought to be severely punished, but, to charge its dissemination as an overt act to establish a conspiracy against Mr. O'Connell, was morally, and not far from legally, unjust. On the eleventh day, the Crown brought their case to a sudden close, and the meagreness of their testimony to prove such serious charges as "conspiracy and sedition," astonished all. The accusation of corrupting the army, which Judge Burton truly declared to be "awful," depended on a loose phrase of Mr. O'Connell—a penny pamphlet, openly published, but not recog-

nised by the Association—and the injudicious letter of a Catholic clergyman. This was the analogous corruption with that of '98, read by the Attorney-General from the Secret Report! On the entire case of the Crown, there was scarcely a single person in court who did not think the indictment "not proven." But who is that little man with flashing eye and anxious look, holding a torch on high, and just about to start for a noble prize? Palpitating crowds await with intense expectation, and he manifestly shares in the general solicitude. That is Richard Lalor Sheil.

Saturday, the twenty-seventh, far surpassed in intense anxiety the portentous opening day. The child of native eloquence was to appear at the bar, after a long absence, to renew those oratorical triumphs which have gained him an abundant crop of senatorial laurels. The occasion was one to put in motion all his loftiest powers. The great accused had fought side-by-side with Mr. Sheil in the "perilous and well-foughten field" of Catholic freedom, and now that the pupil was to lift up his appealing voice to protect his teacher from a dungeon, all expected such an effort as might be worthy the advocate and the client. The bar was all compact of wigs—rank and fashion, to use the stereotyped vocabulary of the newspapers, crowded the galleries. Like the ladies of an harem peeping from their lattices, bright eyes gleamed out from every nook and corner. Even the seat of justice was not free from the anxious intruders. The steps on both sides, leading to the judicial arm-chairs, were thronged with a solid column, while some, not having the fear of the law before their eyes, thrust themselves fair in front of their lordships. We knew by one patient judge that his gallantry was sadly on the ebb, and that he had rather the gentle intruders remained at home over their pianos or knitting-frames. There was a rumour in court—the circulation of a wag, who sought a comfortable seat on Dean Swift's manœuvre of ordering oysters for his horse—that Mr. Sheil was too unwell to speak that day. The disappointment soon cleared off, for he came into court at the appointed hour. He looked, in truth, very ill. His face was pale, and traced with suffering. The tender motion beneath showed that the proverbial curse of aldermen had laid his toes under contribution. But that was not the time to sink under infirmities. He did not, like Appius, enter the senate in a litter, or, like Lord Chatham, on crutches—he moved *suis pedibus*, but not without pain. He is before us, and now let him proceed on his eloquent way. When he rose, the universal hum subsided into a dead stillness. Leaning forward on the table, he opened his oration in a few faint and fluttered periods. He told the jury of the magnitude of his duty, and he appeared to feel it. He was deeply agitated, and his lips quivered with convulsive emotion. For a few minutes, he jerked out his sentences with a drooping though distinct voice. He implored the jury to pardon or bear with his defects, compared with the intellectual powers and forensic expertness of the eminent lawyers with whom he was associated. His modest appeal was quite touching, but underneath that simplicity there lay consummate art. Passing rapidly from the solemnity of powerful and well-digested exordium, he floated along for nearly one hour in a current of mingled wit, playfulness, and banter.

He seemed to us to have broken ground too soon in this department of his art. Sportiveness is, on occasion, more effective than the gravest logic or most pompous eloquence; but for all things there is a time. We are not professors of rhetoric, or expounders of critical rules. Genius, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth. Mr. Sheil's instinctive skill and practised habits are a surer guide than our sayings or opinions. But we shape our remarks by a judgment less fallible than our own—the countenance of Mr. O'Connell bearing "the mind's impress" on its sagacious front. He pressed his lips—knit his brows—shifted his spectacles—looked into a paper lying before him, and, as if to interrupt the strain, handed the speaker a volume of Carrington and Payne's reports, which drew him off to more sober considerations and loftier eloquence. He stirred the court with alternate admiration and laughter. The Attorney-General alone was an immobility. It has been his hard fate to undergo the assaults of many tongues. Honourable, and fearless, and manly, it pained us to see him exposed to the effects of his position. Mr. Sheil hit him hard, but there was no serious bitterness in his sarcasm—it was light—jocular—sometimes penetrating, but never for a moment insulting or malicious. It was easy to discriminate between delicate and playful irony and cold and vindictive severity. The tram-net and the miraculous catch of agitators, editors, and priests, was in the happiest style of conception, and the very perfection of delivery; and when he looked laughingly at the Attorney-General, and then shot forward with pointed finger, and asked, "*why did you not catch a Bishop?*" Judge Burton passed his hands over his face, and even the Chief Justice smiled. This may be said to be the personal part of his address. A wider and more interesting picture was now before him. The past supplied the materials out of which were moulded the most beautiful and eloquent passages of his speech, and at the same time the most influential on the minds of the Jury, if the kindling power of an impassioned oratory could awake in them a remembrance of duty to their country, rising high and far above the charge of the chief, and the cruel strictness of the law. If Mr. Sheil left no permanent effects in his glorious track, it was not because he did not sink deep. That was perceptible to all, but it was soon effaced by other causes.

His historical sketch of the state of Ireland, and the changes in her condition and constitution, was singularly clear and graphic. If Mr. O'Connell spoke with freedom of the injustice of England, was he alone in his indignant denouncement? There was the famous "Case of Ireland"—there were the Drapier's letters—there was the burning grandeur of Grattan, and the logical invective of Flood—there was the free-speaking opposition in the Irish Parliament, and the volunteers in their conventions and congresses! No Attorney-General dared to prosecute them for sedition and conspiracy. If he did, would a jury of '82 convict them? Would they immolate their patriots and their own liberties on the same altar? This was the train of his argument and eloquence. One passage from the very brilliant conclusion of his speech drew down a universal burst of applause. The spirit that informs it is in the best vein of pathetic eloquence. It was the closing appeal. As we shall hereafter take up the speeches of Mr. Sheil,

Mr. Whiteside, and others in a separate paper, we abstain from extracts at present; but the beauty of this peroration will lose, in no repetition :—

"There is not a great city in Europe in which, upon the day upon which the great intelligence shall be expected to arrive, men will not stop each other in the public way, to inquire whether twelve men upon their oaths have doomed to incarceration the man who gave liberty to Ireland. Whatever may be your adjudication, he is prepared to meet it. He knows that the eyes of the world are upon him, and that posterity, whether in a gaol or out of it, will look back to him with admiration. He is almost indifferent to what may befal him, and is far more solicitous for others at this moment than for himself. But I—at the commencement of what I have said to you, I told you that I was not unmoved, and that many incidents of my political life, the strange alternations of fortune through which I have passed, came back upon me. But now the bare possibility at which I have glanced has, I acknowledge, almost unmanned me. Shall I, who stretch out my hand to you in behalf of the son—the hand whose fetters the father had struck off—live to cast my eyes upon that domicile of sorrow, in the vicinity of this great metropolis, and say, 'Tis there they have immured the Liberator of Ireland, with his fondest 'and best beloved child?' No! it shall never be! You will not consign him to the spot to which the Attorney-General invites you to surrender him. No. When the spring shall have come again, and the winter shall have passed—when the winter shall have come again, it is not through the windows of this mansion that the father of such a son, and the son of such a father, shall look upon those green hills on which the eyes of many a captive have gazed so wistfully in vain; but in their own mountain home they shall listen to the murmurs of the great Atlantic; they shall go forth and inhale the freshness of the morning air together; they shall be free of mountain solitudes; they will be encompassed with the loftiest images of liberty upon every side; and if time shall have stolen its suppleness from the father's knee, or impaired the firmness of his tread, he shall lean on the child of her that watches over him from heaven, and shall look out for some high place far and wide into the island, whose greatness and whose glory shall be for ever associated with his name. In your love of justice —in your love of Ireland—in your love of honesty and fair play—I place my confidence. I ask you for an acquittal, not only for the sake of your country, but for your own. Upon the day when this trial shall have been brought to a termination, when amidst the burst of public expectancy, in answer to the solemn interrogatory which shall be put to you by the officer of the court, you shall answer 'not guilty,' with what a transport will that glorious negative be welcomed! How will you be blest, adored; and when retiring from this scene of excitement and of passion, you shall return to your tranquil homes, how pleasurably will you look upon your children, in the consciousness that you will have left them a patrimony of peace, by impressing upon the British cabinet, that some other measure besides a state prosecution is necessary for the pacification of your country."

It is unnecessary to pass in review all the topics on which Mr. Sheil dilated. All were well conceived and apposite, forming the constituent parts of a complete and elaborate whole. The various elements, and they are multitudinous, which could be brought to bear on a jury of Irishmen, and above all of Dublin citizens and Protestants, were skilfully mixed up—the glories of '82 with its Protestant volunteers—the gloom of the Union, with the consequent decay of trade—the peti-

tions of the Orange Corporation to restore the Parliament—"the guilty desire" that Ireland had been a nation of Protestants—all were expounded for the palate of the jury with the most refined artistic skill. As a display of forensic eloquence, however, it is no demerit to its excellence to state, that it fell short of those models of magnificence which fill the highest places in the temple of oratory, and which we are accustomed to regard as the master pieces of sublime art. We have heard it foolishly remarked, that it rivalled or surpassed the immortalities of ancient or modern times. The most that may be said in the panegyrical fashion is, that it was worthy the reputation of Mr. Sheil—and this is proceeding far in the direction of real praise. When we reflect on the grave character of the issue—when we consider that he was on that occasion the advocate not of one, but of millions—that the most sacred privileges of the people were in his keeping—that the first and loftiest principles of the constitution, and the venerable common law of the realm, were in danger—that he was the advocate of a nation against a government—that the history of centuries was at his command, to extract the finest materials that ever quickened, elevated, and inspired human eloquence—when we weigh all these, and read the speech, grand as it is, we must say, that Mr. Sheil might have soared into an "ampler ether." Pictures might be drawn of triumphs and defeats—of sufferings and of struggles—more comprehensive in design, and richer or more sombre in colouring, than the most eloquent of painters ever completed. Except the cause of his country in the hands of Demosthenes, there was nothing comparable to the occasion of Mr. Sheil; principally to him, because in the allotment and distribution of the parts, that of history was assigned to his picturesque eloquence, the more weighty consideration of constitutional law and particular facts being appropriated to others. He alone had "verge enough" to trace in imperishable characters the past, present, and future fortunes of his country. We proudly acknowledge the splendid manifestations of intellectual power in many parts of his speech—there were streams of sparkling beauty and subduing pathos alternating with high and ennobling oratory—but we missed those imperishable flashes which are treasured up and remembered—the emanations of mind, which, like the bursting of the fountains of the great deep, fling out their living waters, to refresh and gladden for ever — the enduring power which for ever is incorporated with the history of the human mind, and which, like the conqueror of the Python, leaves the image of the orator to all future time in ever-living and unrivalled beauty and grandeur, when the orator and the epoch are passed away, and both are only known or remembered by the embalming powers of immortal eloquence.

In these remarks we set up the standard of an ideal excellence which very few have, but which has been reached. Mr. Whiteside, whose overpowering effort we shall notice in due order, has closely approximated to it in some passages—Mr. Sheil hovered near the confines, but, attracted by more inviting and transitory elements, he dropped into mid air. To derogate, however, from the extreme finish and beauty and effect of his oration, we are utterly indisposed. If we were to judge of its splendour by the response of universal admiration

and applause, its merit stands confessed. One learned Judge declared it to be the most eloquent speech he had ever heard, and he had heard the defence of the Catholic Delegates—the prosecution and defence of the Bottle Conspirators—Mr. O'Connell's speeches in defence of Magee and Barrett, with many other of the most consummate displays of the Irish bar. Such was his estimate of Mr. Sheil. To roll up this long distended thread of gentle criticism, Mr. Sheil was witty, brilliant, polished, and persuasive. If he was not first in oratory, he was foremost in effect. There was little professional argument, not because he was incapable of application to that department, but because his duties lay in an opposite direction. He was not to convince the court, but to move the jury,—to shame the minister—to soften the parliament, and absorb the attention of the people of England in painting the wrongs and sufferings of their oppressed brethren in Ireland. Why, men said, did not Sheil explain the law? He had a higher duty—to lay the basis of future laws. If he was not profound in legal exposition, it was because five were to follow who would exhaust the subject through all its magnitude and variety. He had art, tact, and passion—the whole set off by the most exquisite acting, very curious, though very impressive. Every gesture and tone and cadence and position, was a study for the actor and elocution-master. It was perhaps too violent in some respects, and subversive of personal dignity, for you might feel that the orator was tricking you into an acknowledgment of his ability, by putting you off with empty dexterity of body instead of inspirations of mind. But in Mr. Sheil's case the orator accompanied the actor, and the mind and the eye were alike satisfied. In style it was the chastest of his we ever read. There was none of the redundancy and straining after expression which is perceptible in most of his earlier and some of his later efforts. No such conceits as calling "tears" the "steam of burning hearts"—and patriotism "the sunflower of the soul." Such frigidities had yielded to a more graceful and accomplished diction. The portraits of Saurin and Bushe, though brief, were characteristic and beautiful—the royal procession to College Green, and the delineation of the sovereign—the wife and the mother—the very gems of pictorial eloquence. The most faultless and touching of perorations drew forth some tears—O'Connell himself wept. Some idea of its subduing effect may be formed from one miraculous circumstance—the unexampled phenomenon of *Mr. William Ford* pouring out his feelings in hysterical sobs,—Pluto's iron tears! The effect produced by Mr. Sheil somewhat resembled that produced by Sheridan's speech, for Mr. Moore, following the example of Mr. Pitt, obtained from the court an adjournment. No ladies fainted, though sensitive town clerks shed tears—something still more strange than the accounts we read of the impressions produced on the Athenian audience by the *Eumenides* of Æschylus. A grey attorney in hysterics!

On the following day Mr. Moore commenced his address for the Rev. Mr. Tierney. His task was comparatively easy, as, of all the accused, the meek pastor of Clontibret was the least involved in the conspiracy. But Mr. Moore did not limit himself to the mere exculpation of his client. He stood on higher ground, and, while he prominently kept

his peculiar cause in front of the argument, and extracted ample proofs of his client's innocence from the indictment and the evidence, he did battle at the same time for all the traversers. He had not Mr. Sheil's wit to vivify—or his eloquence to inspire—or his vigorous action to rivet attention: but he had pure and unembarrassed reasoning—constitutional principles to lay down—sound and just conclusions to draw—rational conjectures from complicated and contradictory testimony to infer—and all impressed with that authority and weight which the highest professional character can bestow. If he had none of the impassioned bursts, or that overwhelming vehemence which constitute the more exalted style of advocacy, he had that unpretending but not the less convincing plainness and simple force of expression which spring from sterling sense and clear and calm reason. You could cull no particular passage, and say, "this is eloquence"—but you would say that the entire was characteristic of a powerful mind. It was remarkable for two qualities—a condensed exposition of the law, and cutting, we might almost say savage, sarcasm. He is a modest and good-natured man, to whom the utterance of a harsh expression is quite a novelty. An understanding so sound, and judgment so well balanced, rarely yield to the impulses which sway less sober and reflective minds. Irony and invective are alien to such natures; they are found in the wayward, the sensitive, the strong of passion and intemperate of tongue; but who would have sought them in Richard Moore? His severity to the Attorney-General broke on us with surprise. Keen as was the satire, and poignant and wicked the wit of Mr. Sheil, he was surpassed by Mr. Moore in the intensity and unsparing weight of his blows. And yet there was nothing which fell without the circle of professional duty. This is the difficulty to guard against, and for transgressing which, in the esteem of the Attorney-General, Mr. Fitzgibbon was honoured with his cartel. We can account for the unloosing of Mr. Moore's generally inoffensive tongue. A deep deposit had been accumulating in his mind since the day he was charged with "gross ignorance." The long fast since then had sharpened his appetite. He gathered up and nursed his just indignation for a future day, when it suddenly burst on the Attorney-General's ear with an effect quite appalling. His parliamentary career, and we ourselves acknowledge a guilty participation, has exposed Mr. Smith to much unprovoked bitterness. To gall a generous steed by a continual pricking of his ulcerated wounds, is unkind and cruel. Had he done deeds of dishonour and disrepute, let him pay the penalty of a criminal remembrance—otherwise let him be spared. In the case of Mr. Moore, it was only the old law of *Talio*. Mr. Smith pierced, and was punished in return. That Mr. Moore so smote, let the Attorney-General accuse the quickness of his own temper, which is for ever rising up in judgment against him—a weakness, however, which is more than balanced by many virtues.

To pass to more pleasing contemplations than the quarrels of honourable men, which, after all, amount to nothing more than that artificial enmity engendered by the temporary conflict of heated minds, and which soon fades before the returning light of cool and deliberate reflection—Mr. Moore cleared up what Mr. Sheil left for

the most part untouched in all its purity—the law of conspiracy, and its application to the case of all the traversers. He was very clear and powerful in untying the hard knots with which the Crown had drawn in and fastened the accused. Every sentence contained a principle. Without identifying himself with the repeal question, from which he kept sedulously distant, he rested the right of the Irish people to pursue it on the true, intelligible, and constitutional grounds. From an abstract view of the law, he descended to particulars, and alit on the Clontarf meeting, which it was stated by the Attorney-General was not held by Mr. O'Connell, "from a conviction of its illegality." This afforded Mr. Moore a fine opportunity of assailing the conduct of the government in their tardy issue of that memorable proclamation, and at the same time, of explaining the views and extolling the humanity of Mr. O'Connell, in saving the unarmed multitudes from the chances of a collision with the soldiery. Whether the projected march to Conquer-Hill, with Mr. Morgan's "turms of horse and wings," and the sable denizens of the Coal Quay in divisions and sections—was legal or not, we shall not inquire after the verdict, but that the motives of the leader originated in purer and better feelings than those attributed by the Attorney-General, we cannot for a moment doubt. Mr. Moore, with simple eloquence, depicted the disastrous consequences which might ensue from a rash or sudden act or word of offence—and with the possible horrors of a butchery before the eyes of Mr. O'Connell, he left the Jury to choose between the convictions of humanity and illegality. The speech occupied two hours in the delivery, and within that time it would be difficult to compress more solid reasoning—more comprehensive, and at the same time minute and particular exposition—more successful development of principles, and more skill in their application. He aimed at no splendid display—he forgot himself in the interests of his clients, and was content with the more humble duty of keeping close to his subject. After the high flavour of Mr. Sheil's oratory, the homeliness of Mr. Moore was a great relief —one had the cream of champagne, the other of humble but more nutritious milk. Each, however, is good in its season.

Mr. Hatchell's defence for the Secretary of the Association surpassed in effect the customary run of his jury addresses. Circumspect and cunning, he threw deep into shadow, or passed over with the slightest glance of his cautious mind, those points of the accusation which bore most heavily on Mr. Ray. He pressed the Crown with well-affected indignation on the solemn mockery of punishing a man for a conspiracy who was merely the paid servant of the conspiring body. This was the very danger in which his client was involved, and he pushed it aside with a "Really, gentlemen of the jury, this is *too* bad. Was there ever anything so monstrous, as to punish my client for speaking *no* seditious speech—moving *no* criminal resolution—attending *no* monster-meeting? For I will show you that the excursion to Tara was an innocent *pic nic*"—and *sic* to the end. The light materials of his defence were worked together with much adroitness, and put forth with vigour and effect. One point he turned to the greatest advantage. In the cases of Horne Tooke and Hardy, the law officers of the day, influenced by British

feelings, and dealing with British juries, produced for examination the secretary to the Corresponding Society—a reluctant witness for the Crown; but an English Attorney-General gave accused Englishmen the benefit of his cross-examination. That witness established the innocent character of the Society. Here the "Secretary" was distorted into a conspirator, and struck mute for self and fellows. Mr. Hatchell was overflowing with "monstrosities"—this was monstrous—that was monstrous—everything done by the Crown, in fact, was to him inexplicably monstrous. Now was it to be believed that in a free country—governed by a constitution and laws—that the Crown should bear down on so innocent a man as Mr. Ray—for doing what?—receiving the moneys of the Society—directing the correspondence of the Society—ordering the publications of the Society—and discharging the bills of the Society. It was monstrous, "Gentlemen," preposterously monstrous! Mr. Hatchell's language was distinguished for abstinence from all personality or attribution of unfair or uncandid motives. He spoke without offence, and his efficiency was not less. The doses administered by his predecessors were strong enough, and perhaps the policy of moderation in that juncture was the best that could have been adopted.

Mr. Fitzgibbon had from the commencement thrown himself into the lead, and maintained it with an inflexibility which often savoured of undue hardship to his opponents; but the cause lay deeper—in the peculiarity of his temperament. It was his constitution, the character of his mind, and not the result of an obtrusive or vindictive disposition; for though a bold and courageous man, he is in many respects gentle and retiring. Professionally he strikes forward, and stays within no limits which he conceives it his duty to surpass. In all this there is no "criminal intent." He was counsel for Dr. Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal*, and unlike Mr. Moore, who contented himself with a rapid and forcible sketch, there remained for him the boundless variety of the law and evidence. This was the ponderous task which Mr. Fitzgibbon incurred, and he accomplished it in a speech of immense length. He pitted himself against the eleven hours of the Attorney-General, and in truth assumed the part of Attorney-General for the accused. He was able, searching and logical; but had he been more compressed, he would have been more convincing. His fault lay in his prolixity. Condensed into five or six hours, his argument would have proved the master-piece of the trials; but being long of argument, and strict of conscience, he gave the accused the full benefit of both. The foretaste of his severity in the past discussions influenced all the law officers to erect their united ears, and watch every word of Mr. Fitzgibbon. It was believed that he, with his usual fearlessness, would take advantage of the occasion, and "speak the truth that was in him." Feeling, perhaps, that in the stern discharge of his duty, his language might give offence, he opened with a high eulogy on the professional merits of the Attorney-General—he rounded off his character as a gentleman and a lawyer most panegyrically, but then he took care to discriminate between what was due to him as a private individual and state prosecutor. In the latter capacity he felt bound to speak as his client, standing at the bar, would

have spoken. This is the theory of advocacy, but the exercise of the right is rarely carried out to the full extent, and the license is limited by the wisdom and discretion of counsel. One passage gave rise to the most singular event of all with which these trials abounded. Here it is *in extenso*. We well remember the long metaphysical face of the speaker as he fixed his eye on the Attorney-General:

"Gentlemen, if there exists a case in which a lawyer of the meanest order, in citing the law, is bound to cite it candidly and fairly, that case is the case of a state prosecution. If there be a case in which common humanity requires that the law should be fairly and candidly cited, it is a case where a man of my own rank—of my own profession—who was for nearly half a century an ornament of that profession—who was for nearly half a century, without any disparagement of myself, my clearly admitted superior in all particulars of professional excellence—if there be a case in which every ennobling feeling that belongs to the human kind in any heart where feeling has found a footing, it is this case, where a man in the discharge of a public duty has the painful task imposed upon him of driving into a prison to eke out in miserable wretchedness the evening of a long life—his brother barrister—his fellow-man—who has nearly completed that measure of human life that is said to be its full extent, and to consign him to eke out the little of that life that now remains, in the cold and freezing atmosphere of a dungeon. That is the case which ought to suggest fairness and candour, if any had been. That is the case in which I would go standing to defend myself against my brother barrister if it should be his duty, as Attorney-General, to prosecute me? That is the case in which I, conscious of innocence, would say to him, my brother, do your duty—do it like a man—strike hard, but strike fairly! I would say to him, strike fairly, but if you aim below the belt, I repeat it, although you succeed in parrying your treacherous blow, you are no longer a man entitled to any respect, or entitled to any quarter. Am I, gentlemen, because I am not here in my own case, am I not to fight this battle as I would fight it for myself? Gentlemen, it may be productive of bad consequences to me in my career to do so—but I shall never eat the guilty bread which is earned by professional subserviency. I shall not retire to rest upon my pillow, borne down with the remorseful feeling that I was an example of turpitude, as I should if I would not say over and over again every word that I am justified in saying, and in saying, because I am justified in feeling it. Such, gentlemen, has been the conduct of the Attorney-General in this prosecution."

A message to retract or fight followed. The circumstances of that strange proceeding we pass over. They have unfortunately conferred a most undignified celebrity on the course of Irish justice. It surprised all that the Attorney-General should have resorted to such a vulgar vindication at that particular time, while his opponent was in the very act of discharging the most solemn and responsible of duties. But, after all, Attorneys-General are men with the faults and frailties of men. Human feelings transcend official forms, and however grievous the folly and pernicious the precedent, let us still remember the generosity—perhaps the mistaken generosity which influenced the deed. Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, when leading for Warren Hastings, sent a cartel to one of the managers. Men whose honour is offended will not be restrained from vindicating their reputation at any sacrifice. We do not justify, though we may soften down the crime. There was at least in that rashness the impulse of a lofty spirit, which is in-

creased by the consideration that Mr. Fitzgibbon is known to be a man ever ready to support his words by the last resort. Both are possessed of a fearless and intrepid courage—neither knows what is the compromise of his opinions. In one point of view Mr. Fitzgibbon's conduct swerved somewhat from the strict line of propriety. After returning the letter, the appeal to the court was an error. The surrender implied an act of oblivion binding on all parties; but still smarting with the recollection of the offence, and guided by other advice, he invoked the protection of their lordships. Let the matter rest here. Though both were animated by deep resentment, we do hope that what Sir Thomas Browne calls "an honest possibility of reconciliation" is open, and that both will regard the affair as one of those acts of conventional hostility, which astonish the vulgar but amuse the initiated. The Attorney-General transgressed and relented—Mr. Fitzgibbon forgave. Never did public officer tread so close on imminent ruin. Let it be to him for ever a warning and a lesson.

When we stated, in our sketch of Mr. Whiteside, that he was the only representative of the old eloquence at the Irish bar, we uttered a partial truth, which would have been complete, if we had added, of the purest school of that eloquence, for, like the ancient philosophy, it ramified into many sects, and assumed many forms more or less correct and chaste. We were not, however, false in the prediction, that he would rekindle the extinguished light, and restore the lamp to the altar where it had long burnt with such unrivalled splendour, until the substitution of an unsound standard of forensic skill had quenched it. Extraordinary occasions have produced extraordinary displays of power. When all deemed the ancient glory of the Irish bar was declined for ever, it once more refreshes itself with draughts from the original fountains of its fame. Whatever our haughty brethren of Westminster Hall may think of our late incursions into the field of so many former triumphs—whatever standard their more fastidious taste may erect as a model of forensic oratory—be it the faultless elegance of Sergeant Talfourd, or the robust sense of Sir Thomas Wilde—however much they may decry our provincial pretensions, and insinuate that "our speech bewrayeth us,"—that our virtues, if any we boast, are of that fresh and rude stamp which mistake finery for gracefulness, and bombast for force,—if there be who think so, we refer them to Mr. Gurney's forthcoming report, and that will dissipate the delusion. Unbiassed minds will place Mr. Whiteside's noble speech among the most successful efforts of modern times. We knew the man, and the qualities that informed him, and however we doubted his merits as a lawyer, we predicted for him great and unquestioned success as an orator. We institute no comparisons here, or we might draw down on us the disapprobation of Mr. Sheil's admirers, and they are too numerous to encounter; but as combined efforts in one cause, we would wish to know where they have been surpassed. Mr. Whiteside's speech was conceived in the highest style of art, and delivered with all those thrilling accompaniments which heighten its impressiveness. It was the just and admirable remark of Fox, that "speeches were made to be spoken, and not to be read." Mr. Whiteside's can bear the most scru-

tinizing inquiry as a composition; but half the effect is lost to those who did not hear him. The voice and the gesture—the visible inspiration of intense energy and conscious power—the fluctuating emotions of the crowded court borne away by his fervour, when he carried them back to the days of national independence, and contrasted present desolation with past prosperity,—when he pointed to the fabric of the legislative temple, deserted as it was by the tutelar gods of old, —or when, in language not unworthy of Erskine, he traced the blessings derived to the world from the right of free discussion—the soul he inspired into all he said, and the impassioned whirl in which his noble language rolled forth—all are lost in the transcript, and the frost-work of words only remains.

To those who remembered the men of the olden time, and some there were there old enough to remember, his speech was allowed not to be inferior to many of their best productions. To us whose memory cannot draw on such distant recollections, and who have been conversant only with the cold and creeping verboseness which is dignified with the appellation of "practical,"—who have never heard the responses of the living oracle—only some false pretender to inspiration—the Simon Maguses on bills of exchange and ejectments on the title—on us Mr. Whiteside came with astonishment, even after the brilliant wonders of the member for Dungarvan. We are not led away by the frivolous or the fanciful—we think we can distinguish between the correct and false in taste—between the genuine and spurious in thought and diction—between the mock-feeling of a nisi prius pedlar and the strong spirit of the true orator—between the bursting of the deep fountains and the scanty stream of a syringe. With every disposition to moderate feeling, we were compelled to acknowledge the powerful influence of Mr. Whiteside, more particularly in the closing passages of each day which, it is no abuse of language to say, electrified the court. But it was not alone in the strong flights that his superiority was conspicuous. He equally delighted by his lightness and humour—by that perpetual play of pleasantry, which of all oratorical attributes is perhaps the most delicate to manage and the most difficult to reconcile with depth and originality. We cannot at present proceed further, as one or two more claim a portion of our attention. At more fitting leisure we shall compare the eminent displays of all, and give the world the benefit of our judgment on this revival of the old triumphs of our country. He was succeeded by Mr. M'Donagh, who laboured under the disadvantage of being preceded by such a speaker. He made an admirable and effective argument, for he did not affect to soar, though, ostrich-like, he passed over the ground with surprising quickness. Misfortunes are rarely single. Mr. Henn followed, and withdrew public attention from the skilful reasoning and sound explication of the law they had just heard from Mr. M'Donagh. One matter we noticed during the delivery—that their lordships more frequently resorted to their pens—a sure sign of a sound argument.

Mr. Henn long held out against all persuasives, but the defenceless condition of Tom Steele softened him into a relenting mood. It was a public regret that he did not lead, which he might have done with such

weight and authority. But he would not infringe on an established rule of professional duty, and Mr. Moore stood in front. On the day only before he spoke did he determine, of all the leaders, not to remain silent. His speech was unexpected and unprepared, but the speaker was not unprepared in those elements of power which mark the consummate advocate and lofty reasoner. High intellect is ever ready for the work. Mr. Henn's address may rather be called the outline of a great argument. Had he, consistently with the public time, and a sense of duty, filled it up with that breadth and amplitude of which it was capable, there was none to surpass it in powerful effect. He was called suddenly to his task, and brief as was the time, he did not fall short of his reputation and the general hope. It was reported that Mr. Henn accepted a retainer on the condition that he would not be called on to speak. Some construed this into a desire, on his part, to keep well with the party in power. They who knew the manliness and independence of his character, could not for a moment doubt, that no such feelings lurked at the bottom of his engagement. Fearless and honourable, he would not fall short of his duty, although the shrinking were to lead to the highest honours. The fable reached his ears, and was soon dissipated in his acceptance of Mr. Steele's defence; though he seemed to feel that after the preceding displays, which, though brilliant, were the result of elaborate preparation, that his less ambitious effort would shine with diminished lustre. This is the native modesty of eminent minds. His light did not blaze as long or as strongly as Mr. Sheil's or Mr. Whiteside's, but it burned with as clear an effulgence during the one short hour of his unequalled address. Able judges declared that it was the most lucid and succinct—the most masterly in the concentration of the questions involved, and the application of the law—the most keen in the dissection of the charges—the most intelligible to and telling on the reason and consciences of the jury—the most conclusive and pithy in argument, and generally the most calmly convincing of all that had been spoken. The member for Dungarvan's was a brilliant epitomized history of Irish suffering, reaction, and success—Mr. Moore's a forcible constitutional argument—Mr. Hatchell's a skilful nisi prius defence—Mr. Fitzgibbon's a thorough development of the law and evidence, but too redundant to be impressive—Mr. Whiteside's a wide field of humour, research, and eloquence—Mr. M'Donagh's a clever ingenuity—but Mr. Henn's was a strong and undiluted essence of sober and earnest reasoning.

We have to do unsparing justice to all, but the pearl of the entire was Mr. Henn's short speech. With the music of Sheil's epigrammatic, and Whiteside's frank, fresh, and forcible eloquence still ringing in our ears—with the "law of conspiracy" hammered into our heads—and the evidence in all its minutest details made as plain to our minds as Baron George's pike-staff, we pitied Mr. Henn for the disadvantages under which he laboured in addressing the court. To be original in adding a new argument, or propounding a new principle, seemed beyond human capacity. The resources of skill and research appeared exhausted; but though he came on a long-beaten track, his arguments had a freshness and novelty as unexpected as they were

rare. What he said went home. There was a dignity in his manner, and a sincerity in his language, supported and informed as both were by a plain and straightforward reasoning, which produced a striking effect. The sly hits of sarcastic humour which he levelled at the indictment—the conference of the law officers, in which the Attorney-General gave his opinion in favour of "High Treason,"—the more calculating Solicitor for "Sedition,"—and Mr. Brewster's "Flat Burglary,"—were inimitable. His constitutional reading on the right of free discussion was a pregnant and powerful teaching, and the closing appeal to a jury of "Irish gentlemen" and of "Irish Protestants," who had in charge the liberties of their Catholic brethren, was chaste, touching, and eloquent. Ministers should remember one phrase uttered by Mr. Henn—only as an advocate, it is true, but the people cannot dissociate the sentiments of the advocate and the Irishman—"I was of opinion that the Repeal would be fraught with mischief to England and ruin to Ireland; but I will not say that I have not heard much during this discussion calculated to shake that opinion."

Last came Mr. O'Connell. His patent of precedency might have placed him at the head of the array, but he was reluctant from the commencement to withdraw any portion of his defence from his able leaders. Doubting the policy of such a course, he was with some difficulty prevailed upon to mingle fresh ingredients in the defence, and appeal to the national feelings of the jury. He resolved to smite the Union hip and thigh, and if there were one man in that box to be softened, his aim was not altogether misdirected. To this object his speech was mainly applied, but he trod lightly and not unsuccessfully on the legal ground so often ploughed up before. Of him the scriptural saying cannot well be averred, for one of the first advocates in Europe could not come within the category of imprudent counsellors, but it must be confessed that Mr. O'Connell did not rise to that eloquent height which had been anticipated. His speech resolved itself into two divisions—the legal and political, but, like Falstaff's tavern bill, the second was the sack. His reply to the charges of conspiracy and disloyalty was a lofty and impressive vindication of his public life and conduct through nearly half a century of battle and storm. He appealed to his indignant denunciations of all secret conspiracies—to the peril of his own life in uprooting the trades' combinations—to his hatred of Chartism—to his repudiation of French Republicans and American Slaveowners—to the peaceful doctrines of his apostleship—to the maxims he inculcated—to the publicity of his proceedings, and the orderly triumphs he had obtained. No person could contemplate the appearance of such a man without emotion—standing at the bar as a public criminal, and at the close of a long life of renown, to purge himself from the accusations of traitor and conspirator. It was a moving sight, and notwithstanding what Mr. Whiteside called "the gigantic scissars" of the Attorney-General, and his elaborate construction of an harmonious whole out of a thousand disjected members, there are few unconvinced of Mr. O'Connell's innocence as a public conspirator, however exciting his language, and ardent his sentiments.

Had Mr. O'Connell kept within the strict line of disproof, his speech would have been the crowning stone of the monument. He yielded to a too liberal enthusiasm, and would contrast, in the presence of a jury of Dublin citizens and shopkeepers, the glorious image of ancient prosperity with the melancholy reality of present ruin. In this, we think, the judgment of Mr. O'Connell erred. He collected an imposing multitude of authorities. He combatted the Attorney-General with weapons fetched from his own armoury. If the extracts from his anti-union speeches made him a conspirator, then did he "conspire, confederate, and combine," in sentiment and opinion with the highest and most venerated authorities. There was one conspicuous trait in his speech—not a word of harshness or unkindness to the Attorney-General. He praised him rather for the moderation of his statement, and the candour of his conduct. This generosity was ill requited, for some of the subordinate conductors indulged themselves throughout in a rude and impertinent giggle, inconsistent with the calmness and impassiveness of state prosecutors. The Attorney-General had no reason to complain of Mr. O'Connell. Whoever reproved, he praised him.

The speech occupied six hours, and compared with many of his former efforts, it did not rise to the true standard of his eloquence. He had not that strong and seductive strength—that overwhelming fulness of intense passion—illustrative humour, and acute and vigorous reasoning, which enter into his less constrained displays. The very importance of the occasion subdued him. We have generally observed that his accustomed power is dissipated when he has to work his way through statistics and practical details. He is one of those speakers who, like the chariot-wheel, catch fire from the unbroken rapidity of their speed. He requires, too, the acclamations of multitudes—the electrical sympathies of a popular audience to animate him. The cold silence of a court of justice is a drag-chain to his eloquence, while that very coldness would enable him to construct the highest legal argument from the coolness and concentration of his reasoning faculties.

We have not touched on the Solicitor-General's reply—the Charge of the Chief Justice, and the all-important verdict. The first was an elaborate and lucid summing up of the evidence—the second a very hearty piece of advocacy against the accused, and with all respect for his lordship's knowledge of his judicial duties, far too warm and unilateral for the grave and impersonal administrator of justice. How different from Chief Justice Eyre's calm and dignified charge in Hardy's case, or Sir N. Tyndal's on the Chartist trials! Among the other matters in reserve for future consideration is this unique demonstration of a "rigour beyond the law." Of the verdict we say nothing. It is the solemn finding of twelve sworn men. We hold it sacred.

STANZAS,

ON THE ACCIDENTAL DEATHS OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I've read of doting mothers 'reft
Of infants, in such awful ways,
Th' impression the narrations left
Haunted me after, many days;
For, while I read, my flesh did creep,
And I with the bereft did weep.
When the reflex flash'd o'er my brain,
So exquisite that mem'ry's pain,
I hurried on from thought to thought,
To banish what such anguish wrought,
And closed mine eyes in agony,
To CRUSH that startling memory!

If *I*, who never saw their smiles—
Their beauty, artlessness, and wiles;
Nor gazed in their uplifted eyes,
(Fraught with that innocent surprise
Which marks their NEWNESS on the earth,
Their ignorance—how brief its mirth!)
Nor gave, nor e'er received, THAT kiss
A mother deems her prime of bliss—
Can shudder at their luckless fate—
Who can imagine, who relate,
What THEY, those mothers, must endure,
Bow'd by a woe past hope, past cure?

Oh! none can tell—oh! none may dare
To speculate on the despair
That wrings their heart, that racks their brain,
If they their reason do retain!
Ay!—if they DO—some heav'nly power
MUST aid them in such anguish'd hour.
The very thought makes my brain reel,
To think, alas! what they then feel!
Ye happier ones, your treasures hide!
Exult not, in maternal pride,
O'er them!—belike, as DREAD a woe
May, one day, cause YOUR tears to flow

ODDS AND ENDS.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

No. IX.

THE RUBBISH OF LITERATURE.

"THE healthy know not their strength, but only the sick; this is the physician's aphorism, and applicable in a far wider sense than he gives it."

Such is the exordium of Carlile, in reviewing an Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man; and I borrow it, or steal it, if you will, as a heading for a few extracts which I am permitted to make from a work of very different character—to wit, a Coquette's Album. To the healthy they may afford a hearty laugh; to the sickly, by some process of mental homœopathy, a useful medicament. For, as there are questions so absurd that they can only be answered by a jest, in like manner, there are maladies so fantastical, that they can only be successfully treated by ridicule; and thus, one folly is made available for the cure of another.

There was a custom in the Simonsin, in the last century, of supplying the want of a smoke-jack by means of an animal shut up in a large wooden wheel, and a goose frequently turned the spit for a capon, until it came to his own turn to be roasted. The perpetrator of the following rhymes must console himself, under his sufferings at their exposure, by the certainty that his executioner will shortly be subjected to a similar process.

There is a certain degree of method in these effusions, which would encourage the belief that their author has some knowledge of the art of engineering, as applied to the attack of fortified places. He breaks ground cautiously at first, in the shape of

A FLYING SAP.

"'Tis not the Girasol* alone
That feels the genial ray,
When on it shines the kindling sun,
In merry month of May.
But every herb and modest flower
Drinks beauty from his beam;
And flutters in its leafy bower,
To win one smile from him.

And thus, in dear Affection's eye,
The heart's own sun doth shine,
Revealing thoughts that hidden lie
In fancy's virgin mine.

* Sun-flower;—argoticé, Girasol.

Each feeling, then, of joy or pain,
  Is kindled from above;
Each throbbing pulse and burning vein
  Beats with awakened love."

And so on until, in his zig-zag of approach, he has constructed his

PARALLELS.

" Love is like the Upas* tree
  Growing in life's desert wide,
Though it's fruit so tempting be,
  Death and torment there abide.
And its fruit, a withering poison,
Blasts, for ever, victim's foison;
  Weary heart, be warned and flee!

Friendship, like the Acacia springing
  By some fountain's margent fair,
All around its blossoms flinging,
  Like perfumed censers, through the air:
Its deciduous branches bless
The emerald of the wilderness;
  Weary heart, here rest secure!

By some spell we wot not of
  Could these plants together shoot?
More than friendship; less than love;
  More than flower; less than fruit;
Such mingled sentiment to share,
We know not what, nor how, nor where†—
  Foolish heart, thy dream were heaven!"

Having thus approached within point-blank distance, he opens upon the place with his

BRAZEN ARTILLERY.

" In thy mouth and in thy eyes
  Cunning love in ambush lies;
Lures his prey with smiles and sighs:
When he tempts in such sweet guise
  How can I resist him?

I yield myself, a willing slave;
In return one boon I crave
For the heart I freely gave;
This richest guerdon I could have,
  Dearest, may I ask it?

* A bran-new simile.
† See the loves of my Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.

Be those sighs for me alone;
Let those smiles for me shine on;
And though liberty is gone,
Joy and sweet content are won;—
Dearest, wilt thou grant it?"

Having, at length, effected a practicable breach, he advances, with colours flying and bugles sounding, to

THE ASSAULT.

" By the fairy clasp of thy tiny hand,
By the twilight glance of thy dewy eyes,
By the burning impress thy lip can brand
On the heart that, bared before thee, lies,
Oh! love me as I love thee!

Cast not aside, like a worthless boon,
Or the toy of a moment, thrown idly by,
A spirit that lives in thy presence alone,
And in absence pines for thy sympathy—
But love me as I love thee!

Mock me no more with a share of thy heart,
Ungrateful return for a love like mine;
Bid me despair, bid the one ray depart
That seemed on my desolate path to shine,
Or love me as I love thee!"

Boldly he leaps from the counterscarp into the ditch; scrambles up the parapet; plants his standard on the rampart. But what is his disappointment! The prize is but an unimportant outwork, and there are a dozen such around, all assailed by bands hostile to him and to each other; in the midst stands the citadel, commanding them all, itself impregnable, unassailable even! Let him pack up bag and baggage, and beat a timely retreat.

There is another species of rubbish, upon which considerable ingenuity is wasted—emblematic poetry, so it may be termed. Here the writer puzzles his brains to no better purpose than to torture a number of lines into the material form of the objects he would describe.

For example: a Latin poet of the fourteenth century has erected the following lines into a cross.

Trepida,
Fragilis
Reaque
Hominis
Anima,
Necis in avida barathra, sceleris onere, ruerat.
Pia remedia reperiet amor: obit homo Deus!
Macula luitur; hominis anima cruce redimitur.
Solitu
Spolia
Repetit
Rutilus
Coluber:
Rubidus
Inhiat,
Ululat
Gemitat,
Locaque
Pieca,
Olida
Spatia
Peragrat
Vacuus.
At homo
Supera
Poterit
Utamet
Petere
Solyma
Sedet ubi Deus.
Dominus ubi facilior
Bona retribuit inopibus, ubi
Teneia leviaque, crucia ope, cumulat
Merita, neque gravia strepere tomitrua patitur.

In later times, Panard has resuscitated these uselessly difficult trifles, and given to poetical pieces the forms of a lozenge, and even of a glass and a bottle.

Tes
Attraits,
Belle Elvere,
M'ont su séduire
Sous bon doux empire:
Content quand je te voi.
Mon ardeur pour toi
Est extrême.
De même
Aime
Moi.

So much for the lozenge; now for the glass:

Nous ne pouvons rien trouver sur la terre
Que soit si bon, ni si beau que le verre ;
Du tendre amour berceau charmant,
C'est toi, champêtre fougère,
C'est toi qui sers à faire
L' heureux instrument
Où souvent pétille
Mous et brelle
Le jusqui rend
Gai riant
Content
Quelle douceur
Il porte au cour !
Tôt,
Tôt,
Tôt,
Qu'on m'en donne,
Qu'on l'entonne !
Tôt,
Tôt,
Tôt,
Qu'on m'en donne,
Vite, et comme il faut !
L'on y voit, sur ses flots chéris,
Nager l'allégresse et les ris.

After the glass, the bottle follows, as a necessary consequence :

Que mon
F l a c o n
Me semble bon !
Sans lui
L'en n u i
M e nuit
Me suit.
J e sens
Mes sens
Mourans,
P e s a n s.
Quand je la tiens,
Dieux ! que je sui bien !
Que sou aspect est agréable !
Que je faiscas de ses divins presents !
C'est de son sien fecond, c'est de ses heureux flames,
Que coule se nectar si doux, si délectable,
Qui rend tous les esprits, tous les cœurs satisfaits.
Cher objet de mes vœux, tu fais toute ma gloire.
Tant que mon cœur vivra, de tes charmants bien faits
Il saura conserver la fidèle mémoire :
Ma muse à te louer se consacre à jamais,
Tantôt dans un caveau, tantôt sous une treille,
Ma lyre, de ma voix accompagnant le son,
Répètera cent fois cette aimable chanson;
Règne sans fin, ma charmant bouteille;
Règne sans cesse, mon flacon !

I might lead the passive reader through a labyrinth of sonnets, acrostics, and charades, that would keep his brain in whirl for a month to come. It is curious to think how trumpery of such a kind will haunt one; how, like a night-mare, it will not be shaken off;—but, as I am strong, so will I be merciful, and cut short the catalogue with a pithy saying of Joanna Baillie:

"Surely, writing verses must possess some power of intoxication, that it can thus turn a sensible man into a fool!"

CHAPTER X.

What becomes of the Superannuated Don Juan?

It had long puzzled the learned to discover the use to which old moons were turned, when some natural philosopher—or philosopher by nature, if you like the designation better—by one of those guesses at truth, which mark the superiority of innate genius over dull, plodding study, settled the question in six words—they are cut up into stars. This other question—what becomes of the superannuated Don Juan?—had, in like manner, been a problem, the solution of which I sought for in vain, until I conceived the bright idea of consulting on this grave subject a little elderly gentleman, whose acquaintance I had cultivated under the pleasant shade of the chestnut trees in the Tuileries gardens.

I had always suspected that this little elderly gentleman, with his beauty-airs and coquettish style of dress, was a Don Juan on the retired list; and consequently imagined that he, if any one, would be just the sphinx to assist me in reading aright this tantalizing riddle—What becomes of the superannuated Don Juan?

The next time we met, I put the question to him, and he answered me thus:

"My good friend, had you asked my opinion on this subject a dozen years ago, I might have replied that an old Don Juan shares the same fate with all other inutilities; I might have hummed, 'All that's bright must fade,' with Haynes Bailey, or warbled, ''Tis the last rose of summer,' with Moore; now I shall make you quite another answer, for reasons——."

"What reasons?" I asked.

"For reasons," said he with an air of burlesque triumph, "for reasons best known to myself. What you require is a satisfactory answer to a question which defies your ingenuity—is it not so? Very well! you shall have what you require, but you must not seek to pry into—you understand. At the present day, at this very hour, which we are improving in useful discussion, those amiable members of society, whom you profanely term superannuated Don Juans, are —mark well what I say—are the men who succeed with, and are the favourites of *the sex*."

"Pugh! you are laughing at me!"

"Not at all. This may seem strange to you, but so it is. Has not fashion its variations, its caprices? Reflect for a moment; what

style of men have been the fashion, or, in technical language, who have been the lions of the day for the last ten years?"

"Really, my memory hardly goes back so far."

"But mine does, and it shall assist yours:"

"In 1831, after the unprecedented success of 'Antony,' the drawing-rooms of Paris were inundated with pale, sick-looking youths, mere bags of bones, with long black hair, thick eyebrows, tortoise-shell eye-glasses, sepulchral voices, haggard, care-worn faces. These young men wore gloves of the palest primrose, and looks of the yellowest melancholy. They resembled a troop of patients escaped from the hospital without a medical certificate; so much so, indeed, that many a kind-hearted soul, alarmed at their half-cadaverous appearance, ventured to address to them this well-meant, but ill-judged question: 'Are you in pain?' To which, passing a hand over their forehead, they replied, 'I? Oh! no . . . Nothing but fever.' These feverish beings were 'Antonies.'

"'Antonism' was wonderfully successful, both in the saloons of the great world, and in the back shops of the rue St. Denis, for a season. It succumbed at last under the coarse epigrams of the frequenters of 'Restaurant à 40 sous,' who never saw a demoiselle de comptoir, of doubtful age, without inquiring of her, 'N'êtes vous pas ma mère?' nor masticated a mere mutton cutlet, without muttering the famous phrase, 'Elle me resistait, je l'ai assassinée!' Anathema, Maranatha, upon these jack-puddings! They made a jest of everything that is most sacred; of the prose of our greatest dramatists, nay, of the cutlets of a 'Restaurant à 40 sous.'

"After this, the Antony became a Chatterton: a natural son, a nameless being, whom the world misunderstood and misjudged. Every garret was the cell of a neglected genius, in whose eyes his portress or his washerwoman was a Kitty Bell. These myriads of superior intelligences passed their days in cursing, now in verse, now in prose, the whole human race. They composed poems of immeasurable length, far longer than the divine epic of Dante, or of the French Milton, vulgarly called M. Alexandre Soamet, of the French Academy. They begat horrible melodrames, inconceivable vaudevilles. When poems, melodrames, vaudevilles, one and all, were rewarded with most unequivocal ill success, they veiled their faces, raved about cabals, and prepared for suicide on the morrow, which morrow, fortunately, seldom or never came. At that epoch, how many young custom-house officials, estimable shop-boys, fabulous sub-lieutenants, adorable tutors, ingenuous accountants, dishevelled attorneys' clerks, resigned their situations, to devote themselves, body and soul, to the worship of Chattertonism! In every thoroughfare, were to be seen long, straggling forms, striding by majestically, and apostrophising every honest tradesman who ventured to show his face at his own door, with the withering exclamation, Epicier! Many a woman thought these beings exceedingly interesting,—and not without reason!

"When the Chatterton had thus withered a considerable number of tradesmen, he re-entered his temple—thus did he name his garret—and threw himself upon his bed, with an empty stomach, but a soul filled to repletion with the sublime thought, The eyes of the universe

are upon me!—A sublime reflection, it is true, but hardly so nourishing as a mess of potage.

"In the mean time, Chattertonism had nearly run its course. Les hommes incompris began to perceive that starvation is not a healthy regimen, and gave it up. But feeling that they were worthy of better things than a common monotonous existence, than to become mere men, like other men, which would have made them épiciers in every sense of the word, they resolved on a new metamorphosis, and became Tremnors. The notion was not a bad one, for Tremnor, looked at in an eccentric point of view, has a certain raciness and originality of character. Unfortunately, however, in order to play the part with any effect, it is necessary, if not to have been guillotined, at least to have passed a term of years at the hulks. All the world does not possess these advantages; the consequence is, that the Tremnor-Lion had little success. In short, he was a complete failure. And now for something better!

"This something better has been brought to light by men, varying from forty to fifty-nine years—an interesting class, to which it is my privilege to belong. They have discovered—and the discovery will constitute their renown with the latest posterity—that in the enlightened age in which we live, it is no longer beauty, or youth, or dandyism, that is the idol of women and the scourge of husbands; these means of seduction are worn threadbare; the sex will have nothing more to say to them.

"What they love, what they admire, what they choose, are—the Blighted!"

"What's that you were saying, my venerable friend?"

"I said, the Blighted: are you deaf?"

"Not the least. I fancied I had misunderstood you. Proceed, oh! old man!"

"The sage continued, enthusiastically: Back! Faublas! Back! Anthony, Chatterton, Tremnor! Your brief sand has run, my petty conquerors! Room for the new, the true, the only Lion; for the being whom all must imitate, who would concentrate upon themselves the attention of the world in general, and of women in particular. Room for the Blighted!

"See!" cried the old man, assuming a jaunty attitude, "see him advance! What a confident step! How shall woman resist such a man? His hair has fallen, the Blighted one! He wears a wig, or goes with his skull as bare as the shell of a tortoise; he is sapless as a deal board; toothless is he, shrivelled, bent, broken, ruined."

"But," said I, interrupting my estimable friend, "I see not in what consist the seductive powers of the man you describe, under the title of the Blighted One. A woman would prefer, so at least I should imagine, something more complete, something in better preservation than this living ruin."

"Ah! you perceive not, young man, what there is so interesting in a Blighted One? Listen, whilst I instruct your ignorance.

"The Blighted One interests, young man, the Blighted One pleases, the Blighted One inspires respect, inasmuch as all who see him feel—if this man's head is as bare as his knee, it is because the

volcano, which in it usurps the place where brains should be, has dried up, burnt, destroyed the locks of his youth. Is he broken? It is that he carries a weight of successful adventures that would try the strength of a giant. Is his eye dimmed? Alas! it has burned too brightly. A candle will last to all eternity, if it is never lighted; but then, what is it? A failure; an emasculated, misunderstood, misapplied candle. The eye of the Blighted One is a glorious candle, for it has burned until every particle of the wick is carbonised.

"He is toothless! And this is not his least claim to reverence. His gums are torn, but like the standards of the Old Guard, they are torn by honourable service. What delicate victims have bled beneath those teeth, which are now no more!

"He is wrinkled like a last year's apple? Ah! how deeply has he thought and suffered!

"In short, the Blighted One possesses every perfection;—genius, heart, soul. His life may be declined in three verbs, and what verbs? To think, to love, to suffer! And you foolishly imagine, oh young man! that the Blighted One is not formed to beguile the fancy of women; that he is no longer a loveable, a poetic being?"

"I might perhaps believe the contrary, my old friend, had I not seen Potier in the 'Ci-devant jeune homme;' but after that——."

The elderly gentleman left me abruptly, with a glance that should have paralized me, like a flash of lightning; but as he had himself said, "the wick was burnt out."

CHAPTER XI.

The most Miserable Woman in the World.

From what cause does human misery spring? Here is a great, heavy, unwieldy, unmanageable question,—a question, if I may be permitted so to say, not very easy to answer.

"Man's misery comes of his greatness," says one philosopher.

"Man's misery comes of his littleness," says another.

Man's misery comes neither of his greatness nor of his littleness, say I; but results from a combination of both.

But as some great writer—I forget whether it is Massillon or Odry, and it matters little which—but as some great writer observed long ago, "there are miseries and miseries, just as there are faggots and faggots."

Few will be bold enough to deny this lofty and perennial truth. It is like the universal sun, which shines upon all the world. But there is another truth, which—like a private-property sun—sheds its rays only upon a limited number of minds, viz. that of all the miseries to which men, and women too, are born, the greatest are the least, and, conversely, the least are the greatest. Do not imagine, oh reader! brown or fair! that this is said for the sake of the antithesis; no, it is a simple, unaffected confession of faith. When I affirm that "man's greatest miseries are the least, and, conversely, that the least are the greatest," I do so because such is my firm conviction.

And this conviction, paradoxical as it may appear at first sight, you will find to be far from irrational, if you weigh and consider it with a little attention. Finish the chapter, and then tell me if you are not a convert to its truth.

Héloïse Verdier is the orphan daughter of a knight of the Legion of Honour, who died in the cause of his country. She was, in consequence, educated at the Royal Asylum of St. Denis. Héloïse is a person of distinguished talents, and of poetic talent more than all the rest. She writes very remarkable verses—remarkable, that is, in the royal boarding-school of St. Denis—melancholy and vapoury verses; verses which breathe sighs that seem endless, although they seldom exceed twelve feet; when they are of thirteen or fourteen, it is the triumph of misery over rhythm; verses which describe the pains, the tortures, the anguish of the soul; verses which sob, and scatter ashes on their heads; which represent life under the figure of "a valley of tears;" which shriek, from morning till night, Oh! Dieu!—oh! mon Dieu! . . . . with a hiatus before the appropriation.

About three years ago, M. Herbin, Héloïse's guardian, came, one fine day, to St. Denis, to inform his ward that the time had arrived when she was to quit the royal boarding-school. It is customary for the pupils to remain at the *pension* until they are about to be married; and so, when M. Herbin came to fetch away his ward, all those innocent young things, who have but one thought in their minds—those virgin minds of theirs!—flocked around the emancipated bride-elect, with caresses, tender adieus, tears, smiles, and congratulations.

To all these, Héloïse replied only by sighs and groans.

At the bottom of her heart, however, there was a gleam of sunshine. But to leave the home of her adoption, to tear herself from the companions of her childhood—those companions of her childhood to whom she had so often vowed eternal friendship—to say farewell to the assistant governesses, to whom she had as often vowed inextinguishable hate—to do all this, and not to melt into a heavy shower of tears, were a proof of insensibility not to be dreamt of.

Héloïse is the very incarnation of sensibility; and, in this character, it is not to be told, the reader must imagine, how watery and cheerless she appeared on this solemn occasion. But there are limits to everything, even to a romantic girl's despair. A fortnight had elapsed since Héloïse had been taken from school. She wept no more, it is true; but she passed the whole day in sad reflection.

In reflection upon what?

Upon a thousand things; but, above all, upon her actual guardian, whom she saw daily, and upon her future husband, whom she never saw at all.

And was Héloïse's guardian the sort of person to occupy the thoughts of a soul that had weathered seventeen winters, and no more?

Far from it; but as she was aware that, in the usual order of things, it was from her guardian's hands that she was to receive a husband, her fancy naturally wandered from the one to the other; and she would often say—My tutor has never mentioned a word, a single

word, with reference to my marriage. What can the worthy man be thinking about?

During this fortnight, Héloïse was tormented by the most agonizing apprehensions. M. Herbin seemed to her a perfectly inexplicable being, a sort of conundrum in speckled stockings and yellow slippers. She could not comprehend why, having removed her from school, he had not presented to her—immediately presented to her—that heart which was to beat in unison with her heart. Her days seemed to spin themselves to a wearisome length, her nights were sleepless, and, if possible, still longer than her days. She wrote to Lasthénie, a girl of her own age, her bosom friend: "To convey to you any definite idea of the conflicting sentiments and novel emotions which rack my poor heart, were a hopeless task. I have no tangible griefs, and yet my tears will flow, unbidden; some unknown power drives sleep from my pillow. In the sad state of uncertainty in which I am, the gifts of Morpheus are shed upon me no more; in vain do I supplicate Night to pour into my cup the ambrosia of her poppies," &c. &c.

M. Herbin broke silence at last. At last, that mysterious being, "whose heart was to beat in unison with her own," was presented to her. The important word—marriage—was pronounced; more than that, the marriage was actually consummated. But, alas! in what a manner! For pity's sake, read the letter in which Héloïse makes known to Lasthénie how, and to whom, she has been sacrificed!

"Lasthénie, Lasthénie, you complain that for more than three months you have received no news of me, beyond the formal circular which announced to you my marriage. Oh, Lasthénie! accuse me not, pity me rather! Yes, pity your Héloïse, pity her from the bottom of your soul, for she is the most miserable of women.

"Oh, Lasthénie! what tears have I shed during these three months; what torments have I endured! Oh, Lasthénie! take warning from my fate, and never marry! Marriage is death! not that quick and easy death which strikes and kills you ere you have time to feel the blow; such a death were supportable, even welcome. No! marriage is a slow and painful agony, suffocation! endless suffocation!

"I am mad, you will say. Would that I were mad,—I should then be insensible!

"Heaven grant me strength for one hour to still the tumults of my heart! It shall be still, and I will speak to you in the words of cool reason. I will tell you all; simply, dispassionately, as though I were speaking of a third person. And do you strive to be collected and impartial. Before you shall be arraigned my guardian, my husband, and myself,—you shall judge between us.

"Your cousin, Madame de S——, from whom I have no secrets, has probably informed you with what cruel precipitation that step was forced upon me, which is the most important one in our journey through life; and this, thanks to my guardian's want of consideration. Not that M. Herbin is altogether a bad man; he means well, and is a good and useful citizen; but, with all that, he is utterly incapable of understanding the delicate feelings of a refined mind. Oh, heavens! from what coarse clay are some human beings kneaded!

"You will easily conceive my feelings when one morning, as I was plunged in I know not what delicious reveries, I saw M. Herbin enter my apartment, in the morning-dress, the negligent morning-dress of a bachelor of sixty. He wished me good day; bestowed a double kiss on either side of my cheek, and said carelessly, 'Well, Bichette, (this is his most poetical term of endearment,) 'well, Bichette, I have good news for you. M. d'Orvilly has formally proposed for you. His father and yours were friends; his fortune is equal to your own; he is young, handsome, and talented; you are a fortunate girl. He will be here this evening, so put on your most becoming dress, and your most amiable smiles to receive him. In ten days you will be buckled——'

"I pause, Lasthénie,—grant me a moment's breathing space; for, as I recal those harrowing words, indignation chokes my utterance.

"And now remark, I entreat you, the coarseness of this address, each phrase of which was as a dagger plunged into the heart of your Héloïse.

"What say you to this expression: He is young, handsome, talented;—*you are a fortunate girl!* Fortunate in being wedded to a man whom I have never seen! A man whose heart is unknown to me; who, perhaps, has no heart at all! What matter! I am to be flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone, life of his life! And why? Because *his fortune is equal to my own!*—O horror!

"Or this: *In ten days you will be buckled!* Buckled? Your Héloïse buckled!

"Or this again: *Put on your most amiable smiles to receive*—whom? A stranger, one whom I have never seen! O, Lasthénie! whilst I recount these things to you, a blush of shame mounts to my brow. And he, my guardian, could utter such words calmly, smilingly; unconscious of what was due to my delicacy, to his own grey hairs! O men, men!

"What reply could I make to M. Herbin? He has no feelings, the man. My part was to submit. Not an observation fell from my lips, not a tear from my eyes, not one! I obeyed, in every particular, my guardian's injunctions. I put on my most becoming dress, and my most amiable smiles, to receive *him!* In a word, my resignation was sublime; yes, sublime!

"M. Paul d'Orvilly is a young man of gentleman-like appearance; tall, dark, with a good figure, a pleasant voice, and excellent manners——

"But—alas! that there should be a reverse to the medal!—But, M. d'Orvilly is, at twenty-six, as business-like, as narrow-minded, as prosaic, as my worthy guardian at sixty. The man to whom I am united for ever is a man utterly devoid of sentiment! The soul of your Héloïse is thrown away upon him!

"He came, yesterday, into my boudoir. My feelings had woven themselves into a poetic strain, which I had transferred to paper, and my cheeks were bedewed with tears. You know well, dear Lasthénie, what power of inspiration lurks in tears! He came to where I sat, cast one glance upon the stanzas that expressed the feelings of my heart, but did not read them. By our pure and holy friendship, I

swear to you, O Lasthénie, that man did not even read my stanzas! He took my hand, and said, coldly,

" ' Héloïse, now that you are a *housewife*, would you not do well to renounce these school-girl follies, for occupations better suited to your position? Surely a married woman may find some wiser employment for her time than to spoil good paper by scribbling silly verses upon it. I can conceive a school-girl amusing herself with such nonsense to *kill time;* but you, my dear friend, have you no duties to fulfil? no house to manage? no servants to superintend?'—(He had not the effrontery to add,—no shirt-buttons to sew on, no dusters to hem, no stockings to darn? but I am convinced he meant it).

" ' You belong no more to yourself alone,' he continued; ' you belong also to a husband who loves you;'—(he used that word, the profane one! he dared to breathe that sacred word!)—' to a husband who is ready to share your joys and your sorrows, but who cannot bear that you should pass your life in an unreal world, that you should worship phantoms, and, above all, that your tears should flow for miseries created by your own heated imagination. And so, my dear, be ruled by me, and renounce this silly trifling—(divine Poetry, silly trifling!)—which will not only make yourself ridiculous, but render the fulfilment of your duties as a married woman irksome to you:' (this time, my Lasthénie, he spared me the repetition of that horrid word *housewife;* in my heart, I thanked him, for his forbearance.) ' Come, leave alone these chefs-d'œuvre (what clever irony! he had not read my stanzas; no, once more, I vow to you, the barbarian had not read them,) and remember that you have company at dinner to-day.'

" This said, he kissed my hand, offered me his arm, and (before I had found courage to reply, for I was more dead than alive, like a criminal walking to execution) dragged me away to the dining-room to see that the table was properly laid.

" By-and-by, my guests arrived—and such guests, O heaven!

" I received them as graciously as possible; and to crown my work, O Lasthénie! will you believe it of me? I helped them all to soup!

" When I had accomplished this duty, M. D'Orvilly occupied himself in carving a fat capon. The dinner went off remarkably well: I was overwhelmed with the most distasteful compliments: they assured me, one and all, that I was perfect in my duties as *mistress of a house*, (I wonder they did not say landlady at once,) and nauseated me with praises of my grace and good breeding.

" In the evening they begged me to sing. I might have refused, under pretext of indisposition, but I was resolved to drain my cup to the dregs. I went to the piano, and sang—yes, I sang for them my *romance from Saul!* They applauded it—loudly, coarsely—but they were incapable of *feeling* it. Not one of them shed a tear!

" Ah me! what a life is mine!

" I have passed a miserable night; I struggled to restrain my sobs, however, for M. d'Orvilly slept soundly. He can always sleep, the man! Had he awoke, and asked me why I wept, what answer could I have made to a man who has not a grain of sensibility in his composition?

"How all this is to end I know not! My brain is on fire. I dare not give utterance to the thoughts that work within me—they would make you shudder. Lasthénie! Lasthénie! pray for your Héloïse, for of all the creatures whom divine wrath has exiled to this world of sorrows, she is the most miserable!"

* * * * * *

"Comme te voilà gros et gras!" said Count Almaviva to Figaro.

"Que voulez-vous, monseigneur?—la misère!"

The most miserable woman in the world is of much the same temperament with Figaro. As her misery runs its course, she grows enormously fat; she has children and grand-children without number; and dies, prematurely, in her seventy-fifth spring.

Drop one tear upon her grave.

S. V. P,

No. XII.

Parrots and Pet Nuisances generally.

'A VENDRE:

Une belle perruche, très bien privée, d'une douceur extrême, âgée de trois ans, réunissant toute les qualités que l'on *peux* désirer, venant sur le doigt, et sachant parfaitement bien parler.

Garanti tous les mots ci-après;—

"Bon jour, ma petite fille; bon jour, ma petite cateau; bon jour, ma petite cocotte; bon jour, mon petit mignon. As tu déjeuner, ma petite fille? as tu déjeuné, ma petite cateau? as tu donné à déjeuner à coco, ma petite fille? as tu donné à déjeuner à coco? as tu déjéuné, mon petit mignon? Oui, oui, oui. Et de quoi? Du rognon et du mouton, pour ce petit perroquet mignon. Ah! ah! ah! que c'est bon!

"Oh! qu'elle est belle, ma petite fille;
Oh! que tu es beau, mon petit mignon; oh! qu'elle est belle, ma petite cateau!
Ah! je te fouetterai, mon petit mignon; ah! je te fouetterai! Aya, aya, aya!"

(Et elle se met à rire, comme une personne.)

"Baisez la maîtresse;—baisez vite; tout près, tout près. Alons donc, voyons donc, pauvre petite fille, pauvre petite mignonne.

"Te voilà, ma petite fille, te voilà! Chante, ma petite fille, chante, ma petite cateau." (Elle chante.)

"'J'ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière,
J'ai du bon tabac, tu n'on auras pas.'

"Chante, mon petit mignon.

'Quand je bois du vin clairet,
Tout tourne au cabaret.
T'*as*-t-il, t'*as*-t-il, t'*as*-t-il, levé ta collerette,
T'*as*-t-il, t'*as*-t-il, t'*as*-t-il, levé ton cotillon.'

"Cou—cou! Ah! te voilà, mon petit mignon! Quel bonheur! Bon jour, madame; bon jour, ma petite fille. Donne la patte, Jacques!"

"Ten measures of garrulity," says the Talmud, "were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine." What became of the tenth is no longer a mystery—it was divided between legislative assemblies and the parrot tribe. The faulty grammar of both is strong presumptive evidence that they form parts of the same lot.

The parrot, whose perfections are set forth in the foregoing advertisement is dirt-cheap, to use a vulgar but appropriate expression, at five hundred francs, and would prove invaluable to any dowager or single lady of a certain age, in search of a lively and agreeable companion. Some captious persons may object that there is a touch of sameness and tautology in allocutions of this kind; but any real amateur, of candid mind, and capable of appreciating excellence, will allow that, when his breakfast is enlivened by such cheerful converse, his spirits are raised, and his digestion strengthened; in short, that *il l'entend toujours avec un nouveau plaisir.*

This is no ordinary bird, I warrant you. Her education has been carefully attended to. Not that pedantic course of instruction, which wastes the pupil's time and labour on mere grammatical rules, and investigation into the authenticity of facts. No one ever heard her ridicule inaccuracies of expression in her mistress or the footman;—Major Longbow may tell his toughest story in her company, without fear of contradiction or insult. An ordinary parrot might say, in such a case—Upon my soul it's true, what will you lay it's a lie?—Not so this sweet pet; she is too well-bred, too *comme il faut*, to forget so entirely what is due to society and to herself. She will applaud the tale, with her—Ah! que c'est bon; donne la patte, Jacques!

Has the future possessor of this treasure a rich noble uncle, bilious and chilly, who rubs his hands in July, draws his breath through his false teeth, and says, "A cold day this, another cold day?" Let her feel no alarm; our darling will never offend him by mimicry of word or deed. He may settle his wig in the mirror—she is above such platitudes as Pretty Poll, ugly Uncle Sam: he may offer her a lump of sugar—she will not show her gratitude by biting his finger to the bone: he may hum an air from the last new opera, in his old cracked voice—she will encourage his musical efforts; Oui, oui, chante, mon petit mignon!

It is much to be lamented that the like good habits and principles are not instilled into all domestic pets; their education is sadly neglected, and their disregard for the feelings of others is proverbial. Lapdogs, as a class, are wonderfully deficient in this respect. Indeed, good-breeding and high-breeding seem equally to be beyond their reach; they can neither yield gracefully what is due to others, nor insist gracefully on what is due to themselves. They are a jealous, snarling, inhospitable pack. Are you the first person in the drawing-room, before dinner, on the day of your arrival at a friend's house?—Fido is lying in wait for you, under cover of the sofa. You have scarcely seated yourself and taken up the paper, when he starts up

from his ambush, with flashing eyes and threatening teeth, and makes a dash at your legs. You meet the attack with a kick that sends him howling to the other end of the room. In a moment he returns to the charge; and, fearful of being detected in the act of ill-treating my lady's favourite, you now endeavour to pacify him with kind words: Poor fellow!—there's a good dog! A soft answer turneth away wrath. True enough, generally speaking, between man and man; but between man and a sour-natured cur the remedy often proves ineffectual. There he stands, half inclined, half afraid to try it again; and you,

οὐ θελων τε και θελων,

willing to wound and yet afraid to strike, cast ominous glances at the fireplace, as though you would fain knock his head off with the poker.

In the meantime your hostess enters, and the evidence of recent misunderstanding being too palpable to be mistaken, she eyes you suspiciously, and mentally deciding that you are the aggressor, takes the affronted pet upon her lap, and coaxes him into better humour; whilst the *mauvais sang* you have made is scarcely dissipated until the second bottle of claret is placed on the table, and you are left to a quiet tête-à-tête with your host.

There is yet another shape in which the pet-nuisance assails you—the worst, perhaps, of all—to wit, the spoilt child. The little torment is coy and bashful at first, and to appear amiable in its mother's eyes, you imprudently exert yourself to put it at its ease. Not without success: it plays now with your watch, a remarkable time-keeper; crams your eyeglass into its mouth, and wipes it again on your waistcoat; makes a faithful impression of its dear little dirty fingers on your cravat; pulls a handful of hair, which you can ill afford to lose, from your head, and chuckles the while, as though it were the best joke in the world. You, too, must laugh and be delighted with it all, if you would not pass for a cold-hearted, morose, child-hating old bachelor. Oh! of all the tribe of animated pets, the most intolerable is the species child.

A few words upon two less obnoxious branches of the subject, and I have done. These are the purely ideal, and the purely material. Every man has his pet notions, pet opinions, pet prejudices. With a little discretion you may steer clear of them; with a moderate share of tolerance you may endure, and even be amused by them; by the exercise of a wise candour you may sometimes manage to extract good out of them. Again, every woman has her pet china and her pet flowers. You must keep your coat-tails from overturning the former, and your fingers from plucking the latter. But for offences against these there is always expiation, and consequent absolution. If, in your awkwardness, you have mutilated a Dresden shepherdess, or a Nankin idol, Baldock and Hanway Court can always supply its place with something equally useless and equally grotesque. If in your inadvertence you have adorned your button-hole with a rare flower, were it the "Indispensiable Shrubby" itself, Knight or Colville can provide you with an acceptable peace-offering.

To those amongst my readers who are unacquainted with this oddly-named plant, it may not be uninteresting to learn, that it is a variety of the geranium, exhibited last year at Chiswick. I purloined the ticket, as a curiosity, and can warrant the accuracy of the orthography.

A YOUNG GIRL.

TRANSLATED FROM LAMARTINE.

She was at that fair age when Beauty's flower so soon to fade,
By one brief spring in all its pride of ripened charms arrayed,
Appears to bid the lingering hand to pluck it whilst it may,
For fear a single day should cause a single leaf's decay.
Fair age, o'er which Desire and Grace their blended glamour fling,
And melt in one delicious day the summer and the spring.
Youth painted on those soft and silent lips that barely close,
A paler and a tenderer hue than stains the purple rose,
The noble features shadow-traced, the azure eyes whence flashes
A liquid fire, now seen, now veiled beneath the drooping lashes;
But veiled or gleaming, tempering still, pervading still the whole,
Rays of the star that drinks its light from the deeps of woman's soul.
And those long tresses scarce the polished shoulder glistens through,
Which sweep the ground in waves as bright, and if less fair in hue,
Yet burnished to the warmer tones which summer sunlight leaves
In glowing brown and golden tints upon the gathered sheaves.
Those fully formed and rounded breasts that swelled and sunk below
The white, the pure, and equal breath past gently to and fro,
Were signs that led the eye to guess that stormy season right
Of Beauty's solstice, reaching just her fullest fairest height.
The snow-white raiment that she wore, whose woof the flock supplied,
In artless folds enamoured clung around each glowing side,
The rounded outlines well it traced, and thence flowed down to meet,
In many a long and sinuous fold the herbage at her feet.
No far-fetched luxuries were there, no trinkets to deface,
The beauty whose divinest charm was unaffected grace.
The hand of meretricious art wrought not its wonders here,
There hung no opal gem nor twisted coral in her ear.
The fiery ruby on her brow ye would have sought in vain,
Nor turned its pliant links around her neck the golden chain.
The massy bracelets which set off the town-bred Beauty's charms,
They were not here to clasp and mar the round and taper arms;
But there sat a gentle ring-dove perched upon her shoulder fair,
Which lured by her soft looks had sought an amorous shelter there,
And fanned her neck and bosom with his quick and tremulous wings.
And browsing on the grass, two lambs, two helpless, harmless things,
Whom she from straying still would keep by her known accents sweet,
Frisked round her steps as on she went, or licked her bare, white feet.
In Eden thus the gentlest things that gentle nature bore,
Surrounded Eve, and were the sole adornments that she wore.

Theta.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER XII.

Coiffé d'un froc bien raffiné
Et revetu d'un doyenné
Et vit comme un determiné.
Un prélat riche et fortuné
Sous un bonnet enluminé
En est, s'il le faut ainsi dire
Coiffé.

Ce n'est pas que frère René
D'aucune mérite soit orné
Qu'il soit docte, qu'il sache écrire,
Ni qu'il dise le mot pour rire;
Mais seulement c'est qu'il est né
Coiffé.

MALLEVILLE.

A few days after the events narrated in the last chapter, the new order of affairs had so far assumed a settled and distinct character, that the several parties of the state could trace the limits of their progress, and ascertain with tolerable accuracy the relative strength and weakness of both friends and foes.

The court was at St. Cloud, protected by a well-disciplined army, which was judiciously employed in a partial blockade of the city, and in intercepting supplies of provisions. Condé was in safe custody in the castle of Vincennes, a fortress on the entire confines of Paris, sufficiently strong to resist successfully an army destitute of artillery.

The Fronde ruled supreme in the capital, with chiefs composed of the presidents and inferior dignitaries of the parliament—the clergy with De Retz at their head—and nearly all the citizens, from the wealthy burghers to the *canaille* of the markets. Paris had, as it were, but one body, one soul, with all its energies concentrated in resistance to the royal authority,—so long as that authority was wielded by the Italian Cardinal.

We have already shown how these various classes, having necessarily separate and conflicting interests, had coalesced and united under the guidance of a clique of powerful and selfish nobles, who with masterful address had gained over a prince of the blood to head their interests.

Mazarin's policy, failing ordinary means, was to crush the faction by depriving it of a chief. He was unsuccessful, not from want of putting in action good motives of policy,—for a confederation without head is often struck powerless,—but from an incapacity of, or negligence in, studying the peculiar temper of the French people—and not duly estimating the coherency of the league.

[1] Continued from page 164.

Another defect of character, unworthy of association with statesmanship, was an aptitude to employ petty spiteful cajoleries, practical pasquinades and jokes, or, as Condé described them, harlequinade tricks,—and not inappropriately,—for Harlequin and Scaramouche were at that period recent importations from the native land of the Cardinal to the boards of the French theatre.

The Prince was in the fortress, but the petty arts put in practice to entrap him, recoiled on their author; for the subordinate agent, whose feelings and honour had been purposely sacrificed, instead of remaining—as he doubtless would have continued—a faithful, though perhaps lukewarm servant of her Majesty, was converted into a bitter enemy, and had already, even when the Italian's perfidy weighed most heavily upon him, been of signal service to the imprisoned Prince, in conveying safely from the Cardinal's grasp, papers which would have proved a compact between the Fronde and Spain, then the open enemy of France. Had these documents reached the hands of Mazarin, the court would have held direct proofs of treason on the part of the leaders of the faction, and might have waited a favourable season for exhibiting articles of attainder against them.

St. Maur on this account was received with open arms by the Fronde. Since his escape from the populace, he had been lodged in the archiepiscopal palace, and when sufficiently recovered from the ill treatment received at their hands, was invited to take part in the councils of the faction.

In the absence of the Prince of Condé, the chief weight of affairs fell upon the Coadjutor, for the Duke of Orleans was too timid to follow even the suggestions of his own judgment, and the Duke of Beaufort was more at home in the market-place and on the ramparts, than in the cabinet. De Retz, therefore, might be considered as regent of the Fronde, assisted in council by the above-named personages; to whom may be added, Gourville, a man of weight, for he held the keys of the Prince's coffers, and was collector of his revenues and royalties—Monsieur de Broussel, a grey-haired dignitary of the parliament, and representative of the interests of that body, and so beloved by the people, that wherever he went, he was saluted with the cry of "Long live the King and Monsieur de Broussel! Death to the Mazarin!"—and lastly, though not least, the Duchess de Chevreuse.

There were not wanting parties to assert that De Retz was himself subservient—that the true leader of the Fronde was Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, and that he took his measures from the command of that beautiful, though eccentric and passionate girl.

Be this as it may, there was work enough on his hands. Differences to compose between various municipal authorities—quarrels to appease amongst the nobles of his party—supplies of money to squeeze from all classes to carry on the civil war. The drilling and arraying of troops was entrusted to Beaufort, who almost daily led his newly-raised forces forth from the city to protect the supplies of food necessary to support the populous capital of France. On these occasions there often ensued skirmishes with the royal forces, and when it is considered that the latter were veteran troops, commanded by the

Marshal Turenne, whose fame vied with that of Condé's, the duke was not to be blamed for the doubtful success of the sorties.

Though the city was much straitened for provisions, and actual want of bread felt by the poorer classes, yet the fire of enthusiasm against Mazarin was so ardently kindled, and so judiciously fomented, that but little complaint was heard. The novelty also of the war pleased the imagination of the Parisians; distress and starvation were forgotten in the excitement of providing arms and muniments of war, enrolling of companies, and daily musters and parades. Every inn, tavern, or *auberge*, was made the head-quarters of the adjoining district, and where was nightly heard, amidst shouts, laughter, and songs, the recital of feats of arms performed by the warlike burghers in conflict with Turenne and his veterans.

In ascending the scale of society, the same tone of irony and merriment was observable in talking of the war and its chiefs. De Retz, in virtue of his sacred office, being titular Bishop of Corinth, his regiment of horse acquired the *soubriquet* of First of the Corinthians. The occupant of each house having a carriage-entrance, or *porte-cochère*, was obliged to furnish the contingency of a man and horse well appointed for military service; and Gourville, who headed these troops, was denominated General Porte-Cochère. Jokes, pasquinades, and satirical songs, in which all parties were lashed, were good-humouredly flung from lip to lip, and taken in fair part even by the castigated.

Amidst the losses and deaths which daily visited the ranks of the Parisians in the sorties and skirmishes—for "grim-visaged war" never lays aside his terrors—there was a jubilee of soul, an exhilaration of spirits, noticeable chiefly among the middling and lower classes, as though some heavy burthen had been flung off. Rarely in historic annals can we trace records where hope speaks enthusiastically to the heart of the poor man—where the world's changes are a bettering of his sad lot—where glimpses of what is promised in a future life—a relief from weary toil—is shadowed in the present. But here, on the spot of history, on which our eye is now fixed, when Louis the gorgeous-minded was a child—a shuttlecock battled between mercenary nobles, greedy of spoil—there was a partial vision, a dim foreshadowing of that bright joy and hope of deliverance which shook the nation in an after-age. Authority, long-worshipped, spiritual authority, in the shape of the Coadjutor preaching to the populace from the pulpit of Nôtre Dame, shook the throne till it tottered. But the people's hope was rotten in the core, for beneath the archiepiscopal vestments was hidden a libertine heart—a voluptuous, throbbing pulse of life feeding on the world's vanities, crosiers, cardinals' hats, and the smiles of woman.

Such was the man with whom St. Maur was domiciled; to whose fortunes necessity linked him during the imprisonment of Condé. Far different in character from the Prince, whose failings were excessive pride and irritability of temper, which led him into quarrels and treasonable correspondence, but whose manners and course of life were pure and simple, with feelings generous and sympathising,—the

Coadjutor was dissolute and irregular in private life, and an intriguing schemer in politics.

Hurried along the rapid stream of events, St. Maur had scarce time for reflection ere he found himself installed secretary to the Coadjutor, and captain of a troop in the prelate's regiment of cavalry, the First of the Corinthians, jocularly so called.

Hitherto the fever of excitement had subdued the heart; its feelings were paralyzed in the burst of enthusiasm which overspread the faculties of St. Maur on regaining the friendship of the Prince; no sacrifice was too great for such a consummation; no sentiments of gratitude lively enough to express his delight. And before the mind had time to cool, there came busy occupation with all its details—matters from which he could not escape—personages soliciting attention who could not be denied—advice and assistance to ask and receive.

But when the freshness of office wore off, a dreary void was felt—a desolation of heart from which there was no escape. He accused himself of ingratitude, of cowardice, and utter unworthiness of being beloved, in forsaking Isoline. In vain did reason attempt to justify the neglect. What, if she were all she had been pictured? What, if she were even the spy of Mazarin—the panderer to a treacherous mistress—yes—even the first cause of the ruin of the Prince of Condé, still she was Isoline, the fair Sybil, the enslaver of his senses, the captivator of his fancy, the preserver of his life.

At the Palais Royal, no tidings could be gleaned, either of her safety or place of retreat. It was the policy of the Fronde to preserve, rather than destroy, the royal prerogative and authority; republicanism, or change of the form of government, was no part of the creed of its chiefs—was not even dreamed of, though vague, undefined hopes of freedom may have arisen in the hearts of the poorer and oppressed classes. It was an aristocratic compact, formed to compel the Regent Anne to divide the spoils of government amongst a few leading nobles, that they might thereby recruit their wasted fortunes, or add to the resources of a luxurious and profligate career; and in the furtherance of which, the distress and grievances of the other classes had been made subservient.

The palace of the sovereign, therefore, with its riches, was preserved undesecrated by the faction. The populace were not permitted to plunder in its precincts; the few domestics and officers of the household, who had not the means or the chance of escape, had been mostly rescued from the grasp of the mob; and though some few, like St. Maur, met with ill treatment, yet plunder and outrage had been arrested; and the Palais Royal wore now much the appearance it usually exhibited when the Regent was staying at St. Cloud or Fontainebleau.

Of the remaining residents, none could give St. Maur any intelligence of Madame du Plessis; her hotel, in the Place Royale, he learned was closed; and it was generally believed that she was with her mistress at St. Cloud.

To go thither was impossible—the city was besieged, or rather blockaded, and, could he penetrate the blockading forces, he ran the

double risk of being either taken by the royal forces and falling a sacrifice to the Italian's revenge, or being proclaimed a deserter by his own party, a double-dyed renegade.

Occasionally, prisoners were brought into Paris, soldiers and others, who had been at the royal camp at St. Cloud; from these he endeavoured to learn whether Isoline was at the court, but without success. It was his poor consolation that if any accident or mishap had befallen her, he should have heard of it.

With mind distracted, and upbraiding conscience, he often found himself at a loss in performing the duties of secretary to the versatile and subtle prelate. His embarrassment was visible to the Coadjutor, and the cause partly guessed, at least so thought St. Maur, from the hints casually let drop, that the youth should take pattern by him.

And truly De Retz was the wonderment of his acquaintance. Distractedly in love with a wild, eccentric girl, whose temperament and actions would have inferred an eastern origin, had not her genealogy been so well known; yielding himself a slave to her caprices, he was at the same time, the acute, penetrating leader of a faction which shook the throne to the very centre—the eloquent, enthusiastic preacher who sent home weeping crowds from the old walls of Nôtre Dame—the gay libertine who sought favour in every damsel's eyes, in the absence of the idol De Chevreuse.

During the blockade of the city, his preaching was of vital importance to the Fronde; it sustained the spirits of the citizens; encouraged them to fresh exertions in the cause; put life in the half-famished bodies of the poor, and kept in ever-seething ferment, the universal detestation of the Italian.

It was on one of these occasions, when Beaufort's legionaries had sustained severe loss, and the city was in mourning for its thinned ranks, that St. Maur was present. After the preliminary service, conducted with all the pomp appertaining to the metropolitan see, De Retz ascended the pulpit.

The secretary could readily forgive the look of exultation with which his master surveyed the vast assemblage. The Duke of Orleans was of the congregation, as were also all the cavaliers and ladies of quality still in the city. These formed a gaudy circle, hemmed in and fringed by a dark mass of soberly-clad citizens, mendicants, friars, and old women,—the staunchest of the prelate's admirers.

It is beyond our province to repeat what fell from his lips, we must therefore content ourselves with remarking what more particularly struck St. Maur during the progress of the sermon.

It were natural to expect, that in addressing the congregation the prelate would not direct his discourse exclusively to any one section of the listening crowd, but bestow attention equally on all. It appeared to St. Maur, however, that his face was very often turned to the extreme right of the group, and by doing so, those who stood with the secretary on the left of the preacher lost portions of the discourse through the fall of the voice. It was the constant recurrence of this change, so unpleasing to the ear of an attentive listener, that first drew the youth's attention to the circumstance.

Changing his place, so as to obtain a view of that part of the cathedral which attracted the Coadjutor,—for to St. Maur the future Archbishop was a riddle and a mystery which he sought to fathom,—he fancied that he had made discovery of the loadstone which drew the prelate's eyes to the spot.

Attended by an elderly female, seemingly an upper servant or dependant of the family, there stood a girl listening attentively to the discourse, but with downcast eyes, whose beauty might have afforded excuse for the ardent gaze even of the Coadjutor of Paris, had he been ministering to a less sacred function. Dressed richly, yet becomingly, in the fashion of the age—with close habit of velvet, surrounded with lace, and partially disclosing the neck and throat, which was decorated with a single row of pearls—the hair in front shading the face, behind, falling luxuriantly on the shoulders, as it escaped from beneath a round hat of black velvet—she stood with fan in hand, hanging listlessly by her side, a picture of innocence and devotion. The face was of a pensive, delicate cast, not destitute of character, yet placid and composed, such as we oft see ere the mind has been ruffled by passion, and the rough trials of the world. The features were regular, of Grecian mould, slightly marked—the eyes blue, with more of depth than brilliancy—a mouth sweetly formed, exciting extreme desire in the beholder to witness the effect of a smile over a face of such innocent loveliness. But this felicity—an ample reward for his patience—was not permitted to the gazer, for the fair stranger exhibited a sincerity in devotion, all unconscious of being herself an idol of worship. The attentiveness to the discourse of De Retz, pleasing as it might be to his vanity, was annoying, as St. Maur surmised, inasmuch as her attitude and modest demeanour prevented him catching her eye. Not all his well-applied eloquence could shake off her reserve; conscious or unconscious of his design, she baffled his art.

The scene was interesting to the secretary. Her modesty pleased him, whilst he could not but admire the finesse and subtlety of De Retz, though contemning his ill-regulated life and pursuits.

For awhile he believed himself sole possessor of this secret cause of attraction, but he found that such was not the fact. Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, unhappily for the preacher, had been listening to the sermon, and love's sharp eyes soon detected what was so apparent to St. Maur. Nor was it long ere he perceived the restlessness of the lady, and, knowing her temperament, and wild, barbaric feelings, dreaded some explosion which would compromise the dignity of the house of Chevreuse, and of the functionary whom he called master. But, for once, the lady exhibited a mastery over herself quite unexpected; unable to endure witnessing the secret admiration of De Retz for the fair unknown, she left the cathedral, a movement which caused a stir in the circle by which she was surrounded, and which drew the attention of the Coadjutor to the circumstance.

This had the effect, as the secretary believed, of shortening the display of De Retz's eloquence. He soon after, with the usual blessing, dismissed the congregation. St. Maur found himself still interested in the fate of the youthful beauty, and much more so than he believed

it possible, considering the distraction of his own mind between love for Isoline, anger at her assumed sway over his opinions and course of action, so prejudicial to his honour, and uncertainty of her fate.

He attributed it to curiosity to know where would end the admiration of the prelate, and a natural interest in the fate of one so lovely as the stranger, alloyed with fear lest she should suffer from the Coadjutor's attentions.

The retiring mass carried the lady with it. He watched De Retz, but the prelate, who had left the pulpit, was now surrounded by his chaplains and the officiating priests of the cathedral. There was, for the present at least, an end of the silent drama, and the secretary, after waiting awhile within view of De Retz, lest his services should be required, returned to the archiepiscopal palace.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Jeanne, qu' anime une chretienne rage
En s' éveillant lui detache une soufflet,
A poing fermé sur son vilain visage."

VOLTAIRE.

St. Maur sat in his chamber in the palace overlooking the left branch of the Seine. Evening was fast fading into night; a few boats, which had probably eluded the vigilance of the scattered blockading forces, were gliding along, laden with provisions; lights momently burst into existence in various quarters of the city; coaches, attended with torch-bearers, rattled over the roughly-paved quays, whilst the dusky forms of the foot passengers were seen hastily escaping out of the way.

How little, reflected the secretary, is the effect of the civil war visible in the operations of the citizens! A morn of bustling business succeeded by an afternoon sermon at Notre Dame, and evening about to be spent in dissipation and intrigue; whilst, beyond the walls, the vast area surrounding the city is the daily battle-ground of the contending parties. Without breathes fierce war with all its horrors, within reigns gaiety and luxurious profusion.

In the courtyard of the palace was, indeed, observable tokens of the unsettled times. Horses caparisoned, sentinels patrolling, and officers, many of uncouth and foreign aspect, loitering the hours away, whilst occasionally a mounted courier or messenger was received within the gates, the bearer of dispatches from leaders and officers of the Fronde to the Coadjutor.

From a meditation of the changing scene St. Maur was aroused by a knocking at the door. He was informed by the domestic that a man was waiting outside the gates who requested urgently to see him; he refused to enter and submit to the usual inquiries attending the admittance of a stranger, but declared that his business would not detain M. St. Maur one half minute, but could not be despatched without a personal interview.

As may be supposed, this communication excited much curiosity,

and some distrust. He was resolved, however, to see the man. Vague ideas floated in his mind, in which hope mingled largely—he might possibly hear of Isoline.

He had scarcely presented himself at the gate, when the man, after assuring himself by inquiry that it was St. Maur whom he addressed, put a sealed packet in his hands, and disappeared hastily. The form of Isoline was present to the imagination, her voice ringing in his ears, as he bounded up the stairs to his apartment. He tore open the envelope; there were several sealed enclosures—an open letter addressed to himself—but alas! not from Du Plessis.

The letter was from the Prince of Condé, and dated from his prison in the Château de Vincennes. He had, as he told St. Maur, found means to have the packet conveyed, and was equally fortunate in obtaining a tolerably exact state of affairs. How, it were needless to say, but the utmost caution was necessary to preserve the indulgence, as the governor acted even beyond the letter of his harsh instructions. The Prince had deemed it of less risk to transmit a packet bearing the superscription of one in the secretary's rank than if it had been addressed to the Duke, or De Retz. St. Maur was requested to explain this to the Coadjutor, and lose no time in placing the enclosures in his hands. The epistle contained many kind things addressed to the youth, and concluded by telling him that the employment of the leader of the French armies was reduced to thinking of his kind friends, and watering the garden-flowers on his narrow terrace.

Sadly disappointed at heart, the feelings of St. Maur were slow in welcoming the flattering communications from his liege lord. It was necessary, however, that he should do his bidding. The prelate was not in the palace—indeed the secretary hardly expected to find him there. He took without delay the road to the Hôtel de Chevreuse, where the Coadjutor almost nightly supped, and from which he returned guarded by a considerable escort ever since the meditated attempt on his liberty.

At this mansion he was admitted without question or hindrance, no slight privilege in a period when every family feared an assassin or midnight surprise.

Ascending the stairs, he entered a chamber brilliantly lighted, furnished gorgeously, and in the middle a table spread with a profusion of plate and richly-cut glass, reflecting the glitter of the chandeliers. Supper was prepared—but where were the guests? The table was small, and the company expected evidently few in number. The secretary, who understood well the economy of the hôtel, knew that it was not what the Duchess called a public evening, when her rooms were open to the visits of the entire Fronde; and as covers were placed for four only, it was equally certain that few, if any of the leaders of the faction, were invited. It was probable that De Retz was the only guest expected, and the youth felt that he was about to disturb, or possibly, if the intelligence his despatches bore were important, break up one of those delightful *tête-à-têtes* in which the Coadjutor indulged, and which had been, as it was reported, so instrumental in binding him to the interests of the Fronde, and to the advocacy of the claims of the De Chevreuse family, when the ambitious objects of the faction were accomplished.

His eye had scarcely taken in the range of the saloon, and the preparations for the evening meal, when he heard voices in an adjoining apartment, the door of which was only partially closed. He was about to proceed in quest of the Coadjutor, when the angry tones which issued from the inner chamber induced him to pause. It was the voice of De Retz, as if in deprecation of some remark.

"Why upbraid me, mademoiselle, for my life? Believe me, it is perfectly consistent from my boyhood. I never wished to be a priest; did everything I could to avoid such a catastrophe; whatever course of life was most opposed to the holy calling, that I followed; whatever actions were most repugnant to the becoming dignity of the priesthood, these I attempted. Have I not fought three duels? twice attempted to run off with my cousin? sold farms and gambled away the money openly? done everything but get drunk, which I have no inclination for, as it deprives me of my own judgment?—but all in vain! It was in the power of the family of De Retz to make Jean de Gondi archbishop of Paris, and archbishop he must be!"

"I do not care about your being a priest," replied the lady, "or what you have done before you were a priest. It is what you have done since—"

"True, sweet mistress," exclaimed the Coadjutor, interrupting her, "but if I have broke the vows of the priesthood, it was for your sake."

"You monster!" cried the lady, with suppressed voice.

"If I have knelt at the feet of mortal beauty," continued De Retz, "my condemnation should come from other lips than hers who brought me to such disgrace."

"You fiend!" said the indignant damsel.

"If I *were* a fiend," continued the priest, "I should change my nature in worshipping Isabella de Chevreuse!"

"Who did you worship this afternoon?" cried the lady, her voice rising to its utmost pitch, swelling with the tones of vehement rage—"who was that wax-work prude you never took your eyes off? You wretch! was that worshipping me?"

A calm ensued upon these words, but only for one moment. It was succeeded by a crash of falling missives, and such a destructive clatter of glass, which so alarmed St. Maur that he ran forward to ascertain the nature of the calamity.

It was indeed an awful catastrophe. The Coadjutor was standing near the door, bewildered, and shrinking from the further effects of the vixen's anger. He was covered with the powder and minute fragments of glass, the remains of a majestic mirror, the pride of the saloon, whilst on the floor lay a massive silver candlestick, the ready engine of the sad disaster. The prelate's head, at which it had been hurled, was, fortunately, safe; the mischief was at the cost of the duchess. The heroine of the scene paced to and fro, glaring on De Retz and his secretary, and threatening, by her looks, more mischief. Rage added to her beauty, seemed even to add to her stature; she looked Minerva descended on earth, threatening and indignant.

The Coadjutor made several essays to speak to St. Maur, but the movements of mademoiselle recalled his attention to his own safety,

and he was obliged to desist. From the dilemma the victims were at last relieved by the entrance of the duchess, who came rushing in, aroused by the crash. The youth accepted this as a signal to withdraw, and, closing the door, awaited the result in the saloon.

De Retz was the first to appear, calm and composed as usual, without any traces in his countenance of the scarcely-hushed storm. St. Maur, who expected a reprimand for the intrusion, or at least that De Retz, who must naturally be annoyed at the inopportune arrival of a witness to his misfortune, would take some means of showing it, hastened to put the despatches in his hands, acquainting him, at the same time, with the written message of the Prince.

Before replying, the Coadjutor glanced through the contents. His countenance did not betray the import of the documents—he was too practised a diplomatist to allow what he was reading to be indexed in his face—and St. Maur awaited in silence his orders.

"The matters contained here are weighty, and require my instant attention," said De Retz, looking at the secretary; "yet I cannot leave till our people arrive; my life is too precious to my friends to depart without escort."

In saying this, his eye accidentally glanced on his sleeve; there were several small fragments of glass adhering, which he, losing his usual tact, hastened to brush off. Whilst performing this, their eyes met; somewhat of a smile escaped the prelate, which he could not suppress, and continuing his address, he added,

"Wait in my study till I return, and forgive the inhospitality of sending you supperless from such good cheer."

When the Coadjutor, after the interval of an hour, met the secretary in the closet adjoining the archiepiscopal library, he was in excellent spirits, even mirthfully disposed, and entered on the important business of Conde's despatches without reserve.

"Well, St. Maur," he exclaimed, "the caged Prince has much better means of information than we possess. He has discovered a manœuvre of the Italian, which we must thwart;—it will afford work for all—I must allot each his task."

He then proceeded to relate the substance of the Prince's epistle, which was to the effect that the court had resolved on sending a herald to the city, or rather to the parliament, proposing to name the time and place where terms of accommodation might be offered and discussed. The real object of Mazarin was to create a breach in the Fronde, and, if possible, effect a separation of the united elements, by proposing such terms as would please one class, displease another, and, being in the nature of a peaceable overture, would address itself specially to the interests and wishes of those who loved tranquillity, and desired to see an end of the disturbances at all risks. It would also call into play such friends as the court possessed in the ranks of the parliament—a sad minority indeed now, but which, in deliberative meetings, with secret encouragement, might make itself heard.

"I need not remind you," remarked the Coadjutor, "that the court, being one, sole, undivided power, possesses a fearful advantage over us, composed as we are of such discordant elements, and having each its separate wishes to gratify. There is not one of us, except

Condé, who could not be bought if the price offered were large enough."

Resuming the thread of the argument after this candid acknowledgment, he proceeded to point out that if Mazarin failed even of opening a deliberative truce, the very circumstance of the parliament, which was the safest and most authoritative engine of the Fronde, receiving the herald, and replying to him, put them all in the odious light of being at war with their sovereign. A herald being ever the chosen messenger of war and peace, would strike the people forcibly, and awaken many to the suspicion that they were really engaged in a contest with their king, and not with an odious foreigner. The show and form of things is everything.

"It is well schemed of the Cardinal," cried the Coadjutor, rising from his seat, and pacing the chamber hastily—"well planned; I did not give him credit for so much imagination; but he shall not pass the change on us—to use our dear Prince's words—so easily. I am not at war with my liege, Monsieur St. Maur—the Prince is not at war with his young cousin; we are all loyal subjects, and take our charges and governments from the throne, and owe him allegiance and duty. The herald shall not be received, but sent back with our dutiful respects."

Still, as De Retz observed, much labour must be undergone to move all parties to the point. There were many in the parliament who would gladly raise their voices, if they dared, for an accommodation, with the intention of making a merit afterwards of the service rendered the Court and Cardinal. The Italian's gold, avaricious and mean as he was, was doubtless circulating in secret quarters. The success and safety of the Fronde depended on keeping all parties, citizens parliament, populace, and noblesse, both enthusiastic, and firmly obedient to their chiefs, till such time as an accommodation, for the benefit of one and all, could be accomplished.

"'Tis a wondrous machine we have the management of," said De Retz, musing, "this Fronde! I often admire our success and good fortune. So complex in its materials—so liable to disorder—but mighty as it is, a solitary whim or obstinate caprice on any one point, in a Frondeur of note, would ruin us. It strikes me at this moment—there is the old greybeard, De Broussel, whose advice, as you may have perceived, none of us care for. Yet he is so much beloved by the people, and so respected by the parliament—for his negative qualities, I suppose—that if he do not go with us in the affair of the herald we are lost. Without sagacity in council, or courage in action, he stands on 'vantage-ground with any of our friends."

The Coadjutor continuing his remarks, said, that he feared if some strong and fresh inducement to adhere to the Fronde were not offered to the old man, that he would cause a schism by advocating the herald's reception, in order that it might lead to a truce. Symptoms of defection had shown themselves, and it was necessary to take measures to prevent the mischief spreading. He was too old for place or appointment, but he had, perhaps, capable relatives who might be led to crave for something which the Fronde could promise, and so fix the old President anew to the traces of the faction.

Each to his task, was the maxim of De Retz, and no better employment could fall to the lot of St. Maur, as he said, and better serve the interests of the Fronde, than in ascertaining the wants of De Broussel's family, and reporting the same to the council or himself.

It was then too late to take any steps in the matter; but at an early hour in the morning, St. Maur left the palace, resolved, as the means and channel of gaining the information was left to his discretion, to avail himself of the services of his old acquaintance, the barber-surgeon, the same who had afforded him shelter when the unconscious escort of the Queen-Regent of France.

The Sieur Jules Martin, as St. Maur remembered, was occasionally employed professionally in trimming off the old gentleman for the parliament-sittings, and had therefore access to the president's house; and as barbers were usually inquisitive, he would probably have the whole history of the family at his fingers' ends.

It was but a short walk to the *rue St. Antoine*, and the secretary was soon seated in the little shop of his countryman and acquaintance.

CHAPTER XIV.

Le Roi s'en est allé, son Eminence aussi:
Le courtisan escroc, sans contenter son hoste,
Jurant qu'a son retour il comptera sans faute,
Et prit le grand chemin en bottes de Rouissy.

The barber, who very cordially welcomed the youth, was, as we have heretofore intimated, a native of Dauphiny, St. Maur's ancestral province. He was between thirty-five and forty years of age, with the usual love of gossip, and fondness for knowing other people's affairs, common to the profession, but with a certain staidness of demeanour and earnestness of conversation, which betokened a reach of intellect unusual to the class.

Of humble origin, born near the Château St. Maur, Jules Martin had taken pride in being of service to one whose name sounded so loftily in his boyhood. Now that St. Maur was fast rising in a sphere congenial to his birth, Jules was angry with his own ill-luck, and could not contemplate with any satisfaction—though it must be admitted without ill-nature or envy—the contrast in present fortunes compared with their relative positions but a short period previously. A tinge of this feeling was perceptible in his manner after the first cordial salutation.

"Well, Monsieur St. Maur!" he said, "you have seldom darkened my threshold of late—the door is not so lofty as the palace-gates in the Parvis Nôtre Dame. Yet you look pale, not better in health, though," he added, smiling, "much richer in apparel, than when you sometimes sought my aid under this humble roof."

To St. Maur's inquiry respecting his business, he said that it was far from lucrative—that his shop being near the Hôtel de Ville, was thronged with the lower class of Frondeurs, who used it as a place of

resort for gossip, and would not pay for the convenience; and even, if he could induce one to be shaved, yet when Beaufort mounted the civic rostrum, he would rush off with unwiped face, upsetting the barber and forgetting to pay the fee; and as for the surgery department, he should some day, he expected, need the assistance of a surgeon himself in the endeavour to make the frequenters of the shop alive to the necessity of paying for the privilege. "But," continued he, "fortune goes by favour, or how is it that you have made such rapid strides, whilst I drop behind like a barge without sails, against tide? In all except gentle birth, I was in advance of you—and have toiled and struggled only to find myself getting poorer and poorer."

When the secretary proposed the commission respecting the De Broussel family, Jules, who had been leisurely sharpening his razors, chatting the while, became gradually attentive, ceased his occupation, —put up the instruments—turned down his sleeves, smoothed his apparel, and by the time St. Maur had ceased speaking, stood a silent, eager auditor. Musing a few moments—much to the amusement of the youth—he joyfully accepted the task, exclaiming that his fortune was made—that monsieur should have before night a complete *tableau* of the family.

Relieved of the drudgery of a disagreeable and not very honourable duty, St. Maur returned to the palace, leaving orders at the lodge, that Jules should be admitted on presenting himself. It was many hours, however, ere the barber made his appearance, and the youth began to fear that the Coadjutor would be impatient, as what was to be learned must be learned quickly, there being no time to lose.

The Sieur Martin was at last forthcoming, and so far as the Secretary could read his countenance, had not been unsuccessful.

His eye wandered round the spacious chamber, fixed itself alternately on the sumptuous decorations, and the figure of St. Maur, whose personal appearance and attire were certainly much improved since his departure from the Golden Angel.

The youth, who guessed his thoughts, and could not avoid noticing the freedom, forgave it on the score of old services, though he foresaw inconvenience might result from the forward character of the barber.

"Well, Jules," said the secretary, "what progress have you made in the tableau?"

"I was but thinking," replied the other, drawn from his abstraction, "what a noble apartment this is—and these windows with the Seine below—every coach may be seen along the Quay St. Michael—and there is the roof of the Luxembourg over those houses!"

"My good friend, Jules Martin," said St. Maur very gravely, "never mind the roof of the Luxembourg, but think of the business you were employed on—time presses—you praised yourself in the forenoon for your sagacity, let me now have proof of it. I hope you were better employed when you went to M. De Broussel than in surveying his chimney-pots, or any prospect even which may be seen from the windows."

"Pardon, monsieur," said Jules in a humble tone, "but this is the

first time I have been in an Archbishop's palace—an officer in the livery of the Gondi's attended me to your very door——."

"And your head is quite turned with the distinction," cried St. Maur; "but believe me, Jules, it was not done quite out of compliment to you, or even myself. We look very closely after strangers —but to your history!"

The narrative of the Sieur Jules was better in texture than warranted by the preliminary flourishes. Stripping off the interjectional remarks—the touches of pride and self-confidence, with which it abounded—the plain history of the family was as follows:—

Monsieur De Broussel was of a distinguished family of the Robe,—that is, of a family which owes its origin to a dignitary of the parliament, either in its present head, or from descent. And as the ancient and warlike families preserved a contempt for those ennobled by office, and suffered loss of caste in forming alliances with them, the families of the Robe, therefore, were generally restricted to intermarriage. And as the great offices of parliament were bought and sold like military commissions, it was an object of ambition with a president to educate his son for the bar, that he might transmit to the next generation the presidential honours of the family. Hence we find in the French annals, instances of families who have given France a president in every generation, and whose chief could point out in the patrimonial picture-gallery, a long row of learned heads, with as much complacency as the descendant of a peer of Charlemagne would direct our attention to a line of grim and bearded warriors. And certainly, to disinterested parties, it may be questionable which has the most to boast of—descent from a line of freebooters, or from those who sold justice in the parliament.

The student of French history, forgetful of the hereditary cause—and mindful only of the sagacity and learning required by most nations in the candidate for the office of judge—may have often wondered at the ridiculous figure exhibited by many wearing the dignity of president—their ignorance—and the expressed contempt of their contemporaries.

De Broussel was in years, had a venerable aspect, possessed certain good negative qualities, and by following an equally negative course of action—save on one or two occasions, when he stepped forward, and placed himself, without effort, in an enviable niche of popularity—enjoyed universal reputation with the lower classes, and considerable influence in the parliament. He was of the Fronde, but suspected of a desire to stand well with the court; and, indeed, it would have been a great accession to his laurels, and suited well with the dignity of his age, and previous career, in gaining the credit of breaking up a faction, and restoring peace to the kingdom.

To proceed to a consideration of his private affairs, and in which lay the interest of Martin's discoveries, he was a widower, left with two daughters, one unmarried, the other the wife of Phillipe Du Tremblay, a gentleman of ancient family, poor and decayed connexions, and whose chief, if not only merit, in the eyes of the father-in-law, was his name and blood.

De Broussel's vanity led him to overlook many wealthy and advan-

tageous alliances with families of the Robe, to marry his daughter to a poor gentleman of the Sword—as those of ancient lineage were called. And as the housekeeper, Madame Josephine, pathetically lamented to Jules, the president, she believed, was quite willing to throw the other daughter away, for the sake of the same distinction. A worse match could not be found, said Josephine, than this Du Tremblay, who far from being able to make a poor present to a waiting-gentlewoman, like herself, once a year—and she had brought up Madame Du Tremblay from a child—he was almost fed, and provided for, from the president's larder, or from the farms in Normandy.

"Then he is quite without estate?" asked St. Maur at this juncture in the narration.

"Scarcely a crown, monsieur," replied Jules. "Du Tremblay is in Languedoc. There is a château, a lake stored with carp of large size, as Josephine admits, for monsieur made several presents of the fish during his courtship. Extensive moors running to the hill side, where venison is found—and he has the right of putting deer-stealers in the *donjon* of the château. But there is nothing to make gold of, unless a mine should be discovered under the moors."

St. Maur smiled during the recapitulation—it reminded him of his own ancestral possessions, which, indeed, were in a far worse plight than Du Tremblay's—for the walls of the château St. Maur could scarce afford refuge to the bat and the owl.

To the secretary's inquiries of what were the personal character and aspirations of Monsieur Du Tremblay, the barber—his face lighted up with a smile of satisfaction, that he was even able to answer that question—replied that Madame Du Tremblay had informed Josephine in confidence, that her husband was ambitious of preferment, and that the president had several times offered to buy him a charge connected with the parliament, if he would but suffer a few months' preliminary study to fit him for the office, but his pride forbad. The Du Tremblays, he said, were of other mould, and followed other pursuits.

"And such an ass is the old man," added Jules with animation, "that he was pleased with the reply!"

St. Maur could not help congratulating his aide-de-camp on his success—he was, indeed, much pleased with the report, for although most of these particulars, as they concerned a public man like De Broussel, were doubtless known to the Coadjutor, yet there were a few strokes elicited, which would prove of value.

He proceeded to perform a very necessary duty, that of paying for the information obtained, and handing to the barber a purse of crowns, which the latter received rather hesitatingly, he said he offered that as a retaining fee—that he should be glad to see him occasionally, or even daily, till he could find the opportunity, which must be sought in a higher quarter, of making a permanent change in his position.

Jules still hesitated, but seeing from the look of St. Maur that his own behaviour was conveying the impression that the gratuity given was not bountiful enough, he hastened to assure the secretary that he was deceived.

"Deceived!" cried St. Maur quickly, "how deceived? I hope not!"

"I mean," replied Martin, "that you think you have not given me gold enough."

"I think no such thing," said the secretary, "or I should have corrected my error—but if you think——."

"I am wrong, again, Monsieur St. Maur," exclaimed the barber solemnly; "what I meant was, that you would doubtless believe by my delay, that I was wishing for more money, and I was very anxious, before I mentioned other matters, to inform monsieur, that if such were his thoughts, he was deceived."

"Well!" cried St. Maur, bursting into laughter at the precision of the explanation, "speak as you will—but remember, I have duties to perform this very evening."

And so speaking, the youth flung himself into a large chair, and awaited tranquilly the communication.

"I know it well," said Jules; "what I have said will travel upward. But I have another subject to speak of, which relates only to yourself,"

"And what is that?" asked the secretary, starting from his recumbent position with some confusion—a movement which he felt heartily ashamed of the moment it occurred. But the barber had touched a string which vibrated to the heart. What can he mean, said the youth to himself—has he a message from—no, it is impossible——.

"Monsieur de Broussel is very rich," said Jules, looking at the secretary attentively.

"I know it," observed St. Maur, eying the barber with surprise and curiosity, "but that does not concern me."

"I have seen Mademoiselle De Broussel," continued Jules, growing more fluent; "she is very beautiful—indeed I will pledge myself to it—and Josephine says she is more amiable than her married sister——."

He paused here, partly, perhaps, to observe the effect his discourse would produce, but seeing that St. Maur remained a passive listener, he continued—

"The family, certainly, is merely of yesterday—but they are very rich—and mademoiselle is very beautiful—and Monsieur Du Tremblay, a very old name, old as the Languedocian rocks, did not object; and he is a man of honour and courage—and I am thinking—I am thinking two things, monsieur."

"What are they, Jules?" said the secretary, very calmly.

"If Monsieur St. Maur married the lady, and studied very hard, perhaps for two years only, he would doubtless be eligible to the reversion of the presidency before the old gentleman died, and it might be then transferred without the great cost of repurchase from the crown."

"That is one thought, friend Jules—what is the other?" inquired St. Maur.

"If monsieur had the same foolish pride as Du Tremblay," said

the barber, "why he might still marry mademoiselle, and pursue his present fortunes. The secretary to an Archbishop, and a friend of the Prince of Condé, is a far better match than a poor Chatelain with a ruined château, and a muddy carp-pond, supposing the antiquity of their families to be equal. I feel the president would receive monsieur with open arms."

"I am thinking, Sieur Martin," said the secretary with feigned gravity, "that to nineteen men out of twenty, such a proposal as yours would result thus—that the polite friend in the Archbishop's livery who ushered you to my door, would cudgel you soundly beyond the palace-gates."

Jules looked rather abashed, he knew not how far St. Maur was in earnest, but still he kept his ground, saying—

"I know I have been making a very delicate proposal, which not one man in twenty would dare utter, because he would not have your interest so much at heart as I have, monsieur."

"Begone, Jules," cried the youth, determined to get rid of his visitor before he grew angry with him.

"But still reflect, monsieur," remarked the barber, lingering near the door, "if we once throw our chance away——."

St. Maur pointed authoritatively to the door, which cut short Jules argument. He was forced to obey, and left the apartment.

SONG.

MY ARAB MAID.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

My Arab maid, the desert's flow'r!
O'er minaret and Moslem tow'r,
I watch the same bright star arise,
That meets the gaze of those sweet eyes.
Oh! how my inmost soul was rent,
When, call'd to join the warrior's tent,
We parted at the midnight hour,
My Arab maid, the desert's flow'r,
My own dear Arab maid!

For thee from this fond bosom rise
A thousand prayers, a thousand sighs;
For thee the tear in silence flows,
My stag-eyed fair, my Gulshen-rôz!*
In thoughts by day, in dreams by night,
I see thee oft, my soul's delight,
And own thy beauty's gentle pow'r,
My Arab maid, the desert's flow'r,
My own dear Arab maid.

* Light of the rose-garden.

OH! HOW SHALL WE OUR JOY EXPRESS?

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Oh! how shall we our joy express,
Rejoining those on earth once dear,
In yon bright land of happiness
Where Bliss doth never shed a tear?
'Tis so like Heav'n to weep with thee,
Now thou art once again with me!

I weep, that Love doth thee restore—
I weep, that thou each joy wilt share—
I weep, lest Absence yet once more
Should wring my bosom with despair:
But, oh! in Heav'n, tears would be vain,
As we COULD never part again!

How sweet the thought to be for *ever*
With thee! Oh! ecstacy supreme!
No pride of birth—no friends to sever—
No hope to mock with idle dream:
There! THERE divine reality
Chases the tear from Doubt's sad eye!

Tears are for earth!—they tell our love—
They tell our hopes—they tell our fears—
Each feeling that the heart doth move
Is shown by tears—by ONLY tears:
These very ones thou mourn'st to see,
Tell my heart's brimming ecstacy!

Yes! I MUST weep—could I refrain
These tears of joy? No! let them flow,
BUT to suppress them would be pain,
Changing their source to bitter woe;
The tumult of my soul they calm,
At meeting thee, like heav'nly balm

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.[1]

CHAPTER III.

Twist ye, twine ye, even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear, and peace and strife,
In the thread of human life.

The health of Gustavus and his mother rapidly returned after their sojourn at Cheltenham, and from thence Mrs. Schutz and her children passed the next year in Scotland, and in different visits to old friends, either in Scotland or England: at length she finally fixed her residence in Somersetshire, not far from the town of Glastonbury. She thought for a few years it did not much signify where she dwelt, and at Glastonbury she had got her kind friend Dr. Penrith established, to whose friendly skill as a physician she could always turn for her precious children; but she had now the great satisfaction of seeing a fine healthy colour spread over the cheeks of both Gustavus and the little Janet; and she found that the never-failing cheerfulness of her little companions had again roused her up to something like her wonted spirits; and with the necessity of exertion, she had reaped its reward, the satisfaction of thinking she was doing her duty by her children, and acting in the way which her much-lamented Gustavus would have sanctioned with his approval.

Year after year passed on, with but little variation, excepting in more of her time being occupied not only with actually attending to the bodily wants, but the mental acquirements of her children; and in what at first seemed the most irksome of all things, the endeavour to add to her own knowledge and acquirements, such additional information as it would be necessary to have to assist Gustavus in his education; for she was well aware, that even if she gave him every advantage that her fortune would allow, still much must be done at home, to make that education she intended for him have its due weight; she thought what a loss he had sustained in having no paternal eye to watch over him, and she determined, if possible, to supply his loss as far as instruction in books might go. A mother may do much, far more than many persons suspect, in the formation of character; still the father's loss must be heavily felt in numerous little things, which a father alone can direct; but Mrs. Schutz determined she would not dwell on what her son had lost in that way, but on what she might supply, by greater diligence on her part. She had always had a taste for study, and for scientific pursuits, which had been encouraged by her own father, who bestowed much care himself on her education. For her little Janet she had no fears; she was aware of her capabilities to give her such an education, as would fit her for the woman's province, the domestic circle; but could she—

[1] Continued from page 51.

should she—ever be able to direct the studies of Gustavus when at home? She meant to send him to Winchester hereafter, but she felt a dislike to a preparatory school, and earnestly hoped, with the assistance of a few hours daily from a neighbouring clergyman, to whom Gustavus went, she might send him at once to Winchester when old enough. How much of her time and thoughts was taken up in the execution of this plan, when once it was formed! She thought within herself, to accomplish this nothing else ought to be neglected: all her other duties should be regularly performed, and she must even keep up in a moderate degree the society of the neighbourhood, that her children might have the benefit of it, for she was not one to imagine that total seclusion was good for any one. Since she had left Antigua, several successive unfavourable seasons—a severe earthquake, and the mismanagement of agents—had greatly reduced her fortune; still she had now a smaller, but less changing, settlement, by removing her money into the English funds, and till the expenses of Winchester and Oxford should be called for, had a very ample independence for herself and children. Her house was a compact and very comfortable residence, in a good and healthy situation, with plenty of garden and shrubbery; and at that time she was still able to keep her carriage and horses, a luxury which she hardly expected could be hers when Gustavus made a larger demand upon her purse. Now, it was source of peculiar pleasure to her, for her carriage was always ready for a Mrs. Berners, an invalid old lady, who lived close to her, and who could not afford such a comfort. Whatever Mrs. Schutz had, she wished to make useful to her neighbours, of whatever rank or station, in any way in which she could make it useful; and with the same ideas, she brought up Gustavus and Janet. How carefully did she watch over their tender years, determinately setting her mind to guard against over indulgence, that her own fondness for her children might lead her into. How often did she say to herself, "I must recollect, playthings as they are now, they will not be mere playthings hereafter;" and though perhaps she would not even say so to her own mind, yet still the impression was, how carefully she must endeavour to teach them the government of their tempers, from the sad misery she felt a want of such government had caused both to her husband and, through his neglect of it, to herself. She was indulgent to the very extreme that she might be to her children, without over indulgence: she was firm and decisive in all she said or did, but she had such an extreme gentleness of manner, that reproof from her lips seemed to lose all harshness. No children could be more blessed in a parent than Gustavus and Janet; and they seemed to prize the blessing, and to return her judicious care, by every endeavour on their parts to conform their wills to hers. I do not wish to convey the idea that these children were faultless, or unlike other children, but that they took the model well, in which their mother endeavoured to mould them, and proved a comfort to her, even in these early years.

Gustavus and Janet had few little companions. Occasionally they might have some youthful friends, either in the neighbourhood, or on a visit to themselves; but in general Janet was all Gustavus had to look to for a companion in his plays, or Janet to him.

Gustavus grew a fine manly open-hearted boy, full of every sort of boyish sport, of life, and activity, and frolic; and Janet was not a bit behind her brother in her love of merriment, and her joyous little laugh was often heard. Her mornings, after having walked with her mother and Gustavus as far as within sight of the clergyman's house, to whom Gustavus daily went, and from which she and her mother returned together,—were spent in lessons with her mother. Gustavus returned by one o'clock, and the afternoon often found him and Janet in the field at the back of the house, "driving tandem," as he called it, the large dog Sport being harnessed first with a stick in his mouth for a bridle, and Janet the shaft horse, holding up a cord, which passed on to the hands of Gustavus; and in this fashion the tandem circled round and round the field; and to the fond mother, seated working at the open drawing-room window, it seemed impossible to say if Gustavus, Janet, or Sport, enjoyed the evening's amusement most. Gustavus was equally ready to follow Janet's lead; and if hoops, or running races, was to be the winter's diversion, or a good warming game of ball, in which Sport took his turn to catch, and to bring the fallen ball, Gustavus entered quite as eagerly into it, because it was Janet's wish for that game. So time wore away, and Gustavus had passed his eleventh birthday, when the time came that was to see him a Winchester scholar. Mr. Prynne had been most kind in his attention to his little pupil, and the never-ceasing anxiety to forward all he recommended, by attentively going over and over the allotted task every night, before retiring to rest, and again before the hour of going to the vicarage, and adding such additional explanations as Mrs. Schutz thought would make the lessons more easily understood, gave her constant occupation. Such incessant care was well rewarded by hearing Mr. Prynne say, when Gustavus went to the vicarage with her to take leave of his tutor, before going to Winchester, "I have every hope that Gustavus will be so placed as to do no discredit to *our* care, Mrs. Schultz—for I feel I must say *our*, as a large share of credit is due to you, for your unwearied attention to get all his studies prepared over night—and I hope my diligent scholar will do us credit; and moreover I fervently hope, the son will prove himself deserving of all the care bestowed on him: few have the advantage he has had, and I cannot myself but marvel, how you have accomplished what you have done for him."

Mrs. Schutz could not but feel the satisfaction of well-earned praise, coming too from one, whose praise was not bestowed at random. The next day Gustavus departed for Winchester, under the care of old Morton, the footman; and what a sad, a dismal blank, seemed to come over the household he quitted! The feelings of a mother in first trusting her son to the little world of a public school, is indeed not an enviable one: poor Mrs. Schutz, she meditated again and again, could there be any one thing she had left unsaid, that she ought to have pointed out to her loved Gustavus—had she done all that it was in her power to do? She had, indeed, done as much as a mother could do, and now conscience (which never errs, if we would but hear its voice) gave her the comfort of feeling that she had done so; it bore its own quiet testimony to her mind, that she had not wil-

lingly, or knowingly, lost any opportunity of encouraging him in the path of virtue, or pointing out in what he erred: of showing him the temptations which he would now be exposed to in the career opening before him—of urging him to take a higher view than merely the acquisition of knowledge, teaching him to turn the knowledge he should acquire to the practice of wisdom and virtue. Of assisting him to conquer the faults incident to his youth; of especially pointing out the advantage of keeping his temper in due subjection; and, above all things, to keep strictly to all those things which would not only ensure him happiness for the present, but for ever. Having again and again so thought of her dear boy, Mrs. Schutz quietly turned to her daily duties. Poor dear little Janet! what a day of perfect sorrow and misery (which seemed to break her little heart) did this day appear to her! it seemed her first grief. Could it be possible she should exist without the daily sight of her loved companion? Could she have any pleasure, even in Sport, without Gustavus? Could anything again ever seem to look cheerful and happy, as it was wont to look with dear Gustavus? She cried over every article of his that she found about the house: she kissed every little gift of book or toy which he thought would no longer be useful to a *Winchester boy!* and so they had been given to her the day before: she wandered from place to place with poor Sport, looking as sad and disconsolate as his dear little mistress, and when a long and uncontrolled fit of crying came at the sight of the swing, poor Sport gently put up his paw on her hand, as she lay with her head buried in the cushion of the swing, and with every fond endearment a dog could show, he seemed to enter into her sorrow, "O Sport, Sport! dear Sport, what can we do now? No Gustavus, Sport!" And Sport looked earnestly, and seemed to shake his curious head, in time, as she shook her tearful one at him. "Why do you shake your head so, Sport? You make me cry, to look at you! Do come away, Sport; do let us go back again to mamma!" Sport readily assented to follow, and wagged his tail with pleasure, as if the very sound of Janet's voice calling on his name encouraged him again: there is an eloquence, certainly, in the dumb sorrow of a dog!

Evening at length came, and the last long fit of Janet's tears was shed, on discovering in the drawer of her workbox a glove belonging to Gustavus, which a week before, in mere frolic, he had stuffed into the place of a reel of thread, and which had been forgotten. "There, there it shall stay, till dear, dear Gustavus comes back to take it out again."

"Well, so let it, dear Janet," said her mother; "and now shut up the box, and go and try to compose yourself in bed: to-morrow we will try to be very busy about something or other, and the occupation will keep up our spirits; and when the post is in, and we hear of dear Gustavus, we will drive over to Glastonbury, and tell kind Dr. and Mrs. Penrith the news; they will rejoice in our joy, and possibly we may get Mrs. Berners to go with us; she will like to see them, and the drive will do her good."

Janet obeyed her mother's wish, and went off to bed, to seek what was not long in coming to her relief, "Balmy sleep, nature's kind restorer!"

Mrs. Schutz spent a long night in planning for herself a further scheme of study, to let her have the start of the Winchester scholar in the literature and knowledge of the day. In making other new arrangements to give more of her time to her dear Janet, till called on by Gustavus's happy return, to divide her time with him; and before she retired to rest, she had penned her first letter to her dear schoolboy, to be finished when she heard of his safe arrival. Then, having finished the night with her usual occupations, she, too, retired to rest, if not to sleep, and the thought of dear Gustavus alike occupied mother and sister.

Gustavus! he had been roused by the novelty of his situation to look with a sort of quiet wonder at every object that met his view; but beyond expressing a few thoughts to old Morton, he said but little—his wonted gaiety was gone; he felt as if he could have so enjoyed himself, if his mother and Janet had but been with him; but he thought they must be thinking of him now, and now they would be at dinner, and miss him; and Sport would miss him bringing out the allotted portion after dinner, but Janet would take care of him. "Now they are going to tea at home, Morton,"—and when he laid his head in his turn on his pillow, it was to close his eyes, and dream of his mother, and Janet, and Sport, and all the dear nameless delights of home.

"Dear home!
There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief;
The silver links that lengthen,
Joy's visits when most brief."

Morton having seen him safely consigned to the care of his mistress's friend the warden, stopped ere he again entered into the street to indulge his grief in a few tears, but having quietly replaced his red pocket handkerchief in his pocket, he thought the best thing would be to put young master's letter in the post-office, "to comfort his honoured mistress and little missy," for Morton was going to take his holiday ere he returned, so he turned himself round to see could his young master be visible; not seeing him, he pursued his way to find out the post-office.

The next day the letter being duly received, Mrs. Schutz ordered the carriage, and accompanied by her Janet and Mrs. Berners, (who accepted her proposal to join them,) went to Glastonbury to give the same pleasing intelligence to the Penriths. On returning, she took with her an interesting little niece of Mrs. Penrith's, and a relative of the old lady, Isabel Berners, to spend the rest of the week with Janet, and by the novelty of the young guest in a manner reconcile her by degrees to being without a playfellow. Nothing occurred of particular interest except the mutual intercourse of letters to and from Winchester, from which Mrs. Schutz was really pleased to find Gustavus had taken his place in the school high for his age; and which, he assured her, he felt quite equal to keep. At home all was quiet peacefulness and love; and Janet made double diligence to turn her mother's attention to her to a good account, and both mother and daughter, and the absent Gustavus, seemed well and happy.

CHAPTER IV.

" 'Tis soothing to look back on hours
So sweet, though they have long since fled;
Time has but given yet deeper powers
To all that fancy, feeling, fed.
Years but a softer tint have shed
On what was beautiful and bright,
And memory o'er the scene but spread
The mildness of the lunar light."

The time allotted to his Winchester life passed away without any very serious abatement of comfort to any of the party. An occasional illness of those at home, or of Gustavus whilst there, or any accident to him, might for the time call forth a more than ordinary anxiety, and during a time in which he was prevented returning to Winchester, by an accidental slip, which snapped the bone of his leg, and confined him for some time to his sofa, he was removed on it to the house of an acquaintance of his mother's, not far from Winchester, situated in a pretty lawn, with magnificent trees around, and a pretty garden; and the room given up to Gustavus, on the ground floor, had a French window opening into it. Here the young Gustavus could be wheeled out to enjoy the pleasant and refreshing air. What added greatly to his happiness, was, Mrs. Acourt had pressed his mother and Janet's joining them, till Gustavus should be able to resume his studies, so earnestly, that it could not be refused, and it was hardly possible to say which of the three she had made most happy. Mrs. Schutz was delighted to have the mornings to themselves, (herself and children,) that Gustavus might still be kept in training for his future studies; and she had taught him to consider the morning hours even more precious than the night for the purposes of study, combined with health, and as though very truly, as he said, " he was tied by the leg," he had still the whole use of all his powers of mind, and greater opportunity of leisure, she was really glad to be there, not only as his fond nurse, but to prevent him from indulging too much in listless habits. Having Janet with her also, she lost less time than if Mrs. Schutz had had all her household concerns to divert her attention. The two young people dined together at Mrs. Acourt's luncheon hours; and the rest of the day, Janet could assist to amuse Gustavus, in a hundred ways in which brothers and sisters can best amuse each other, from knowing full well the habits, interests, and pursuits; and these two, delighting in each other, felt completely happy. Occasionally Mrs. Acourt would vary the evening, by asking a friend of Gustavus's to join him from Winchester.

What can be more beautiful than the growing attachment of a brother and sister, who seem to know each other's every thought?—a look is sufficient for the expression of a whole sentence—a glance can tell if sorrow or joy is uppermost in either mind. Nothing could exceed the tender kindness, the affection of Gustavus for Janet; or the warm and confiding trust Janet felt in her dear Gustavus. The holidays each year brought new pleasures; and the summer evenings were often spent by them, when at home, in their duo game of cricket, in

which the batting was all Gustavus's, and the running and active movements of his dear Janet, performing her part with all her heart, called forth his warmest praise.

"What a pity you could not play at Winchester, Janet; why many I could name don't play half so well, not half so active. Capital, Janet,—well caught, Janet,—there, there, again."

"Oh, Gustavus, surely this is the hottest summer *we* ever remember."

"Never too hot for cricket, Janet. Come, don't give in, that sounds like a croaker:" and off went Janet with redoubled speed.

In the house, out of the house, whatever could be done together was; and if in more quiet amusements their dear mother was added to the trio, nothing could exceed the pleasure of the young ones, or the delighted calm happiness of the mother. She could, and did, take a share in many of their little amusements; she played untired in the winter evening, that they might dance hornpipes or minuets together, or, with the assistance of some young friends, they occasionally extended it to quite a little ball, ending with a cake and home-made wine or lemonade supper. Sometimes she would play for them to sing, and take a part herself; at others, she would read out to them, whilst Janet and Gustavus amused themselves in drawing; or she would read and explain some scientific work; and then, whilst herself and Janet occupied themselves in needlework, Gustavus would often read books of amusement to them. They felt, and justly, what trouble their mother took for them, and they repaid it by all those fond and pleasing attentions so gratifying to see paid by children to their parents, and doubly gratifying to the children to pay, and so merit the fond approbation of a much-loved parent.

Janet had a sweet voice, and played well enough to accompany herself, and beautifully, according to the partial ideas of Gustavus, who, with a voice like a raven, would sit and croak an accompaniment to her sweet full tenor, which hardly harmonised in any way, unless you could see the contented happy faces of both.

Janet bore some resemblance to her mother in slightness, and airiness of form and figure; but in face she wanted her beautiful regularity of features. She had a clear blue expressive eye, and light brown hair, and her expression of countenance was pleasing; though she could not have any claim to beauty, still the delicate tint of her complexion, and her lady-like manners, on the whole, made her general appearance prepossessing. She looked far older than she really was; from being reserved with strangers, she generally looked grave unless speaking, and from her timidity, she seemed not equal to take the place her more commanding figure would have led persons (who did not know her age) to suppose she could have taken. Her mother, having no one to leave her with, generally took her with her if she went out, and even at the early age of eleven, she had joined her mother and Gustavus at one of the Christmas Glastonbury balls, at the earnest request of Dr. Penrith, from whose house they were to go.

"O, bring little Janet, Mrs. Schutz, depend upon it she never will

enjoy another ball more than this: and Gustavus will enjoy it infinitely more with her."

Gustavus joined earnestly in the request, and added, "Dear mother, I will dance with Janet all the evening myself."

"And pray," said Dr. Penrith, "why? Mr. Gustavus, do you think no one admires our Janet but yourself? I shall have my house full of young people, and many even Winchester boys, *men* like yourself, will be proud of the hand of my little bonnie Janet. Nay, nay, Mrs. Schutz, I cannot be denied; I will take care of my Janet myself."

The consent was obtained, and no one could enjoy it more than Janet, unless it was Gustavus to have her there, and to hear the observations made, "Who is that elegant lady-like girl, dressed so prettily in white muslin, and dancing so nicely? she would be really quite handsome if she did not look so grave." The last part Gustavus did not care for. "She is not grave at home," thought he; "she is merry enough with me;—but she is elegant, and pretty, and a good dancer."

Gustavus had a fine robust figure, promising to be very tall, and a noble face, which did more for him at first sight to win and fix attention, than many would have gained on a much larger acquaintance. And here the mother thought to herself, "they all seem taken with the brilliant dark eyes and regular features, (those eyes so like his father's,) of my open-countenanced, handsome-faced boy, and so it is; but *I* can draw comfort from thinking that a longer acquaintance with the *mind* would please still more."

"Mother dear! what are you thinking about that makes you smile so complacently?"

"Thinking how glad I am to see you both enjoying yourselves so much:" and Gustavus would gladly have thrown both his arms around her neck.

"Now remember, Gustavus, we are in a ball-room; your expression of delight must be kept for another time."

Oxford succeeded to Winchester as quickly as possible.

"Janet," said Gustavus, on his first vacation, "I wish Oxford was not necessary—I cannot bear to think of it."

"I thought all young men—only think, Gussy, *you* a young man!—but I thought Oxford was considered a sort of promotion from a public school—from a Winchester boy to an Oxonian!"

"I was not thinking of myself, dear Janet, but I was thinking of my mother and of you. I cannot bear to think my expenses there will deprive her of her carriage, or you either."

"*Me*, Gustavus!—*me!*—what nonsense to think of me! I did grieve for the carriage on mamma's account, but mamma says it is but for a few years, and you will then leave it, and if you will be very economical it will make no difference."

"*If* I will, dear Janet! You can't doubt the will; but you cannot think the hundred and one absurdities, as I can really see they are when at home, what actual necessities they seem to arise to at Oxford. *You* cannot understand, no, not if you sat thinking to eternity,

how expenses will come round the corner, and catch you before you can tell how to escape them."

"Always look well round the corners, Gussy, and keep the middle of the road—you know our coachman always does!"

"Our coachman!—and to think you will, before the week's out, have none! But truly, Janet, it is far easier to talk of keeping out of expenses than to do so;—*this* seems nothing, and *that* seems nothing, and *this* is not much, and *that* so trifling; and yet, when I am in bed, and count them all over—"

"In bed at your accounts!"

"*Thinking* them over, Janet, in bed; that is the time I get thinking and counting;—I declare I quite hate myself for all these things I have been doing;—and the horses and the carriage to go, and my dear mother cheerfully trotting through the dirty lanes!"

"But why cannot you wisely determine to regulate your expenses to your purse? Why cannot you see, before you enter into them, whether or not your purse will supply your demands? You have done so, Gustavus, hitherto; I am sure mamma has often, before now, commended you for your economy, and even praised you for, at the same time, being liberal, and bestowing a part upon things that really benefited others."

"And to merit my mother's praise alone even I would do so now, Janet; but though mother's is a very handsome allowance—just what Tellis is allowed, and he says his is ample, and I ought to find it so too—for the life of me, if I can make it do; and I never have one farthing at the end of term left—not enough to keep a fly, much more a sparrow, far from benefiting any one else."

"Gustavus, I will not say it is not wasteful nor careless in you to be so perplexed for the means to get what you think necessary, for our mother says that you have quite as much, and even more, than is absolutely needful—and you see your friend Tellis makes it enough; but I wish you would try and not think you want such a parcel of things, that even at Winchester (and latterly that was bad enough) you did not fancy you wanted. I am not a judge at all, but to me it seems utterly impossible you can want even the multiplicity of whips, and sticks, and flutes, and clothes, and pictures, and every sort of thing you have brought back for yourself; and though I am very much delighted with all you have brought for me, dear Gussy, I do not want anything as a proof of your love for me; so I wish, indeed I do, dear Gussy, you would spend nothing on me."

"What I spent on the few things I brought to you, dear Janet, is really not worth talking about, and I cannot think how it is I have accumulated so much on myself: but everything is so dear at Oxford; and everything is to be had; so, if you are fond, as you know I am, of pictures, or things to fill our museum, or be it what it may, everybody has just what you want to dispose of, and I really never do know how to say no, I believe; for I see well enough, as I plainly hear you say, I do not really want them. Then, as to the parties, I hate them altogether, unless it is some out-of-door amusement: and then horses and dogs, boating, &c., &c., are all so expensive, and lead to other things."

Here Janet remained silent for some time; at last she said,

"I cannot, I will not, say I think my Gussy right at all, and when next you are going to buy anything you don't want, I wish you may see a vision of Janet start up before you, quite scolding and angry!"

"When shall I ever see that in reality? Dear Janet, if you are vexed, you are never angry; you are just like my loved mother, never angry; and when you do scold, as you often do with your pen—though I believe my phiz puts it out of your power when I am looking at you—it never makes me angry with you, only with myself, and that I am already. Heigh ho! I wish I was clear of all the trammels of Oxford, and then, O how happy we shall be in the nice little parsonage, and dear mother and you, Janet, looking so happy and so busy in my parish!"

"Never, Gussy, never, if you run the purse so low that there is nothing left to make mamma very comfortable, as we both wish her to be, and to allow of her making others so."

"Well, well, Janet, I will really and truly try to please your august majesty in this and all other particulars, and your dutiful and loyal subject fully hopes he shall do so! Now for a parting kiss, dear Janet, for you have bothered my brains till I am provoked at all past irretrievable extravagance, and fully bent on amendment, but, like a naughty boy, I must go and hide my face;" so, with one bound over the railings on which they were leaning, Gustavus disappeared into the shrubbery, Janet slowly returning into the house, thinking to herself what could *she* possibly do that would add to Gustavus's purse, without taking from her mother's. At last it ended in determining to persuade her mother she had learnt quite enough in water colours to go on by herself, and the singing lessons she would not have at all.

When they met at dinner, a comic smile on her brother's face reassured Janet that her dear Gussy was still thinking of what she had said, and that there was now nothing of the slightest tinge of angry feeling, which her words might have called forth, though he endeavoured to conceal it.

As they grew on together, and in a manner entered into the world, it was often that the thoughtless inconsiderateness of Gustavus was checked by the tender though firm remonstrances of his sister, before they had reached such a height as to call forth the more grave displeasure of his mother. Janet seemed his little monitor, ever alive to see the slightest deviation from the strict line of duty she knew was so pleasing to her mother. Gustavus, in his turn, was equally open with Janet in such things as he thought he could be of service to her in; and with all the sweetness of her mother's temper, Gustavus often said to himself that he really believed there never could be another like Janet. His warm encomiums and frequent mention of her, when speaking of his own home to his friend Tellis, perhaps rather settled his determination to accompany Gustavus Schutz to his mother's when Gustavus was about quitting Oxford, having taken both his degrees with credit, though not with honours, for study was not his particular taste; and therefore it was more meritorious in Gustavus to have kept the character he had at Oxford, and he was leaving it with a fair fame as to learning, and a much higher character as to excellence of conduct.

When his final accounts came also to be made up, there was not a *very* great balance to be made up, and, on the whole, Mrs. Schutz was perfectly satisfied, and not a little delighted, to have now only to think of his preparing for orders, and then to look out for a curacy, to which, with Janet, they might remove. Tellis did accept the invitation, on Mrs. Schutz particularly seconding her son's wish—and a cheerful visit they had. From schoolboys they had grown up together; in tastes and habits they were much alike, and in natural disposition perhaps Tellis had the advantage over Schutz, for he had none of the hasty temperament of his friend, and was not of small use in keeping Gustavus in mind that all such ebullitions were, as he used jocularly to say, "very disagreeable—like playing with red-hot billiard balls, when you expect to find them cold." "Come, Schutz," he would say, no billiard ball at me, if you please, or I will quit your most undesirable companionship; if you are too hot to be likely to cool soon, I had best leave you space enough." It required but a friendly word from those he truly loved to bring Shutz back in an instant; a playful sally from Tellis, a soft word from his mother, and a kind look from Janet, always softened the raised tone; but Gustavus knew the temper was there, but, unlike his father, he kept it under, so that to him it was no real tormentor. He was especially led to do so because he saw (why he knew not,) that any unusual display of temper immediately cast a gloom over his dear mother's still lovely countenance, and to see that *he* could do that made him miserable. Tellis was peculiarly gentlemanlike in his manners and person, and so cheerful in temper, that his open expression of countenance quite won on all those acquainted with him, and a peculiar neatness of dress, with a very comely though not handsome face, made his general appearance attractive rather than otherwise. His hair was a bright glossy auburn, hazel eyes, and his stature about the middle height; he had a cheerful word as well as countenance for all seasons. In a very short time he was very much liked by Mrs. Schutz, who felt he was quite the companion she should have chosen for her son, had the choice been left her. Janet must approve of her Gussy's friend, and especially when that friend took so much pleasure in pleasing the sister of Schutz. He spoke with apparent pleasure in the retrospection of his formerly having met her when they were children. Tellis was voted a very agreeable addition to their home circle, and for several weeks he lengthened his stay; and when he went away, he left them all with the same regret they expressed on his departure; and on writing to him afterwards, Schutz told him, "I dreamt of you, Tellis, the night you quitted us," (and then he quoted those pleasing lines of T.'s in reference to him,) "and

> 'Methought I saw that brilliant smile
> Flit o'er thy sunny face,
> Which oft thy comrades did beguile.
> * * * *
> Alas! 'twas but a pleasant thought,
> A vision of the day;
> By nights of melancholy wrought,
> Those joys have pass'd away.'

In truth, we all miss you amongst us much."

At Glastonbury, Schutz found a gentleman with whom he could read for orders, and therefore he declined his mother's proposal of joining his friend Tellis, who was going to study for the same purpose with a clergyman in Wales; for, as he told Janet, "all that is required I can do with Mr. Roper; and so, dear Janet, if I do not enter into any useless expenses—and that is really not required, for, if I went, I must pay house expenses, journeys, and a long *et cetera*, it might be;—here, you see, I can spend all the morning with Mr. Roper; it is only getting mother to dine at four—I shall be back by that time—and then, what is saved from this useless expense I must entreat mother to let you have, to get some more drawing lessons, for I grieved you gave them up just as you were getting on so well, and you know how delighted my mother was with your progress under Mr. Robson."

This knotty point settled, and meeting the fond approval of his mother, to whom the whys and the wherefores were instantly communicated by Janet, so it was arranged. The six months were passed over by Gustavus remaining steadily at home, except one week he joined some old Oxonians and his friend Tellis in an excursion to lionize Plymouth. The mornings, from ten to three, he devoted to Mr. Roper, and the "back and forward exercise," as he called it, (on a useful little pony, which could at times be rode by his mother or sister,) was enough for exercise; unless, after dinner, he joined his mother and sister in a walk;— to them he devoted his entire evenings. He rose very early, and read before he started for Glastonbury; Janet got her drawing lessons, and everything seemed to prosper under their roof; Mrs. Schutz having every reason to feel her method of education had answered, and given her the satisfaction of seeing her two beloved children, in all the essential points, quite what she could wish, and as to health, they had both a good share of that great blessing. Happy, indeed, altogether, (but where is unalloyed happiness found on earth, and would it be desirable if it could?) would they have been, could they have thought their dear mother's health was like their own. But such was not the case; and with every other comfort, still they deeply felt this drawback, and they feared an increasing one it would be, to their future happiness. But she forbade despondency on any subject, and, all cheerfulness herself, she expected they should be so too, and her wishes they ever tried to make a law to them.

TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

BY WILLIAM V. DODSWORTH.

This world of ours is not bereft
Of all that men should cherish;
This latter age hath something left
That will not quickly perish.

Men yet unto their fellow-men
Exhibit kindly feeling:
Though small the deeds, yet even then
A gentle heart revealing.

And guardian angels even yet,
Unseen, around us hover,
The eye of faith believes them set
God's chosen ones to cover.

Such were the thoughts an hour ago
My spirit inly ponder'd,
As by the mill-stream's rippling flow
In solitude I wander'd.

Oft when the sunset casts around
A gleam of chastened glory,
We've stood together on its ground,
And view'd the ruin hoary.

Oft when the moon her silvery light
Flings o'er its mould'ring arches,
We've seen the stormy winds of night
Bend its surrounding larches.

And often through the silent woods,
In the sweet summer-weather,
When the sun pours his shiny floods,
We've roam'd, dear friend, together.

Oft, too, upon the cool soft grass,
By green boughs thick o'erbower'd,
We've let the days of autumn pass,
By hot fatigue o'erpower'd.

And oft, when the storm-king hath swept
Without in lawless riot,
To our snug peaceful hearth we've crept,
And bless'd its holy quiet.

And oft in the cool woods at noon
We've read with grief and anguish
How the unfortunate Palamon
Was doom'd 'mid foes to languish.

The "Wife of Bath" for us had charms,
Though we were both so youthful;
E'en now my torpid spirit warms
O'er Chaucer's pages truthful.

And we have quaked with terror too
When Lear, with temples hoary,
A crownless king, rose to our view,
In Shakspeare's deathless story.

With merry Mistress Ford we've laughed,
And called Puck a good fellow,
Rich Malvoisie with Falstaff quaffed,
When brave Sir John grew mellow.

Imagination, at our call,
Did shape forth new romances;
Oft in the chestnut coppice tall
Hath gleamed a hundred lances.

And when the sunset's mellow sheen
Was o'er the landscape glancing,
Our startled eyes have often seen
A troop of fairies dancing.

Away with care, we often sung,
As rose around our laughter;
Youth should be gay; we still are young;
Age will bring sorrow after.

Youth even now hath scarcely set
Upon our limbs his finger;
We still are young; around us yet
Doth boyhood fondly linger.

Then let's be gay in early life,
And joy and laughter cherish;
For ah! dear friend! old age brings strife,
And joy with youth doth perish.

HISTORIES AND MYSTERIES.[1]

FROM A TRAVELLER'S COLLECTION.

BY J. W. LAKE, (OF PARIS).

CHARLES LE MAUDIT.

PARIS—THE "THREE DAYS" OF 1572.

THE Duc de Guise, the Grand Prior of France, and the other Catholic chiefs, passed the remainder of the night in exciting the people and soldiers to murder and pillage. Whenever they saw them, from fatigue, relax in their savage occupation, the noble prince and the grand prior harangued this horrible multitude, urging them on to fresh crimes and cruelties.

"Death to the Protestants!" cried the Prince Lorraine; "heaven and the king ordain it;—away with pity—away with mercy for these factious heretics. The garments they wear are abandoned to the faithful who undertake to fulfil the divine and royal decrees; but woe to whoever affords shelter to those rebels proscribed by law!"

The Ducs de Montpensier, de Nemours, and d'Aumale, as well as Tarannes, Goudy, and Henri d'Angoulême, seconded the cruel enemy of the Protestants. Excited by the prospect of plunder, and sure of more than impunity, the fanatic wretches gave themselves up without reserve to excesses for which language has no name.

All the passions hostile to humanity were free to indulge their homicidal rage. Envy, hatred, and jealousy, discord, avarice, and vengeance—each and all partook, at this eternally execrable period, in the odious triumph of fanaticism.

The social ties were all spurned or broken; the impatient heir immolated his aged and helpless relation; the debt of gratitude was paid by a dagger in the bosom of the benefactor; mothers were seen to make away with their own children, and children to murder the authors of their existence; husbands destroyed their wives, and wives their husbands.

To possess wealth was equally perilous as to be suspected of heresy. Glory, genius, goodness, were crimes, which ignorance and envy punished with death. Every species of rivalry became a cause and motive for murder.

The Protestants, although the principal, were not the only victims of this frightful proscription. Many good Catholics were sacrificed to the interest or vengeance of their private enemies.

Paris, at this moment, offered the most hideous of spectacles. To the savage howlings and imprecations of the assassins, were joined the cries and shrieks of despair, the plaints and groans of those who fell beneath the merciless blows of their persecutors. With the dull and sinister tolling of the bells, mingled the noise of the loud drums and

[1] Continued from page 70.

murderous fire-arms. The unfortunate victims, half naked, the greater part wounded, the blood streaming from their wounds, escaped from the hired assassins in their houses, to be massacred by the licensed assassins in the street. Many precipitated themselves from the windows, from whence, also, the dead bodies were thrown, whose fall was more than once fatal to the slaughterers below. Others plunged into the Seine, and if they were able to cross the river, whose waters were red with human gore, they found a speedy and horrible death where they had hoped for safety.

Nor beauty, youth, nor old age, not even tender infancy, could soften the executioners. The fiat of *Charles le Maudit* had gone forth; his fanatic agents were alike insensible to menaces and to prayers. Their souls seemed to be governed by an infernal genius. They dealt their deadly blows without distinction of age or sex, and their fiend-like ferocity contrived to render the agonies of death still more agonising, by adding the most odious sarcasms, the grossest insults, to all their homicidal frenzy could inspire of the most revolting cruelty.

Women, in a state which is respected by the most savage nations, were not respected by those wretches. On the contrary, the hapless mother and the untimely infant were—but here we must drop the veil.

At this terrible epoch, it was not uncommon to behold fathers exercising their children to fire upon the Huguenots, encouraging them to kill those who were only wounded, and to insult them in their dying moments by the most infamous language.

The friend refused a shelter to his proscribed friend; the relation to his next of kin; the father to his son, the son to his father, from the selfish fear of compromising their own safety. No hiding-place was secure for the unfortunate Protestants; they were either tracked to their most secret covers by the bloodhounds of Charles and Guise, or basely betrayed, and sold to their unsparing foes.

The public squares, streets, lanes, passages, alleys, were encumbered with dead bodies. In many places they were piled up to the second floor, especially in the vicinity of the royal residence, the Louvre. The surprised and terror-struck Calvinists hurried either to the Hotel de Coligny or to the palace of their sovereign: in the first reigned desolation—in the latter the author of this frightful carnage. Death awaited them at the gates of both.

Such were the horrors that Paris presented during three days, its streets streaming with gore, and the Seine covered with the mutilated remains of the victims, dreadful evidences of the cruelty of the Parisians of that period, which the crimsoned flood bore "far away!" Unhappily, their cruelty found imitators in every part of the kingdom.

In the principal towns, de la Brie, de l'Anjou, du Berry, de l'Orléanais, du Lyonnais, du Languedoc, and de la Normandie, the Protestants were immolated without pity, as in the capital. The dagger of fanaticism penetrated alike into the lofty chateau and the lowly cottage, without distinction and without remorse.

The disfigured remains of the Huguenots whom the proscription had attained were left unburied on the French soil. Woe to

whoever had dared to give a murdered Protestant a grave! Such an act of common humanity, commanded even by the interest of the survivors, by the public health, would have passed for a crime, and he who had been guilty of such imprudence would have paid for it with his life!

One of the first victims of the massacre was the Count de la Rochefoucauld, a nobleman who, by his virtues, had acquired general esteem, and for whom the king himself appeared to entertain much regard.

Charles, in a moment of involuntary generosity, had even sought to retain him at the Louvre that fatal night; but the count refused, and the monarch, fearing to excite his suspicions by pressing him too closely, finished by turning his instances into pleasantry, and, with the most atrocious coolness, said,

"Eh bien! cher comte; you will not be surprised if, this very night, I cause you to be awoke, and inflict upon you a slight correction, to punish you for the rebellion of which you are guilty this evening!"

The count was far from imagining the horrible threat comprised in those few words; he took leave of the sovereign, and returned to his hotel.

Awoke in the middle of the night by men in masks, who dragged him violently from his bed, he at first felt no alarm, thinking it was merely the execution of the king's pleasantry, to punish him, as he had laughingly said, for his refusal. A sword-wound he received in the arm convinced him, however, that it was an attempt on his life, and he endeavoured to defend himself. But what chance had he against a dozen armed assassins? La Barge, gentilhomme auvergnat, who commanded the ruffians, and who had already wounded him, struck him such a furious blow in the throat that he fell, and, with a deep groan, expired. The king, informed of these details, evinced no emotion, and yet this prince loved La Rochefoucauld, as much as such a cruel tyrant was capable of entertaining a sentiment in accordance with humanity. To recompense La Barge for his crime, he was permitted to pillage the hotel of his victim, and to share the spoil with his myrmidons.

Brion, who had attained his eightieth year, equally respectable by his talents and virtues, was governor of the Prince de Conti, brother of the Prince de Condé. But he was a heretic. Pursued by the wretches sent to abridge, by a horrible crime, the few days that, in the course of nature, remained to him, he took refuge in the apartment of his pupil, and, pressing him in his arms, implored the affrighted boy to intercede for him.

The young prince, holding out his innocent hands to the murderers, conjured them, with the most piteous cries, to spare his venerable governor. His tears flowed in vain; his prayers were unheard; his promises disregarded.

Brian was poniarded in the arms of his pupil, who was covered with his blood.

The cries of the youthful prince re-echoed through the palace, and it was only by violence that they could force him from the inanimate form of his beloved tutor. The horrible scene impressed itself so

strongly on his memory, that it was frequently re-produced in his dreams. The shock was so great, that for a long time even his life was not considered out of danger; and during his whole existence, the remembrance of that dreadful night caused him the most painful emotion.

Charles Beaumanois de Lavardin, whose sole crime was heresy, being no longer safe in his house, sought a hiding-place at the residence of his friend, Pierre Loup, procureur au parliament; the latter, consulting only his heart, alive to every generous sentiment, received the Calvinist, and promised to do all in his power to save him from the dreadful fate that menaced him.

The retreat of the heretic was soon known; the house of the procureur was besieged by a band of wretches, who broke the windows with stones, and, with horrible howlings and imprecations, declared, that if the refugee was not instantly delivered up to them, they would massacre all the inhabitants of the house, orthodox or others. Pierre, at first, essayed to pacify the barbarians, or, at least, to moderate their fury, but, finding that he excited rather than appeased it,

"Well," said he to them, "know, then, that heresy has not a more ardent enemy than I am; and if I have not sooner proclaimed it to you, it was to convince myself of your zeal, and to be assured that religion and the king had not more valiant, more incorruptible defenders than yourselves. Having proved the devoted zeal that animates you, I now declare that I only decoyed the Huguenot, Lavardin, to my house to prevent his escaping my just vengeance elsewhere; in a few hours, my friends, he shall have ceased to exist."

"He must die this very instant," cried the chief of the band.

"I know that he can make important revelations," resumed the procureur, "and I hope to obtain them. It is, therefore, in the interest of the good cause that his death should be retarded for some hours. Grant me this delay, I entreat you!"

"Be it so," replied the bravo; "but do not suppose that you can deceive us. A part of my followers shall remain here, and woe to yourself if you seek to save him whose head we require!"

He then withdrew, leaving a sufficient force to watch the house, who remained like serpents waiting for their prey. The generous magistrate, however, nothing daunted, had still hopes of saving his guest, when a summons came, in the king's name, immediately to deliver up the unfortunate Lavardin, under the penalty of being himself considered as a rebel, and treated as such.

The struggle became hopeless, useless; in sacrificing himself for the proscribed heretic, he could not save the former's life; he therefore was obliged to communicate to him the rigorous orders he had just received.

The unfortunate, to whom he just conveyed the inevitable sentence of death, threw himself into the arms of his attempted liberator, exclaiming—

"Generous man! Heaven forbid that I should render you a victim of your devotedness! I should be more culpable than the wretches who seek my life, if I longer exposed you to their fury. Adieu!"

He then presented himself to the assassins, and boldly said—

"I am ready. Obey the king's orders. I have always respected them myself."

At the same instant several of the ruffians rushed on him, bound his hands and feet, and then dragged him, bleeding, under the windows of the Louvre; for it was there that the principal chiefs of the heresy were taken to be immolated beneath their sovereign's eyes. Before he had arrived there, Lavardin was insensible; they stabbed him, however, in several places, and threw his body into the river.

The Captain Michel, one of the most famous, and most cruel, of the slaughterers, had received orders to proceed to the dwelling of Pierre de la Place, president of the Cour des Aides de Paris, and murder him.

To his sanguinary habits, Michel added the most insatiable cupidity. La Place hoped, that by satisfying this last passion he might prevail upon the murderer to save his life. He therefore entreated a moment's private interview with him, assuring the wretch that he had something to say which was of great importance to him, Michel. The selfishness of the latter led him to acquiesce in the prayer of his devoted victim; he then made his accomplices withdraw out of hearing, having first made himself quite sure that the president had no offensive weapon about him.

"What have you to say to me?" demanded this worthy instrument of the vengeance of Medicis.

"I seek to ransom my life, by making your fortune," replied the proscribed magistrate.

"My orders are precise; and my punishment certain, if I derogate from them, or am even suspected," replied the cunning brigand.

"I will furnish you the means of saving me, in such a way that you shall incur no suspicion of having aided me!"

"That alters the case. But if I concur in your wishes, what recompense shall I receive, and what am I to do to gain it?"

"I will begin by answering your last question. You will say to your —— that is, to those who are with you, that it is necessary to make the king acquainted with the revelations I have made to you; that they are of a nature requiring an interview with his majesty, and that you feel it to be your duty to retard the moment of my execution."

"Suppose I consent to tell this falsehood, it will not save you; it can only prolong your existence for a few hours."

"You will give me my study for prison, leave me alone, and place as many guards as you think proper at the door. You will then go to the king, for the purpose of communicating what I am supposed to have told you; ere your return, I shall be in safety."

"I understand. . . . you will save yourself by some secret passage. 'Tis well; but I incur imminent risk in thus serving you, and you have not yet named the price of my complaisance."

"A thousand *ecus d'or.*"

"What! You think me mad enough to hazard my life, for it would be nothing less than that, for such a paltry sum! It seems to me that you might value your own somewhat higher."

"I fear that you may require more than it is in my power to give."

"I will do nothing for less than three thousand golden ecus."

"May I rely upon you; and you shall have them?"

"Yes—for that sum I will fulfil your wishes exactly."

"Follow me, and I will begin by realising my promise."

"Before all, what must I say to the king?"

"That I have the most important revelations to make to him, in respect to the conspiracy of which we are accused."

"Bah! who knows better than he does, that this pretended conspiracy is but a pretext to get rid of you all?"

"And you yourself are convinced of it?"

"Certainly."

"Nevertheless——"

"We are commanded, and it is our duty to obey."

La Place could not help shuddering with horror at such reasoning; it would have been dangerous to show it; this he knew, and remained silent. He then put the promised gold into the hands of the rapacious ruffian, over whose features passed a frightful and sinister smile; he, however, kept his

"Word of promise to the ear,
And broke it to the hope."

Michel having with difficulty pursuaded his ferocious accomplices to wait, proceeded to place his ill-gotten treasure in safety, and then went to the king, to tell his *tale*.

In the meantime La Place, left alone in his study, fell on his knees, and offered up a fervent prayer to heaven, to save him from his enemies. He then touched a secret spring behind the tapestry, the prison-door flew open, he descended a dark passage, and hastened to his wife's chamber, to communicate to her his hopes of escaping his enemies. Trembling, doubting, distracted between fear and hope, his tender partner attached to the sleeves of his coat, and upon his hat, several bits of paper, in the form of crosses, such as the Catholics wore, not to be confounded with the Huguenots, which, however, did not prevent many of those who bore these badges of the "true faith" from being sacrificed.

Enveloped in the ample folds of his cloak, La Place left his hotel by a little door opening upon an almost desert street, and proceeded to gain the residence of his friend, the Sire de Crespy. It was necessary for him, however, to pass along the most populous quarters of the metropolis to arrive there, and what horrible spectacles, O God! met his sight, ere, through many "hair-breadth 'scapes," he reached the dwelling of his anticipated friend in need! He knocked, but before they opened, his name was required; he pronounced it; a dead silence ensued; he knocked again, but no proscribed head was suffered to enter there, even under the sacred ægis of friendship. Casting around him a melancholy look, the lips of the poor fugitive murmured the word *Ingrat*, and then, lowering his hat over his eyes, he went to seek an asylum elsewhere. His instances were equally fruitless with other

friends. Fear had closed every heart to the implorings of pity, every one trembled for his own safety, and acts of devotedness and heroism were extremely rare during that dread period.

Rejected on all sides, and having in vain attempted to quit Paris, La Place, apprehensive of being recognised, was compelled to return home.

His wife had at first counted with terror, then with hope, the long hours that had elapsed since his absence. She at length believed that heaven had granted her prayers, and was about to offer up her thanks, when her husband again stood before her. The paleness of his visage, the despair of his soul reflected on his features, all presaged to his afflicted companion the sad reality.

"What!" exclaimed she, receiving him in her arms, "the cruel ones have then repulsed thee?"

"Yes! all . . . . I come to give up my head to the executioners; my death is inevitable."

At this moment, a loud crashing was heard; the doors of the hotel were burst open, and, with horrible menaces and imprecations, the savage fanatics rushed in.

Michel had, however, been to the king, but the latter knew too well that La Place could have nothing to reveal, and reproached the captain for his little zeal; he then ordered Sennecé, prevot de l'hotel, to go and seize the president, and conduct him to the Louvre.

Sennecé understood the import of these last words, and immediately hastened to execute the royal commands. His surprise was extreme at not finding the victim in his study. The mansion was searched, and the prisoner at length secured. Affecting a tone of respect, the leader of the gang said to his destined prey,

"The king has charged me, monsieur, to conduct you into his august presence. Follow me; resistance would be unavailing."

"I have no idea of offering any; I obey. Let us go," replied the unfortunate president.

He then tore himself from the convulsive embrace of his wife, who fell on his knees before Sennecé, and with tears streaming from her eyes, implored the wretch not to bereave her of her husband. The disconsolate wife then presented her youthful son to the barbarian, but their joint entreaties were brutally spurned.

"Begone, madam!" replied the fanatic; "it is time that the tree which bears only bad fruit should be uprooted."

And he repulsed the distracted wife with such violence, that she fell senseless on the floor. The child threw himself on his mother, uttering the most piercing shrieks.

"*Infame!*" exclaimed the president.

The wretches tried to force him away, but indignation had doubled his strength; and lifting from the floor his hapless wife and son, he embraced them for the last time, and then, confiding the precious deposit to some of his people present, he exclaimed, "I am ready."

"Come along, then," repeated the ruffians.

La Place, on taking his hat, perceived the paper-cross which was still affixed to it, and tore it off; not from any irreligious feeling, but because he was convinced that it could not now protect him.

"The wretch!" cried Sennecé, "he has profaned the sacred sign of the redemption."

The rest of the fanatic gang joined in chorus with their chief, and rushing upon the prisoner, threw him down, bruised him with their feet, and tied his hands so tight behind his back, that the cord penetrated their victim's flesh. They then forced him to get up, and walk in the midst of them, through an infuriated populace, drunk with human gore and carnage, who pelted him with dirt, and every moment threatened to tear him in pieces. Each time he staggered from feebleness of body, he met the sharp-pointed halberds or the swords of his destined murderers, who ceased not to excite still more the fury of the enraged multitude, crying,

"He has trampled on the cross!—he has blasphemed!"

Most of the passers-by cast stones at him, and some even threw at him the gory limbs of the victims with which the streets of the capital were strewed. Arrived in the Rue de la Verrerie, this horrible cortège was increased by several bravoes, who fell upon the half-dead Calvinist, and put an end to his torments, by stabbing him to death.

Scarcely had he fallen ere the monsters rushed upon the palpitating corse, cut it in pieces, with which they made a bonfire, and round which they danced, singing hymns of thankfulness and joy, imploring heaven to strengthen its agents of justice and vengeance, to enable them to achieve the glorious and holy undertaking it had inspired them with from on high.

MURDER OF THE CELEBRATED RAMUS;—PERFIDY OF JACQUES CHARPENTIER. HEROIC RESISTANCE OF TAVERNY; DE CAUMONT AND HIS TWO SONS.

Amongst the principal victims of this frightful carnage was the celebrated Ramus, one of the most learned geometricians and astronomers of his time. Issue of a rich family, but ruined by the civil wars, he was forced to follow the calling of a charbonnier. The secret consciousness of his own capacity, however, told him that nature had destined him for a higher and a nobler profession. After having been twice attacked by the plague, and twice visited Paris, from whence each time he had been driven by distress, he again returned to the metropolis, and entered, as a domestic, at the college of Navarre. All his leisure hours he devoted to study, and the progress he made in every science, especially those in which he excelled, were equally rapid and astonishing. He was thus soon enabled to quit the menial situation in which necessity had placed him.

Aspiring to the degree of master of arts, he maintained in his thesis, and in a most triumphant manner, that all Aristotle had taught was erroneous. The parliament, however, espoused the cause of Aristotle, and commenced a criminal process against Ramus, as a detractor of the Greek philosopher; the result of which was, after a narrow escape from the galleys, a prohibition from teaching. Ramus was, thenceforth, exposed to every sort of ridicule, and lampooned in every shape, by the wits and satirists of that day. In 1544 the plague desolated

Paris, and the public schools were, consequently, closed. Ramus took advantage of this circumstance to resume his lectures. His merit having, at length, prevailed over the envy and hate of his enemies, the Cardinal de Lorraine had him named, in 1551, professor of eloquence and of philosophy at the Royal College.

It was now that the eloquent Ramus rendered the most important services to his country. He suppressed most of the abuses that had been introduced into the modes of teaching, and employed himself in preparing a new Latin and French grammar. The University, appreciating his talents, his probity, and the other virtues which distinguished him, confided to his management its most delicate and difficult affairs. It was Ramus who generally spoke in the name of this celebrated corps, when an address or supplication was to be presented to the sovereign.

Ramus was a most zealous Calvinist. This he proved, and alas! too imprudently, by his proceedings after the publication of the edict which permitted the free exercise of his religion.* He declaimed against the University, and caused the statues of the saints to be broken and thrown down, that ornamented the courts and the façade of the College of Presles. These impolitic excesses revived the hatred which the high favour he enjoyed had reduced to silence. The civil war again breaking out, he was forced to quit Paris, and lost all his places. Henry II. gave him an asylum at Fontainbleau, but his enemies drove him from thence, after having devastated the college where he resided, and plundered his valuable library.

It was not until after the death of the then Duc de Guise that those persecutions ceased; he then recovered his former situations, but, having entered into the army of the Protestant Prince de Condé, he was deprived of them anew. When the peace was signed, he reappeared at the college of Presles. Several foreign princes, aware of the ill-treatment he had endured in his own country, respectively invited him to reside in their states. He rejected, however, all the proposals that were made to him in that respect. Having refused to proceed into Poland for the purpose of disposing the inhabitants of that country in favour of the Duc d'Anjou, he drew upon himself the unforgiving hatred of Catherine de Medicis. He was, therefore, comprised in the proscription of his sect, at the very time he was meditating to introduce a reform in it.

Ramus, informed of what was passing at the Louvre, and in the heart of the capital, had the gates of the college shut; but he was soon convinced that this was but a feeble obstacle to the furious multitude, and, as a sort of forlorn hope, he sought to secrete himself in some remote part of the building.

He had chosen for his study a small Belvidere surmounting the edifice, for the purpose of pursuing with greater facility his astronomical observations. To arrive there it was necessary to traverse an immense loft, in which an infinity of old and unserviceable furniture was heaped together pêle-mêle. For two days he concealed himself there from the search of his enemies; he began to think himself in

* One of those time-serving edicts which, from the period we speak of down to the famous Edict of Nantes, were only issued to entrap the Protestants.

safety, when, at last, the eye of envy and hatred penetrated his retreat, and from that moment all hope was gone.

Jacques Charpentier—a wretch whose crime alone has drawn him from obscurity—was the personal enemy of the celebrated professor, and, sure that he could not have left the college, he made the most minute search until his diabolical perseverance was crowned with success. Assured that the object of his jealous vengeance was completely at his mercy, that he could not by any possibility escape, he retarded his death to exult over his misfortune and insult his grief.

Ramus entertained no hope of inducing the heart of the monster who was master of his destiny to relent, but, aware of his cupidity, he essayed to ransom his life with gold. Charpentier fixed the price himself, received it, and then delivered up his victim to his accomplices.

"I will not falsify my oath," said the bigot-jesuit; "I have sworn to the Huguenot not to attempt his life, and I am bound to keep my promise; but you, who are free from such an obligation, you, my good and worthy friends, although you will profit by the gold he has given me for his ransom, are free to do with him what you will—for you have promised nothing."

Jacques Charpentier then withdrew.

The illustrious Protestant then prepared himself to die; but the assassins would not allow him even a moment to collect his last thoughts. They fell upon him, struck him, and exhausted every species of brutality upon his person, with the hope of torturing him to avow the place where his treasure was hid. Their leader, however, had received the whole; and the wretches themselves, weary of torturing, completed their murderous mission by strangling this learned and virtuous man, and throwing his body out of the window.

At the same moment a multitude of students, led by their masters, seized on the remains of the murdered Ramus, which they outraged in the most horrible manner.

We are constrained to suppress the *most* frightful details of this heinous and foul sacrilege on humanity, as they are handed down to us in the chronicles of a good and pious Catholic of that period; but our duty as faithful historians enjoins us, nevertheless, to add, that after having mutilated the dead body, they bore it in triumph through the principal streets, singing impromptu verses, in which they glorified the barbarous deed. On arriving at the Place Maubert, they entered the shop of a butcher, who, through fear or fanaticism, assisted them in cutting the body to pieces, which, as they went along, they threw at the passers by, and at the windows of those whom they knew or supposed to be Calvinists. The bones they cast into the Seine.

Such were the feats of the students of the University of Paris, under Charles le Maudit!

When this savage effervescence was in some degree subsided, the disciples of Ramus contrived to draw up from the bottom of the river a part of the remains of their beloved professor, which had been fastened to large stones. These they ventured to exhibit upon a little boat, and the people, always eager for such spectacles, flocked in crowds to behold them.

Thus perished a man, equally renowned by his talents and his mis-

fortunes. His generosity and his benevolence knew no bounds; he shared with the poor, without distinction of religious faith, the wealth he had so nobly acquired; and his morals were of the simplest and purest kind. Such and so many qualities of the heart, and of the mind, served but to render him still more odious to that "dark spirit" which is the bane of every good quality, the enemy alike of genius and of virtue,—*Religious Bigotry!*

Some of the victims, as we have already shown, made a vigorous, though vain resistance, and amongst the most valiant of the martyred heroes the name of Taverny stands conspicuous. Taverny was lieutenant of the Maréchaussée in la Table de Marbre de Paris. Abandoned by all his retainers save a single domestic resolute to save or to perish with his master, he stood a veritable siege in his own house. Aided by this faithful and self-devoted servant, the courageous Taverny for a long time repulsed the attacks of their enemies. Cowardly as well as cruel, several of the band wished to set fire to the house, that the lieutenant and his accomplice, as they called him, might perish in the flames; the majority, however, of the miscreants desired to take them alive, for the purpose of making them expiate, by slow and cruel torments, their rebellion against *religion* and the king. This last resolution was adopted; it cost the lives of many of the assailants, but, at length, Taverny and his gallant companion had expended their last charge of powder and ball. Inspired by despair, Taverny poured boiling oil, molten lead, and whatever he could find upon the besiegers. He finally, with the aid of his brave companion, threw the furniture from the windows, and crushed many of his enemies, till at last these two unfortunates remained without any other means of defence.

The door of the mansion was now burst open—the assassins were rushing on, when there again they found the heroic martyrs, sword in hand, opposing their entrance. The foremost of the brigands fell, another and another bit the dust; but the odds were too fearful, the two Protestants were disarmed, and instantly massacred. Such was the rage of the murderers, that they forgot their first intention of prolonging the tortures of their prisoners, and so far, at least, their fury was fortunate for their victims!

If many of the Huguenot leaders had valiantly resisted like Taverny, the carnage would, doubtless, have been much less considerable, as the assassins, already emboldened by impunity and the stimulus of pillage, were still more so by the facility with which they could commit the crime to which they had been thus excited. The greater part of the "heretics" allowed themselves to be slaughtered like sheep, offering no resistance but their prayers and their tears. A sort of vertigo seemed to have seized upon the two parties. In the one, it was a sanguinary fury, which nothing could allay; in the other, a kind of stupor so profound, that it caused those who laboured under it to lose even the sense of their own self-preservation.

Francois Nompar de Caumont was assassinated in the room where his two children slept. The eldest, awoke by the struggle between

his father and the murderers, flew to his aid, and was himself immolated upon the corpse of the author of his days. The youngest, half-dead with fright, stole softly from his bed, and hid himself behind some tapestry, in a corner of the chamber, where he remained the rest of the night and the whole of the following day. Towards the evening, several strangers came to take away the bodies of the two victims; and, in doing so, could not help letting fall a few words of pity, forced from them by the desolating spectacle of the murdered sire and son. The trembling orphan, on hearing them, thought he might venture to confide in their humanity, he therefore emerged from his hiding-place, and threw himself at their feet, exclaiming,

"Save me! O save me! Do not give me up to the wicked men who killed them!"

His sudden and unlooked-for appearance, at first, alarmed those of whom he implored mercy and assistance. Luckily, there was not amongst them any of those tigers thirsting for heretical blood; and the prayer of the young De Caumont excited commiseration.

"Who art thou?" inquired one of the men.

The boy reflected a moment;—a secret instinct dictated to him his answer.

"I am known to Monsieur de Biron," said he; "take me to the Arsenal, and he will reward you handsomely."

They insisted upon his naming himself; with an astonishing presence of mind, however, for his age, he still refused; and this prudence saved him. They took him to the Arsenal; the grand-master of the artillery paid generously those who presented him, and, ultimately, succeeded in snatching this precious branch of an ancient and noble family from the daggers of the slaughterers.

CRUELTIES EXERCISED UPON THE PROTESTANTS BY JEAN FERRIER, L'AVOCAT, LE COMTE DE COCONAS, LE PEZOU, THE BUTCHER, ETC.

We have already cited as the principal actors in this terrible tragedy, the Guises and the Grand Prior of France, as well as the pitiless Tavennes. The cruelty of this latter has affixed to his name an odious celebrity, and that cruelty was rendered still more detestable by the way he added to it:—"The doctors pretend," said the wretch, "that bleeding is not less wholesome in summer than in spring. *Saignez-moi donc tous ces huguenots!*"

But besides those criminals of a higher order, history has transmitted to us, in letters of blood, the names of some of the subaltern-agents of the vengeance of Medicis.

Conspicuous amongst these latter was Jean Ferrier, who, to his profession of avocat, united the charge of capitaine of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. The former he exercised with some distinction, and being endowed with a supple and insinuating character, he contrived to gain the confidence of several Protestant families, both in a friendly and professional sense. To render them still more communicative and trustful, he appeared to be deeply interested in their cause and not far from adopting himself their religious sentiments. Th

Protestants who, with their accustomed, but imprudent good faith, let this vile spy of the Guises and the court into their secrets, became his first victims.

Under the pretext of saving them, he called successively at several of their houses at the beginning of the terrible drama; he revived them by delusive promises, swore to guarantee them from the assassins, and finished by obtaining the deposit of their gold and jewels, to preserve them from the rapacity of the pillagers. The precious treasures once in his hands, he threw off the mask, and the too confiding Calvinists found in Ferrier, not a friend, but an executioner.

This wretch openly vaunted of his misdeeds and murders, by the aid of which he acquired a considerable fortune, of which he remained possessor for a few years. His insatiable cupidity, however, was not yet satisfied; his assumed zeal for Catholicism, and the well-being of the state, had served but to veil the passions that guided him at the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but with all his legal chicanery and jesuitical skill, he could not assign a legitimate cause for the secret correspondence which he, at a later period, was suspected of carrying on with the court of Spain.

Henry III. caused him to be arrested (1578), and tried. Amongst the high crimes and misdemeanours with which he was charged, no mention whatever was made of the notorious murders and robberies he had perpetrated six years before. He was not punished for the real crimes of which he was guilty, but for those of which he was suspected. However he was punished, and his victims were avenged.

One of the competitors of Ferrier in crime, was the Comte de Coconas. This adventurer, a favourite of the Duc d'Alençon, (the king's brother,) carried on an amorous intrigue with Henrietta de Cléves, Duchess of Nevers. He was amongst the most sanguinary enemies of the Calvinists, and when the people had taken alive some of their victims, and were tired of slaying and sought to sell their poor prisoners to their enemies, fixing a greater or a lesser price according to the rank of the victim, or the *hate* of the purchaser, then this favourite of a royal prince, this beloved of a princess, this bigot par excellence, the Comte de Coconas, was found amongst the "highest bidders."

He first began by tempting his victims with the assurance of pardon if they would abjure their heresy. If they consented, they were put to death, lest, as he said, they might be tempted to relapse into apostacy; if they refused, they were massacred to punish them for their attachment to a creed reproved by the church and the king.

Amongst those who were sold and delivered to him were two young lovers, whose parents had just been murdered by his hand. He promised to these unfortunates to save, and to unite them, if they would renounce their religion. The young man, aware of the perfidy of his enemy, and assured that this was but a snare for his credulity, refused to be guilty of such useless apostacy. Coconas poniarded him by *degrees* in the presence of his affianced one; and it was not till after having forced her to witness the long sufferings of her lover, that he put her to death by the same prolonged agony. All the "heretics" who fell into the hands of this cannibal died thus, in the midst

of the most cruel and atrocious tortures. He cut off their arms or legs, hung them up by the feet or wrists, bled them at the temples, and wounded and tortured them in every manner; aggravating their torments by taunts and insults. Never did the pagan emperors, in their persecutions of the primitive Christians, perpetrate such inhuman barbarity.

It was in the name of a just and merciful God, to establish the triumph of his "holy worship," that such horrors were committed!...

The monster, of whom we are obliged to speak, was an Italian. Catherine had brought with her, or invited, to France swarms of those vile adventurers, whose poison, or whose poinards, were always at the service of their munificent patroness.

In 1574, this Comte de Coconas entered into the cabal of the *politiques* or *mécontens*, at the head of which was placed the Duc d'Alençon. As he was a favourite of this prince, as well as La Mole, they were both condemned to be beheaded, and the sentence was put in execution. Marguerite de Valois, who entertained tender sentiments towards La Mole, in vain sought to save him. The Duchess de Nevers equally failed in her endeavours to preserve the life of her lover, the horrible Coconas.

A butcher, named Pezou, had taken possession of a house, after having murdered all its inhabitants. To this human slaughter-house they brought the heretics, where they were slain like animals, by the hand of this miscreant, who then cut them to pieces, which he cast into a tumbril, which when full was emptied into the river. He openly proclaimed that he was authorised in his atrocities by the king and Messieurs de Guise. No one dared, or even dreamt of checking the bloodthirsty rage of this wretch; on the contrary, his zeal was applauded by the religious terrorists of that period. Charles himself, informed of the loyal and zealous services rendered to the monarchy and Catholic church, by Pezou the butcher, resolved to see with his own eyes a subject so devoted.

The slaughterer was consequently brought before his sovereign. More than ten days had elapsed since the commencement of the massacre; no excuse therefore could be pleaded, as in the first moments of fury, when excesses might sometimes have been committed without reflection, and the violence of which might have been afterwards deplored. The royal butcher, Charles IX., and the plebeian butcher Pezou, it might have been supposed, were both restored to their usual sang-froid, and both not exempt from some feelings of remorse. No such thing. The same demon rage, the same sanguinary passions possessed them still; the king and the executor of his parricidal orders, remained alike unshaken, their firm nerves did not tremble; the one was still as impatient as ever to see human blood flow, as the other to shed it. Pezou being one of the Captains of la Ville de Paris, it was by this last title that Charles IX. addressed him.

"Well, captain," said he, "shall we soon be delivered from those Huguenots?"

"Sire," replied the wretch, "if all your subjects had taken as much trouble as myself to send those detestable miscreants *en enfer*, not one of them would breathe at this moment."

"I know," rejoined Charles, "that you have displayed a most praiseworthy zeal, and for which you may be assured of my royal satisfaction."

"I shall not be satisfied, Sire, until I see the entire accomplishment of the great task which the good Catholics and your majesty's faithful servants have undertaken, amongst whom I flatter myself I may be included. I promise, Sire, to take no repose ere the great and desirable object is attained, the extermination of the heretics. Since the ever memorable day, when his majesty authorised us to deliver him from his enemies, I have laboured without ceasing to execute his orders. No longer than yesterday, this arm, Sire, precipitated into the flood *one hundred and twenty* Huguenots, whose heads this cleaver had previously cut off!"

In saying this, Pezou brandished the horrid weapon he held in his hands, yet stained with the blood of his victims.

At this appalling recital Charles evinced neither astonishment nor horror; on the contrary, he grinned approvingly "a ghastly smile!"

"I hope," continued the ferocious manslayer, "not to be less lucky the approaching night than those preceding. I have discovered the refuge of a great number of the confederates, and in a few hours they shall cease to give farther trouble!"

The king laughed outright on hearing these last words, and said to the surrounding courtiers—

"*Par le sang-dien, Messieurs, voilà un vaillant champion.*"

Charles then addressed some encouraging words to the wretch, and dismissed him. A few hours after, Pezou slaughtered another hundred Protestants.

Another wretch, called René, an Italian by birth, acquired a horrible celebrity. Already accused of poisoning the queen dowager of Navarre, he was employed by the king in the carnage of Saint Bartholomew, and the shocking atrocities he committed proved him to be worthy of his employers, and of his own already acquired reputation for crime and cruelty. One of his friends, Gaultier, a rich jeweller, had adopted the reformed creed, and expecting to share the fate of his co-religionists, was prepared to sell his life dearly. At this moment, the perfidious Italian came to him and promised to save him if he would take refuge in his, René's, house. The too confiding jeweller consented, and taking with him his most precious treasures, with a large sum in money, they proceeded together to the dwelling of René. Scarcely had they arrived there, when the assassin threw off his mask; he caused the unfortunate Gaultier to be bound hand and foot, and threatened to put him to death by the most cruel tortures, unless he disclosed the place where the remainder of his riches were concealed. On that condition alone, he promised to save the life of his prisoner. Gaultier had but little faith in such a promise; however, he satisfied the cupidity of his gaoler, who then left him, but soon returned with an immense quantity of gold and jewels. The villain, nevertheless, was not yet satisfied; he pretended that his victim had withheld from him the hiding-place of his most valuable treasures, and, in spite of the jeweller's denegations, René made him suffer unheard-of tortures to disclose a secret which did not exist. At length,

convinced that there was no more plunder to obtain, he told Gaultier to prepare for death. In vain the victim reminded him of their long-standing friendship, and of his most solemn promises; in vain he essayed to touch the monster by his prayers and by his tears; nothing could move him; he stabbed his supplicating friend to the heart, and threw his body into the Seine.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I stood within the cottage door
One sunny morn in May,
Its feeble inmate, old and poor,
In Death's embraces lay;
And o'er the corpse a maiden fair
Inclined her bright young head,
Closely they held communion there—
The Living and the Dead!

The Dead—how rigid was that form,
How fixed those glassy eyes!
The Living—that soft cheek was warm
With rich and roseate dyes;
Dark ringlets o'er her forehead white
In wild luxuriance broke,
And from her eye's deep azure light
The soul within her spoke.

She dwelt in glittering halls of state,
Yet these she valued not,
Loving to leave the gay and great,
And seek the rustic cot;
And often had she knelt and pray'd
Beside that lowly bed,
Where now in patient love she stay'd,
Abiding with the Dead.

There, with inquiring eyes she stood,
Those pale changed looks to trace,
While her soft ebon tresses flow'd
O'er the cold lifeless face;
And earnestly I watch'd the scene,
Nor moved, nor spoke,—in dread
To break that holy bond between
The Living and the Dead!

I wept—in heaviness I wept;
Not for the cottage dame
Who there securely, calmly slept—
Her worn and feeble frame
Reposed in peace—I knew her mind
Had Christian faith possest,
And freely, gladly, I resign'd
The weary to her rest.

But she, that gentle girl, might yet
Brook dire and bitter wrong,
Her name aspersed, her peace beset
By Slander's serpent tongue;
Alas! the world, to work our ill,
For ever lies in wait,
And they who shun its love, must still
Be followed by its hate.

Or worse, far worse than wrongs or taunts,
Temptations spell might win,
Those footsteps to the treacherous haunts
Of vanity and sin;
She by another's dying bed,
Unwearied love had shown;
Oh! might she not hereafter need
Some friend to smooth her own?

I started—strangers came around,
They viewed my streaming eyes,
And said that her I mourned, had found
A refuge in the skies:
And silently I left the place,
Nor recked they that I shed
Tears for the maid of noble race
Who stood beside the Dead!

THE COMPANION FOR LIFE.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

Poor Diana, exhausted by her passions, her tears, and her feelings, sank weeping upon her aunt Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole's shoulder, frightening that lady into at least a dozen deaths, amazing young Hope out of his memory, terrifying the lap-dog, and putting the whole household into pretty considerable consternation. It was some time before Diana's emotion permitted her to make herself intelligible, but when that time arrived her communications produced some very extraordinary effects.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, "has she really given Edward up? Well, there *is* something very generous in that! So handsome and so engaging as Edward is! Really, now, she must have wonderful resolution to give him up."

"She could not if she loved him," said Diana, turning away her head.

"But then how disinterested!" said Mrs. Shrubsole. "She sacrifices her own feelings to his interest. Rather than injure him, she gives up her engagement. She prefers his advantage to her own happiness."

"O aunt, how blind you are!" exclaimed Diana. "Do you not see that Edward, in losing his fortune, has lost his value? What would she now gain by such an union? No, no, believe me, she does not wish to marry poverty, but wealth."

"It is ungenerous of you to say so, Diana," said Mrs. Shrubsole, warmly. "For my own part, I was getting to feel very much disinclined to this match, but really this girl's generosity makes me wish to be generous too, and now that it is not to be, I could almost find in my heart to regret it."

"You too, aunt!" exclaimed Diana.

"For my own part," interposed Edward Hope, on whose self-love Diana's reflections on his ladye-love's prudence had somewhat filed and grated, "I am convinced that her generosity and her affection have both been worked upon to induce her to give me up. I know what a sacrifice of her feelings such a measure would involve—I know what a grief to her gentle spirit—I know what a shock it would be to her sensitive mind. My uncle Hope has worked upon her gentle nature; but I will not rest until I know the truth!"

"O, wonderful delusion of you all!" exclaimed Diana. "Wonderful delusion! Strange, most strange, that this girl, obscure, unknown, unconnected, of low origin, brought up in comparative poverty, with little education, received into our family through compassion, should yet have been able to spread discord and misery among us all!"

"It is ungenerous to reflect upon her misfortunes!" exclaimed young Hope.

"And for the discord, *she* has not made it," said Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole.

"Strange prejudiced world!" exclaimed Diana. "The friends whose hearts were so wholly and solely mine so short a time ago, are now alienated from me—given to a stranger! I, the child of the house, am nothing—she, the artful usurper, is everything! Ah, why did I return to the shelter of a roof which has lost the feeling of home! And yet I foolishly fancied that when she had abandoned you, had left your protection, aunt Shrubsole, and had given up her engagement with you, cousin Edward, I fancied then that your hearts would have opened to welcome me as of old, when I thought myself so dear to you! But no, alas, I see that I was mistaken! *She*, that deceitful girl, has left her spells behind her! your feelings are poisoned against me! But I will not intrude! I will not trespass upon your humanity! I will hide myself in some corner of the world, where you shall never, never hear of me more! I will not seek any others to love me, because *my* heart can never change, though yours may! I will—I will——" Here sobs choked poor Diana's utterance.

Ah, wise mother, Nature! In giving woman tears she has endowed her with all power! tears convince, melt, persuade. The weakness of tears is mighty strength.

"Diana!" said young Hope, "with something like a huge struggle in his heart between an old love and a new, "only be more generous and more just, and we shall love you as well as ever. Show a little of that beautiful feminine kindness of feeling, which is so endearing in a woman, towards this gentle, destitute, truthful, disinterested girl, and you reinstate yourself in all our hearts."

"I do her justice," said Diana, bitterly; "it is not in my own power to do her more or less. I must wait till you do the same."

"Strange infatuation," said Edward Hope, "to be blind to so much excellence!"

"Strange infatuation," repeated Diana, "to be blind to so much duplicity!"

"Surely," said Mrs. Shrubsole, "giving up Edward Hope ought quite to have reinstated her in your good opinion."

"On the contrary," said Diana, "I am indignant at every injury which those I love receive. She gives him up because he has lost his pecuniary value in her eyes. What profit would there be in marrying some miserable hundred a year? Edward, without hopes or allowance from his uncle, would be but a poor speculation. Ah, Edward, believe a woman who is always quick-sighted, and most so when the happiness of her friends is in jeopardy, believe her that your position and your income were of far more value in this hypocrite's eyes than anything that appertains to yourself."

"You wrong her! on my life you wrong her!" exclaimed Edward Hope, greatly exasperated. "It is her affection for me that has been played upon, her very generosity that has been acted upon to induce her to relinquish me. She thought I should be injured in my prospects, reduced to indigence, lose the affections of my nearest relatives! But I will not acquiesce in such a decision! I will see her! I will plead my own cause! I will convince her that poverty with her is sweeter to me than wealth without her!"

Pleasant words these for Diana's ears. Bitter enough must it be

to a woman to suspect in the man she loves a truancy of feeling, but to hear a passion avowed—ah, poor Diana!

Young Edward Hope, with a flushed and heated visage, rushed up the broad flight of steps which led to his uncle's door, and knocked as though he were in a nervous fever. Without waiting to be announced, he marched straight into the dining-room, knowing that it was about dessert time.

And accordingly he found his uncle seated at the head of the festive board. Two vacated chairs were standing with their legs rather out of marching order, and a couple of china plates bore witness that a fairer presence had not long before graced the table. In front of one of these chairs the plate seemed to signify that a dainty appetite had failed in its exertions, for the half of a peach and nearly the whole of a glass of wine appeared to intimate that the consumption had been somewhat fairyish: while its neighbour plate presented a mountain of stones and peelings, and husks and stems, manifesting that self-enjoyment had been busy there. As for old Hope, he was sitting in a sort of a brown study, his head leaning on his hand, his glass unsipped, perhaps thinking of Plato, or perhaps of somebody else. Whatever it might be, the entrance of his nephew aroused him.

"So, sir," said old Hope, "what am I to infer from this visit? Obedience or disobedience?"

"I am here because I must have a few questions solved! I cannot submit to be taken on and off at pleasure, like a domestic, without an expostulating word! I must know from Miss Keane's own lips why I am dismissed! I am sure that this cannot be her willing act! I am too well assured of her preference. Her generosity has been worked upon, her gentle nature intimidated! O, I know from her own assurance that this could not have been the act of her heart, since she would prefer a cottage with me to a palace without me!"

"Rhodomontade and nonsense," said old Hope, impatiently. "A cottage and a slipshod maid of all-work, or perhaps no maid at all! Why, you must be as unfeeling as you are mad, to desire to involve a gentle and delicate creature like this in such vulgar misery. Selfish folly,—let me hear no more of it!"

"I will hear from her own lips," exclaimed Edward Hope, "how she has been acted upon. I am convinced that she has not given me up willingly."

"That you shall soon see!" said old Hope; and, rising from the table, he led the way into the drawing-room.

The fair Leonora was reposing on a rich crimson damask sofa in old Hope's splendid drawing-room, much as though she were feeling herself quite at home in his hospitable and opulent mansion. Her dainty fingers were toying a piece of lady-like frippery, miscalled *work* by the sex, and a species of somewhat voluptuous contentment rested over her attitude and expression. In a very comfortable easy chair, on the other side of the apartment, a particularly voluminous lady, whose size would undoubtedly have won the prize, if prizes were given for the best-bred and best-fed pieces of humanity, was piled up in a

most delectable easy chair, apparently sleeping off the effects of a too redundant dinner. We hear talk now and then of people being all mind, but certainly Mrs. Moody was all body. Being, however, only invited to play propriety in old Hope's establishment for the sake of countenancing his delectable ladye-visitor, the fair Leonora, she certainly filled the part remarkably well, for it could not possibly be denied that her mere presence was a very great propriety. Undoubtedly the old lady and the young lady must have agreed remarkably well, for they both looked counterparts of contentment, with this difference, however, the one was forgetful of all outward things in the enjoyment of her own internal comfort, whilst the pleasure of the other seemed external, as she every now and then glanced around the really handsome room with an air of infinite complacency.

But if her anticipations were pleasant, they were soon disturbed by the entrance of the two Hopes.

"Young lady," said old Hope, "I bring an incredulous gentleman to you, who will not believe that your actions are those of a free agent. Will you have the goodness to convince him that you are not an enchanted, though you may be an enchanting lady, and that you are not kept here on compulsion, or anything but your own free choice?"

"I should, indeed, be ungrateful for the kind shelter which your hospitable roof has afforded an unhappy girl, if I did not thankfully acknowledge that it is my deepest obligation to have been received into the bosom of your most kind and honourable protection."

"Well, sir, are you satisfied?" asked old Hope, with a glance of triumph at his nephew.

"But, Leonora," said young Hope, "this is not all. I am told that you relinquish your engagement with me?"

"Lest you should believe that I influence this lady's determination, I will leave you to each other."

"Not so, dear Mr. Hope," said the New Companion, imploringly. "Stay, to strengthen my weak mind. Stay, that I may have the comfort of knowing that I act as you approve. Stay, to guide and to sustain me. Leave me not to myself, I implore you, for my whole trust and confidence is not in myself but you."

"Dear, good girl, I will stay then if you wish it."

"Leonora," said young Hope, "how am I to understand this? Do you dread my importunities, or have you been beguiled into a promise of giving me up which you now repent? Speak candidly, I conjure you, for it may be that the happiness and the condition of our future lives depends upon your answer."

"Ah, I do so grieve to wound you, but I should grieve still more to injure you!" said the New Companion, with her handkerchief to her eyes. "I am young and inexperienced, and ignorant of the world and its ways, and I know that I ought to submit my conduct to the guidance of those who have the wisdom and the goodness to direct it. I know the tenderness of your heart too well not to believe that you would languish under the displeasure of such an uncle as you possess, even in my society; and when I know, too, that your brightest prospects in life would be blighted, that my compliance with your wishes

would doom you to a lot of misery and privation, you who have been trained in luxury—ah, do you not see that it is as much a matter of duty as of feeling for me to withdraw from an engagement which would bring upon you so many penalties and privations?"

"Good girl! Generous girl! Sensible girl!" exclaimed old Hope.

"However unhappy in all things else," said the fair Leonora, weeping, "I must and do feel happy in your approbation. I may have been thought selfish, I may have been accused of consulting my own interest, I may have been suspected of desiring my own aggrandisement; but now I can proudly refute the charge. Even Miss Slade will now believe that I am not mercenary, not desiring my own aims and ends, as she so cruelly asperses my disinterestedness in saying! You will now do me justice, Mr. Edward. You will now exonerate me, Mr. Hope."

"I do! I do!" said old Hope, warmly.

"I see little generosity in deserting the fallen fortunes of a man with whom you had professed to spend your life—I should see much more in adhering to them," said young Hope, with some acrimony.

"Ah! do you too turn against me? Have the unhappy prejudices of your family tainted your mind also? Ah, then what is there stable in life! I thought I might have confided in you for ever! I believed that I could have trusted in your generous attachment through time and through eternity! But your mind is poisoned also! Your feelings are alienated! In whom then shall I trust? In whom then shall I confide?"

"In me," said old Hope. "You deserve it, and I am determined to be your friend."

"How strangely do you reverse the case," said young Hope, "I am the deserted, and therefore the injured, and yet you cast on me the reflections which more properly belong to yourself."

"You hear! you hear!" exclaimed the fair Leonora, clasping her hands and raising her tearful eyes to the old gentleman's face. "You hear these cruel aspersions, and cast on me at a time when I am proving the generosity of my soul—O, who will do me justice? Who will bear witness to the purity of my motives?"

"I will! I do!" exclaimed old Hope; "only don't agitate yourself—don't agitate yourself."

"How can I help it, dear, dear sir? This cruelty would kill me only for your kindness. I who have given up everything to be thus aspersed! I who leave myself desolate in the world, and choose rather to labour for my daily bread than to injure those who love me! Ah, Mr. Edward, do me justice, I beseech you; allow the purity of my motives, if you would not break my heart!"

"I think you would have been more generous had you remained faithful to your engagement," replied young Hope, rather doggedly.

"More generous to ruin you! More generous to rob you of the affections of your uncle, and *such* an uncle! More generous not to throw myself upon the world a beggar! To have to win my own daily bread! Ah, Mr. Edward, you do not know what it is to be a weak and timid woman, and alone in this vast world! this cruel wilderness of a world! without knowing where to turn or what to do,

and even with a very subsistence to struggle for! Alas! alas! poor shipwrecked creature! unhappy me!"

"No! no! Don't talk so! You make me quite uncomfortable!" said old Hope.

"I am convinced that you never loved me!" exclaimed young Hope.

"Because I prefer your interest to my own! your happiness to my own! Because I prefer to remain friendless, that you may retain your friends! Choose rather to be poor, that you may remain rich! Sacrifice my own peace, that yours may remain solid as a rock! But I must bear this injustice! I must submit! It is my lot to suffer!" and the fair Leonora folded her white hands meekly over her bosom, and looked as much like a saint as possible.

"I must put an end to this, or it will kill me!" said old Hope. "You see, Edward, that this young lady speaks on the suggestions of her own admirable understanding, and her own excellent heart. I cannot stand by and see her tortured any longer. She is too delicate a great deal to bear such rough usage—why, man, you would not surely keep her on the rack any longer. She has been explicit enough. Be satisfied—she is as wise as she is generons. Are you not answered enough?"

"More than enough," said Edward Hope.

"You will be happy!" said the fair Leonora, in the soft accents of tremulous emotion—"you will be happy, for you deserve to be so! For me it matters little how one so lonely and so sorrowful may wander, or what may be her portion; but I shall always remember you with gratitude, and with the most ardent aspirations for your happiness. Mr. Hope will approve of my going so far." Old Hope nodded, and looked very much as if he approved of everything that she did. "Tell Mrs. Shrubsole that I thank her from my heart for the generons protection which she afforded to one so lonely, and that relinquishing her affection and her home are amongst the sorrowful events of my sad life. Say also to Miss Slade, if I may still so far trespass on your kindness, how tenderly I could have loved her if she would have suffered it, and how entirely I forgive her all the grief which her unremitting persecution has brought upon me—yes, I forgive her with my whole heart!" and the New Companion raised her blue eyes up to heaven—at least to the ceiling—"And now farewell!" and, with her handkerchief to her eyes, she put her white hand into his; "farewell! I must never see you again, at least until your feelings towards me have undergone a total change—until you can look upon me as a sister—a friend. Farewell, and may happiness be your portion! Farewell, a long farewell!" and with a gentle pressure of his fingers, the fair Leonora left the room.

Old Hope and young Hope looked into each other's faces.

"Is she not next to an angel?" said old Hope.

"I don't know," replied young Hope; "but if so, why did you not agree to our union?"

"Because I am firm—firm as a rock! I trust that I have some decision of character. And hark you, Edward, I have another because—and that is, because I shrewdly suspect that you are not half worthy of her."

"I neither understand her, you, nor myself," said Edward Hope; and so saying, he took his departure in a very peculiar state of bewilderment.

Well, it is a curious thing how the same heart can be possessed at the same time by perfectly opposing feelings; how it can be divided into parties, like the benches of the House of Commons—how self can oppose self, and feelings oppose feelings, and a perfect war be raging within, all at the same time. Now poor Edward Hope's citadel was just in this condition. He could not arrive at any conclusion as to the question whether the fair Leonora was a fallen or an unfallen angel; whether she was the most generous or the most selfish of living women; or whether she sacrificed him to the excess of her affection, or the most entire indifference; whether it was his interest or her own; whichever way it might be, of one thing he was sure, and that was, that he should have felt very much better satisfied with her had she committed the error of preferring him blindly without any regard to any other consideration. But did she prefer him at all? Self-love whispered some very disagreeable doubts, and self-love always will be heard; aye, heard amid all the din and confusion of the passions; and the arguments of this speaker might have been very convincing indeed, only that it happened, that as often as a deep impression had been made, so often did self-love change sides, and answer itself with arguments of equal power. So, as happens in many other matters, Edward Hope did not know at what conclusion he had arrived at, or whether he had arrived at any conclusion at all. He could not for his life make up his mind whether he should deplore everlastingly that he had missed having an angel all to himself, or rejoice unceasingly that he had not united his fate with something that was like a clog, and a plague, and a pestilence, and a hundred horrid things besides, all in one. It will at once be seen clear enough, that Edward Hope neither was or ever had been in love with the fair Leonora, since love for himself evidently had the mastery over him; and in fact it was only by practising on this same self-affection that the New Companion had ever obtained any influence in the constitution or the heart-throne of our hero.

And this is the difference between selfish and unselfish love. It is not that the one is real and the other artificial; both are genuine; only that the one is only another form of loving self, the other that of loving out of self.

So Edward Hope walked about the house gloomy and dissatisfied, with an expression of face that, like many other learned things, might have been translated two ways—either that he should like to shoot himself, or else that he should like to shoot somebody else.

And now Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, who a short time back had been tempted to opine that her New Companion gave herself airs which more properly belonged to her patroness, was the only one in the household who had not retained but returned to her favourable interpretations and constructions of that most controversial-exciting young lady. She now most warmly advocated her cause, declaring that she

had acted with the utmost disinterestedness—that she wondered how she herself could ever have fluctuated, and that she would most gladly renew her consent to the match, and even give the wedding breakfast. Poor Mrs. Shrubsole possessed one of those accommodating natures which are indeed somewhat common with the sex. Had the order of things been reversed, she would have been reversed too. Since the match was not to be, she would willingly have had it take place; while if it had been an arranged matter, she would have been very much inclined to withhold her consent, or at least to give it doubtingly.

Diana was the only one of the trio whom neither storms could move nor sunshine melt from her opinion. The instincts of her heart were as strong as those of nature. The ancients did well in making Love a divinity. Hatred and revenge are but passions—Love is an inspiration.

So time went on rather moodily at that pretty villa in the Regent's Park. Young Hope was dissatisfied, Diana burning with impatience and a strong sense of injustice, Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole out of humour, both with herself and her two companions, who were in fact no company at all, either for themselves or anybody else, and she was left even to take care of her own lapdogs, and keep them out of mischief.

But all this while how went things on in the establishment of old Hope? Why truth to tell, in a right gleesome sunshiny sort of a way enough. To be sure they might well do so, since the mansion was some three times as handsome, and some six times as large, and some dozen times as well furnished, and more than all, the New Companion was in it. And did the presence of that same New Companion enhance the happiness of that dwelling? Aye, indeed did it! Why the place was altogether gilded over by her kindness, her good-humour. Who but she accompanied old Hope to the door, aye, to the very hall door, when he went out—who asked him how long he should be—who hoped that nothing would detain him—who watched at the window till he came back again—who flew and met him—who looked disappointed if he had lingered, delighted if he had hastened—who walked with him in the garden—who took wine with him at dinner, who lamented if his appetite failed him—who knew at a glance whether he was ill or well, who perceived by intuition whether things had pleased or plagued him—who comprehended in a moment whether his spirits were high or low—who knew what books would please him, and what he would disapprove—who followed his taste in dress, in sentiments, in manners—who netted him purses, fabricated watch-guards, embroidered him book-marks, bearing the mottoes of "Forget me not," and "Remember me," and "A token of respect," and such like prettinesses, all of which met his eye in every volume that he opened, and of course brought thoughts of the fair being who had placed them there to mingle up with the text, or perhaps to supersede it,—who, we say, did all this? why none else, most assuredly, but the New Companion, the fair Leonora.

All this of course made the old bachelor's old home quite a new thing to him. Men may say what they will, but we know that there can never be a paradise without some daughter of Eve within it, and home

is only a place to eat and drink and sit and sleep in without the hallowing charm of a woman's presence. Men may say what they will about the jovial freedom of their Liberty Halls, but many a weary joyless hour passes within them, many a discontented, peevish, snarling feeling is experienced, many a vacuum of heart and thought, many a comfortless rainy day, many a long winter evening, when the ticking of the clock is the only sound, and that does but echo like the knell of departing moments that might have been joyous if spent in cheerful companionship. And then for the lonely old bachelor to come into his dwelling wet and weary, without a creature to welcome him with either a word or a smile, or a single gleam of pleasure to brighten the place; nobody to consult his tastes and his comfort, nobody to prattle to him, to tell him the gossip of the neighbourhood, and to link his sympathies and his interests with surrounding people, nobody to double his joys and to halve his sorrows; nobody to nurse him if he be sick, to console him if he be sorrowful, and then as time creeps on and age overtakes him, to hear no joyful prattler near him, no dimpled smiling girls, no stalwart hopeful boys, in whose youth and whose enjoyment he might be young and happy again, and at last to leave none behind to lament him—heigho! Nature will not suffer her laws to be violated with impunity, and nature never designed that men should be old bachelors.

No wonder then that the unexpected charmer, who seemed much as if she had fallen from the clouds to charm away the foul domestic fiends of dreariness, loneliness, and weariness, appeared to him very much like an angel of light. Of course had his unexpected visitor been an expected one, he would have shrunk away, and entirely declined the unknown happiness; but the lucky felicity had fallen, or rather had been thrust upon him without his own premeditation. He felt invigorated, animated; more brisk, more lively, more interested in everything. Albeit unused to the singing mood, he was heard to hum certain snatches of old-fashioned songs, most marvellously out of tune; his shining shoes creaked more than ever in and out, and up and down; he was facetious with his tradespeople, told amusing anecdotes to his friends, and even cracked a jest or two now and then with his servants; and, in addition to all this, regularly took just one extra glass of wine every day after dinner. Furthermore, old Hope got a new suit of clothes out of his regular routine, of which the coat manifested something of a more dandified cut, with fancy gilt buttons, and of which the waistcoat was of a delicate cream colour. Nay, he sometimes went so far as to sport one of these last-mentioned garments of pure white—but he went still further, for he ordered himself a five-year-younger-fashioned flaxen-wig.

Reader, do you apprehend anything? comprehend anything? surmise anything? suspect anything?

No matter. *Dulce domum* reigned throughout. Fat Mrs. Moody had never been so happy in her life. Her appetite had never been so good, and she had never indulged it so much, for she luxuriated on breasts and merrythoughts of chickens, strengthened herself on jelly, nourished herself with gravy soup, cherished herself with all sorts of dainties, and cheered herself with all sorts of wine, without even a grudging look, a condition of felicity in which she had never before

been able so amply to rejoice herself. Such substantial breakfasts, such savoury luncheons, such approvable dinners, such fine-flavoured gunpowdered teas, with such delicate macaroons and pound cakes, and then such warm comfortable tit-bit cozy suppers, interspersed with such enlivening fine-flavoured wines,—such unrestricted enjoyment of all these things, interspersed with such warm comfortable refreshing naps—why Mrs. Moody only wished that so much happiness might last for ever.

But if our readers suppose that the fair Leonora was not a reflective, contemplative young lady, they do injustice to her faculties, to their own discernment, and to our power of delineation. But let them think as they please, she was not an ordinary, but an extraordinary character. About six weeks of the elysium which we have been describing had passed away. Things had reached a climax. There is no greater folly than that of supposing that any state of affairs can remain stationary. Progress reaches a certain point both in notions and feelings, becomes inverted, and passes into decline. The moon waxes to her zenith, and then wanes into obscurity. People fondly imagine that certain events will go on and on advancing, that certain feelings will go on and on increasing. Delusion, dear reader. You inspire a friendship, and fancy that it will go on strengthening; you acquire an influence, and suppose it will be ever augmenting; you infuse a love, and dream that it will become daily more and more engrossing. Ignorance! Folly! Nonsense! Wise men pluck the fruit when it is ripe. They watch the aspect of affairs, and seize upon the zenith. The undiscerning wait and wait, expecting augmented power, and there comes nothing but decay. If you desire a service from a friend, ask it while your friendship is new, for all new things are the strongest. If you would exert an influence, let it be when you have freshly acquired it. If you would have love manifest itself in action, require it while the passion is young. Abbott Lee tells you again, that new connexions are more to be relied upon than old. They have not reached the stage of natural decay, neither have you found out their hollowness nor they yours.

The fair Leonora *was not, we are sure she was not*, a common-place young lady, for she did look beyond the present moment, did anticipate, did consider that things must have an end, and did endeavour to ascertain what that end must be. Alas, that her youth and spirit should have been overclouded, that she should be heard to sigh often, be seen to weep sometimes, though ever on the detection she would smile like sunshine through a soft April shower, would sit with her blue eyes abstractedly fixed upon the carpet, and then suddenly rousing herself, be ever over gay. Alas, and welladay! what could have come over the heart of the gentle, graceful, dulcet New Companion?

Now though it might have been expected to be exactly the reverse, old Hope really never had been prudent enough to obey the old-fashioned injunction of looking to the end of a thing before it was begun, and even after he had begun it, he was so mightily thoughtless and remiss, that he still never considered how the matter on hand was to finish. For his own part, he would have been very well con-

tented to have enjoyed the present, and to have left the future to take care of itself—to suffer events to live a natural life and die a natural death; and with this feeling, this sort of shrinking from encountering anything that was disagreeable, the old bachelor at first absolutely shut his eyes to the fair Leonora's depression of spirits, he would not hear her sighs nor see her tears: but this blindness had an opposite effect upon the New Companion from what he had intended; instead of the drooping lily reviving, it drooped still more. How provoking! The home was not half so pleasant, its air not half so cheerful, and a suspicion of something very disagreeable, began first to whisper, and then to speak very loud in old Hope's mind.

Dinner-time will come whether people are hungry or not, and whether they smile or sigh. Happily it is not the fashion with cooks to be sentimental in the kitchen, whatever their lords and masters, or ladies and mistresses, may be in the parlour; so dinner was cooked, and came, just as if no sentimentalism existed in the world. Solid plum puddings were made below, though flimsy poetry might be concocted above; and the roast and the boiled made their appearance with all the orthodoxy of St. Paul's old clock.

But appetites may not be altogether so methodical, not being regulated upon quite the same mechanical principles. Of the three that sat down to dinner in old Hope's dining-parlour, there was but one who did honour to the good cheer, and that was fat Mrs. Moody, who invariably patronised the gastronomic art. The New Companion sighed and looked sad over her merrythought, and then sent her plate away—trifled with a trifle, and then dismissed it as a trifle. Old Hope looked at her askance every now and then, fidgeted, grew restless, cross, and discontented. The temper has a wonderful influence over the appetite, and the appetite has a wonderful influence over the temper, the compliment being pretty equal. In the present instance poor old Hope's dinner and disposition were both equally spoiled.

Meanwhile Mrs. Moody, whose nature was very much like that of a down bed, the softer and better for being beaten, rejoiced herself in the dinner thus left to her entire disposal with a most remarkable exertion of self-hospitality, making herself extremely welcome to everything on the table; and thus it was rather beyond due course of time that she at last arose, and "dragged her slow length along" out of the dining-room into the drawing-room, where, consigning herself to the insurance of an easy chair, she forthwith gave up all thought of herself in most regardless humility, just as if she had actually been something quite beneath her own notice.

Old Hope sat, after the ladies had left him, with a very cross, crusty, discontented expression of countenance, thinking either of Plato or somebody else, and, being rather dissatisfied with everybody in the world, but with himself in particular, he took about three extra glasses of wine by way of medicine to his mind. Not finding this operate very much to his own satisfaction, and being by no means addicted to intemperance, he gave his chair a very disdainful push, and sallied forth into the drawing-room. Here he of course found no-

body but the mortal mountain of forgetful happiness, and he went in and out, looking hither and thither, and prying into all the ins and outs, and crevices and corners, until he finally found the fair Leonora, with her face buried in her handkerchief, and weeping violently.

Are there men?—we are afraid we must transpose our question, and say—there are men who can behold a woman's tears unmoved. Old Hope was not one of these—at least when his self-love did not make him prefer a passion of his own to humouring those of other people, as had been the case in his contest with Diana. Not, however, finding tears a pleasant sight, or sobs a pleasant sound, he was pretty considerably shocked to find the fair Leonora in this state of distressing agitation. Sitting down by her side, and taking her hands forcibly in his own, he asked, with great solicitude, "What had happened? What could be the matter?"

"O, nothing, Mr. Hope! Nothing, dear Mr. Hope!"

"Nothing, and these tears? Nay, that cannot be! Are you ill?"

"O no."

"Has anybody offended you?"

"O no."

"Somebody has! I know they have, and you are too kind and gentle to complain. Have any of the servants neglected, or displeased, or slighted you? If they have!—a moment's warning, that's all!"

"O no; they are all respect and attention. They watch my looks to obey them, and guess my wishes to anticipate them."

"Then Mrs. Moody? Has she been twitting you, or grumbling, or making herself offensive to you in any way?"

"O, Mrs. Moody is the most inoffensive and contented of human beings. Nothing has arisen between us to disturb her placidity or my serenity."

"Has that passionate girl, my niece Diana, done or said anything to make you suffer?"

"I have had no communication with Miss Slade, and now, when I have resigned to her the object of her choice, what cause of displeasure could she find towards me?"

"Has Edward Hope persecuted you with any folly? Any lackadaisical poetry, any whining love letters—trash, folly of that kind?"

"Mr. Hope knew too well the firmness of my decision to draw upon himself the further mortification of more emphatic repulse."

"Then *what has happened?*" said old Hope impatiently; but, instead of answering, the fair Lonora hid her face in her handkerchief, and wept more abundantly than ever.

Old Hope was silent a few minutes, during which time his temper seemed to be undergoing the vinegarish fermentation. At last he spake out right manfully, and full bitterly.

"Hark you, young lady, if I thought you were pining and fretting after that young fellow, my nephew—if I thought, I say, that you were disappointed because you find out at last that I am a man of real determination, and not only mean what I say, but keep to what I say—why, I tell you that I should not think so well of you as I do, that's all!"

The fair Leonora put down her handkerchief, and lifted up her blue

eyes directly into the face of the angry old bachelor with an expression of real alarm.

"What! do you too doubt me? Alas! alas! to whom, then, shall I turn if you forsake me!"

"Forsake you! No! no! that's not it. But I should like to know what I am to think. I find you fretting your heart out—I guess every possible cause—you deny them all—what am I to conclude but that it is a love matter?"

"O dear Mr. Hope, how unlike your generous judgment!"

"One can't shut one's eyes to facts. I suppose it's natural enough for women to make fools of themselves for men, and if I am a little angry and a little hot that you should do like the rest, why it's only because I am disappointed in you, having looked for better things from you! But women are women all the world over, and I don't know why I should have thought you above them, and an angel!"

"Dear Mr. Hope, how you agonise my feelings! Believe me, when I surrendered your nephew, I did it from my heart."

"Then why this grief? What other trouble can you have?"

"Ah, a greater!"

"I am hard of belief. Unless you tell me what it is, I must think my nephew is at the bottom of all this."

"Do not, pray do not press me for an explanation. I cannot give it to you without excess of pain."

"And what else but a love matter should give you such distress, and distress, too, of which you are evidently ashamed?"

"Ah, cruel misconstruction! Unfortunate girl that I am, to be thus for ever the slave of circumstances and my own feelings. Oh, Mr. Hope, my kind, my best friend, must I then either lose your good opinion, or disclose to you the cause of my present poignant grief? Well, however bitter the alternative may be, anything is better than being deprived of your generous regard. And must I tell you! Ah, must I let you see how much I think of you, how difficult it is to tear myself away from the place your kindness has made so happy! Must I tell you that I am compelled to relinquish the brief happiness which I have enjoyed in residing under your roof! Must I tell you how I shrink from adventuring again into that troublous world where, in my lonely and unprotected state, I have been subjected to such sad trials and buffettings! Ah, Mr. Hope, when I tell you that I see the sad necessity of leaving your hospitable mansion and your most kind, and cheering, and comforting society, can you wonder that I feel wretched, lost, despairing?"

The fair Leonora again hid her face in her handkerchief and wept. Old Hope started, and answered hastily,

"Going! leaving! Ha? Why? What? Where are you going, and why should you go?"

"I can answer your last question much the most easily. I am compelled to go because I must not lead a life of dependence—because I must not be a burden on your generosity—because I must not leave it to your relations to imply that I am practising on your kindness of heart to obtain a subsistence from your liberality—"

"Let them dare to say so!"

"And because—because—"

"Because what?"

"And because—because—if you had been an elderly gentleman, I might have had the happiness of remaining near you—but my good name is precious to me, and the world is censorious." And the New Companion once again hid her face in her handkerchief.

"And you, dear girl, are not grieving for my handsome young nephew, but for his old uncle! And you really don't think I am old enough to escape the imputations of the world? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Are you, then, so merry, whilst my heart is breaking?" exclaimed the fair Leonora, in tones of tender reproach.

"Merry! Why, I don't know that I was ever happier in my life! Ha! ha! ha! And you shall be merry too! that you shall! Come, no more tears! Not even for me! No, not though they are brighter and more precious than pearls and diamonds!"

"I cannot choose but weep."

"But you sha'n't though! I am determined upon that! And did you think, chick-a-biddy dear, that I would let you go out into the world again, and fret that delicate mind, or grieve that sensitive heart, and let the rough folks bring tears into those pretty heavenly eyes, and perhaps wear out those precious white fingers with a vile needle and thread, and I don't know what cruelties besides, when your dear little heart is willing to make its precious nest here with me? Why, you dearest dear, I'll never lose sight of you again as long as I live, and we'll be married to-morrow! We'll be married to-morrow!"

The fair Leonora smiled a seraphic smile, blushed a very pretty rose-coloured blush, and—*did not say no.*

Well, marriage is usually the *finale* to which all such story-tellers as ourselves must come. Old Hope and the fair Leonora had a very gay wedding, she stepping into her own new carriage and six thousand a year with the best grace imaginable, and he looking as happy as any two-and-twenty in the world. That same very wise world may smile in mockery at such happiness, but we should like to know whether any other sorts of the commodity are less of a delusion, having for their objects the things of this world. Dear reader, if you have any wish to know whether old Hope and his young wife have repented, and wrangled, and are in the habit of quarrelling and fighting, we can assure you that they lead a far more agreeable and orderly life than nine-tenths of the love matches which are contracted. We have shown that the New Companion for Life either had no passions, or possessed a singular control over them. She had appraised the good things of life, had affixed a certain value upon them, had bought and paid for them. She had either come into the world with an extraordinary knowledge of that world, or else she had learnt its lessons with wonderful aptitude; but by whatever process she had arrived at the attainment, she never forgot to continue a practice which had been so eminently successful. At the outset of our tale the balance of a straw might have made her the wife of some country mechanic,

when she must have swept her own floor and cooked her husband's dinner, but availing herself of her natural capabilities, she had climbed up to six thousand a year and a gentleman. But thus aggrandized, did she show signs of intoxication? No: on the contrary, she proved that in mind she had always possessed six thousand a year. Did she grow arbitrary and tyrannical over her sovereign lord and master? No; when she had an object to carry she coaxed him, and as gentlemen in general, and old Hope in particular, likes to be coaxed, why it follows that she confers pleasure in asking favours, and thus bestows as much as she receives. In an ordinary way she is lady-like and languid, superbly dressed, and receives with the blandest grace in the world the devoted attentions of her elderly husband, who would with infinite pleasure sweep the streets for her to walk along them, or even lie down as part of the pavement for her delicate foot. He is always heaping kindnesses upon her, for which she is so wonderfully grateful as not to treat them with disdain, but even to smile upon both gift and giver. Sometimes he brings her some sparkling jewel of a ring, sometimes a pearly bandeau for her hair, sometimes a velvet mantle, sometimes a satin robe, and for all these things she thanks him in just the same soft sweet voice in which she sang to the tune of his heart in the love-making days of their first acquaintance; and this sweet voice, and the sweet smile that accompanies it, always induce him to strive a little more to please her, and to do this he is generally finding out some opera, some ball, some concert, some excursion, some tour, or even some continental visit, to give her pleasure. He leaves nothing undone to make her happy; and she, all unlike her own contradictory sex, is willing to be so. Ah, you poor wives, who have married the husbands of your hearts, and now find out to your cost that they are the plagues of your lives, you will own at once that the fair Leonora judged wisely when she thought that to be "a young man's slave" was far less desirable than to be "an old man's darling."

But leaving old Hope to his bargain of happiness, and turning to young Hope, and our passionate and prejudiced Diana, and poor Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, to see what they are all doing, we shall find them gazing upon a certain corner of the Times newspaper, under a sort of stupor of doubt and amazement, not exactly knowing whether they themselves or the aforesaid monster paper had gone mad. The cabalistic letters did indeed neither more nor less than announce the marriage of their crazy, infatuated uncle with that witch of a bewitching New Companion. All Johnson's dictionary would not enable us to express even a tithe of the varied ravings and ragings which rose like a hurricane in that pretty villa in the Regent's Park; and as we have not room in our pages for a tithe of the great lexicographer's vernaculars, why we omit it altogether. Reader, are you imaginative? If so, conjure up for your own benefit the storm; if not, just listen to a brief summing up of our recital. Young Edward Hope wanted no further convincing that his once fair Leonora ladye-love deserved more detestation than he could bestow upon her, and yet he gave her his all. The force of his reaction of feeling brought him again to Diana's feet. He scarcely knew himself that a part of his impetus sprang from the belief that a marriage with his first love would, in her secret

heart, spite his second, and fortunately the supposition did not present itself to his love number one. She, true woman, received her truant back again, with something of that pleasure which met the prodigal on his return. Ah, that feeling must be divine which copies heaven in its manifestations. Perhaps, in the next line to so much generosity we ought to be ashamed to confess that we think Edward Hope deserved—what? Why, blotting out of the heart that had loved him, for showing such a babyish, imbecile tergiversation. He ought to have been banished with frowns, instead of being welcomed with smiles. Ah, but nature, Abbott Lee! nature! Such hearts as Edward Hope's beat in hundreds of bosoms. Well, then, such a heart ought to be put on the point of a weathercock, to show which way the wind may be blowing—that's all.

CONSUMPTION.

STRETCHED on the couch she lies—how frail
Her lovely form—her cheek how pale—
  The hectic spot is there;
Her sorrowing friends around her stand,
She clasps her weeping mother's hand,
  And bids her not despair.
Though every *earthly* hope is past,
While void of hope and fear,
Her deep blue eyes are upward cast,
She knows the world is fleeting fast,
  She feels her end is near.
Hard seems it one in beauty's bloom,
So bright, so young, should in the tomb
  A mouldering corse be laid;
Death at the palace of the great,
And at the lowly cottage gate,
  Knocks, and must be obeyed.
THE SUMMONS had gone forth—that night
Her gentle spirit winged its flight
  To the bright realms of day;
And thus her latest accents spoke,
While o'er her pallid features broke
  A yet diviner ray:—
"Mourn not for me, nor shed a tear,
  But trust in the Most High;
Father and mother, Henry dear,
I but regret to leave you here,
  Else were it *sweet* to die."

THOS. D'OYLEY.

Christ Church, Oxon, Nov. 1842.

THE CHINESE WAR.*

It may truly be said that war possesses an awful interest. With whatever appreciation of its horrors we contemplate its aspect—with whatever spirit of philanthropy and love of our fellow man we deprecate its ravages and mourn its injuries—however we may recognise in its features the very incarnation of the spirit of hell—however we may mourn the miseries which, like a blasted trail, it leaves behind it—however we may lament over ruined homes and blighted fields—however our ears may shrink from the wails of the mourners, from the cry of the fatherless, or the plaint of the widow—yet, notwithstanding all this, there seems a something in the spirit of war to which the heart of man bounds and leaps with an irrepressible response. Through all ages, the trumpet notes of war have aroused echoes which else would lie dormant in our nature. The highest dignities have been bought with the direst bloodshedding. Honours and distinctions have been awarded with national acclamations to the victors. For the purposes of war chivalry banded her knights. Alike through barbaric and polished ages has glory crowned the slayer, and renown and titles have been showered upon the destroyers of their own race. In short, war has been the universal interest of the world since its foundations were first laid. Even in enlightened Christian England, in the nineteenth century, the same echoes answer and the same spirit boundeth; and though we trust we stand on the threshold of a time when there shall be "no more wars nor rumours of wars," it must be candidly ackowledged that that time has not yet arrived.

Among the instances of modern warfare, it would be difficult to find one that could vie in important consideration with that of the Chinese War. Fought on new ground, bringing us into contact with a people hitherto so jealously intrenched behind the bulwarks of their ancient usages—a people who have formed their political constitution, moulded their domestic customs, and accomplished a high degree in the knowledge of arts and manufactures by progressive stages, wholly independent of our own—these things, we say, render our war with China interesting far beyond the enthusiasm which follows on well-fought fields and military triumphs. A great and curious nation, hitherto sealed from our inquiries, is now opened to us. Curiosity, excited but not satiated, may now occupy itself with investigations as novel as they are interesting. To the philanthropist and the philosopher, a vast field of contemplation is opened out. The gates of the Celestial Empire are unclosed to them: they are admitted among a people boasting an ancestry which makes the world itself young by the comparison, and being, most unquestionably, of very ancient date—a people full of interest, full of curiosity, full of novelty.

* An Account of all the Operations of the British Forces from the Commencement to the Treaty of Nanking. By Lieutenant John Ouchterlony, F.G.S., of the Madras Engineers; late Acting Engineer at the new settlement of Hong-Kong. With fifty-three Illustrations from Original Drawings by the Author.

The Chinese war is one of those transactions which, eminently belonging to the history of our times, being, indeed, one of its most marked events, and involving consequences so important, demanded the pen of an able historian, and that, too, of one himself a sharer in the circumstances he records. A narrative compiled at a distance from the scene of action would have been deficient, if not in the greater requisites, yet in those minutiæ which give reality to description. Perhaps one of the happiest features of modern times is the engrafting a taste for literature upon the military character, and of this beautiful union, one of the happiest results is the valuable work of Lieutenant Ouchterlony, which has given rise to these observations. Himself occupying a post in the great theatre of the war, he has not been left, like others, to search out his material at the price of great labour, often inefficiently, often distortedly, always inadequately. Far different it is to be stationed at the fountain-head than to have to make the endeavour to collect, at a distance, the thousand scattered rills that diverge from its source. Having sheathed the sword, our author took up his pen: with the one he may have achieved honour, at the cost of some misery to his fellow-beings abroad; with the other he has acquired reputation, whilst he has bestowed both a pleasure and a benefit on his countrymen at home. He has enriched the literature of his country, and added an important record to her history. This work on the "Chinese War," though interesting in the highest degree for a present perusal, replete with information, fresh from the scene of action, and consequently rich in a thousand ramifications of merit which would otherwise have been unattainable, is also one that must take its place among the archives of the nation. And right worthily too; for Lieutenant Ouchterlony is not one of the ephemeral race of authors. His work will have an existence when multitudes of tomes invested with a merely passing interest, though, it may be, gay with the sunshine of good spirits, and replete with mirthful adventure and lively anecdote, shall have passed into oblivion. It is eminently a work of grave value; and though rich in energetic description, and illustrative, interesting detail, though painting new and animated scenes with the pen of a master and the fidelity of an eye-witness, it must still take its stand on a position far higher than these might claim to occupy, as a true, a capable, and a veritable history of one of the most interesting warfares in which our country has ever been involved.

Since our first rupture with China, every circumstance connected with our intercourse has been seized upon with an avidity that marked the engrossing interest of the public. There was something more involved than our national feelings. More direful contests might have been waged with our continental neighbours without exciting the same pulse throughout the country; and this was because curiosity beat high, and every fresh despatch brought us something new of a people whose habits and modes of life were invested with an extraordinary novelty. One of the merits of this work, which forces itself upon our attention at every turning page, is the accompaniment of numberless illustrative traits attending on every detail. The most industrious and painstaking compiler could not have have commanded these attesta-

tions of genuineness, which are of double value, adding as they do infinitely to the interest of the work, and bearing an unpremeditated testimony to the veritableness of the history. During the progress of the war, everything emanating from its seat was seized upon with avidity, and the works thrown off on the heat and spur of the moment were warmly received. These, however, could be no more than mere palliatives for curiosity. So far from supplying that stable amount of information which might be incorporated as a standard of reference, they did but establish its necessity. We still required a substantial history, one that might remain as a steady light when the flashes of partial descriptions should have died away. It was almost beyond our hopes to find a historian in the very seat of war, surrounded by every possible advantage and facility of information, and so peculiarly capable of profiting by their availment. The less we might anticipate so favourable a combination of circumstances, the more do we congratulate ourselves upon it. We have here a history of this most interesting war every way calculated to endure. Lieutenant Ouchterlony's work cannot but become a standard in our literature. As a whole, it is complete and perfect: commencing with the earliest outbreaks of disaffection, tracing with clear and continuous accuracy every consecutive event, entering into every detail of measure and counter-measure, of action and counteraction, he conducts us through all the fortunes of the war, leading us through every scene of the country where they were enacted, with as much lucidness of developement as interest of detail. We seem even to accompany the army of our countrymen as in their progressive successes they approach as conquerors within a formidable distance of the capital of the Celestial Empire. New lights are thrown upon the native character. Curious reflections suggest themselves to our thoughts on the innate nature of our race. We are all the creatures of imitation. Man walks in the footsteps of his predecessors, seldom deviating from the track, though the impulses of modern improvements impel him often to go beyond them, to advance a little and a little farther. The character of nations also, as well as individuals, is made by example. Yet, here we have the extraordinary spectacle of a country that has unquestionably attained a high position, unbiassed by associations. In lands professing Christianity, however debased and immoral, there is still a leaven, which, if it does not palpably affect public conduct, (though even in this it has a mighty, though it may be an inappreciable influence,) yet regulates public opinion. In looking upon China, we contemplate a people whose sentiments have been formed, whose morality has been established, without the aid of Christianity. We behold in them the developement of human nature alone. With what an intense interest we must pause over this study!

We pass on to an extract from the work. However the false glory of the battle-field may dazzle the mind's eye, the fearful scenes of desolation which it leaves are the most eloquent of sermons.

"The morning of the 22nd July rose upon a fearful scene of desolation. The late flourishing city of Chin-Keang-foo was now a spectacle of ruin; its ramparts and streets encumbered with the corpses of the slain, and

the bodies of the wounded and the dying; many of its finest buildings destroyed, and its main street of shops, and the dwelling-houses near the gates, gutted by the horde of marauders who had commenced their devastations even before the tumult of the fight had ceased and its dangers were at an end. Many of these plunderers, and also most of the survivors of the garrison, must have made their escape under cover of the darkness, through a gateway opening upon the south-east, upon which a guard had not been placed until the morning; and considering the short space of time which had been afforded in the night for their predatory proceedings, the amount of destruction and of property carried off by the marauders was truly astonishing.

"Armed parties were sent out shortly after day-break, to patrol the Tartar quarter in search of concealed soldiers, and to destroy the arsenals and depôts of military stores, while fatigue-detachments of sappers and miners were employed in collecting and interring the dead, from whose remains, owing to the excessive heat of the weather, the most noisome exhalations were already rising.

"Frightful were the scenes witnessed by these men among the houses and enclosures of the city, as group after group of whole families lying stiffened in their blood, within their own homesteads, were discovered in the streets occupied by the Tartar troops and mandarins, so numerous and so painfully interesting in their revolting details, as to impress with deep and lasting horror all who witnessed this happily rare example of the miseries and ferocities of war.

"The bodies of most of the hapless little children who had fallen sacrifices to the enthusiasm and mad despair of their parents, were found lying within the houses, and usually in the chambers of the women, as if each father had assembled the whole of his family before consummating the dreadful massacre; but many corpses of boys were lying in the streets, amongst those of horses and soldiers, as if an alarm had spread, and they had been stabbed while they had been attempting to escape from their ruthless parents.

"In a few instances these poor little sufferers were found the morning of the assault, still breathing, the tide of life ebbing slowly away, as they lay withering in the agonies of a broken spine, a mode of destruction so cruel that, but for the most certain evidence of its reality, would not be believed.

"In one of the houses the bodies of seven dead and dying persons were found in one room, forming a group which for loathsome horror was perhaps unequalled. The house was evidently the abode of a man of some rank and consideration, and the delicate forms and features of the sufferers denoted them as belonging to the higher order of Tartars. On the floor, essaying in vain to put food with a spoon into the mouths of two young children extended on a mattress, writhing in the agonies of death, caused by the dislocation of their spines, sat an old decrepit man, weeping bitterly as he listened to the piteous moans and convulsive breathings of the poor infants, while his eye wandered over the ghastly relics of mortality around him.

"On the bed, near the dying children, lay the body of a beautiful young woman, her limbs and apparel arranged as if in sleep. One arm clasped her neck, over which a silk scarf was thrown, to conceal the gash in her throat which had destroyed her life. Near her lay the corpse of a woman somewhat more advanced in years, stretched on a silk coverlet, her features distorted, and her eyes open and fixed, as if she had died of poison or strangulation. There was no wound upon the body, nor any blood upon her person or clothes. A dead child, stabbed through the neck, lay near her; and in the narrow verandah, adjoining the room, were the corpses of two more women, suspended from the rafters by twisted cloths wound round their necks. They were both young—one quite a girl—and

her features, in spite of the hideous distortion produced by the mode of her death, retained traces of their original beauty sufficient to show the lovely mould in which they had been cast.

"From the old man, who appeared by his humble garb to have been a servant or retainer of the family thus awfully swept away, nothing could be elicited as to the mode or authors of their death,—nothing but unintelligible signs of poignant distress. He was made to comprehend the object of the interring party, and at once testified the utmost satisfaction and gratitude for their humane interposition, assisting to carry the bodies down the staircase into the court, where, a shallow grave having been excavated beneath the pavement, he tenderly placed them in their sad resting-place, and having covered them with clothes, the stone slabs were replaced over their remains. The two dying children shortly afterwards breathed their last, and were interred beside the grave of their hapless relatives. The old man remained in the now silent abode of his lost chief, and was seen no more.

"The scene here described formed unhappily but one link in a dismal chain of suffering which the horrors of our assault drew around the devoted city, and loathsome as such descriptions must be, the details in this instance have been given, because the knowledge which they afford of the domestic principles and the national antipathies and prejudices of a race so interesting to us as the Tartars have now become, naturally leads to reflections of a highly important nature, and enables us also to estimate the character and capabilities of a people with whose future history and welfare it appears probable that our own will henceforward become associated.

"It was evident, from circumstances that came to our knowledge, after the capture of the place, that the confidence of the Tartar general in the strength of his defences, in the valour and prowess of his men, and the skill with which his dispositions had been made, continued unshaken up to a late hour on the day of the assault, although, at the commencement of the attack, some dissatisfaction among the garrison, or disinclination for the fray, appears to have been manifested. This was inferred from the fact, that both at the east and west gates, the two points of the city on which our main attacks were directed, the bodies of two soldiers were placed in an exposed situation, (as if to serve as an example to their comrades,) with their arms tightly pinioned behind them, and their throats cut or their heads laid open by the stroke of a sword. One man of the four had apparently been put to death in the most barbarous manner, his arms having been hacked in a series of gashes from the wrist to the shoulder, and the countenance of the unfortunate wretch being fearfully distorted by the agonies he had endured. To the offence of cowardice before the enemy, the Chinese military code awards death in a simple form only; it is therefore probable that this man had been endeavouring to excite the garrison to abandon the place, or had been guilty of some other grave act of treachery.

"From information given to our interpreters, by shopkeepers and others dwelling in the suburbs, subsequent to the assault, it appeared that for many days previous to the arrival of the British fleet off Golden Island, the Tartar general had made every preparation for our attack, closing the gates, suspending all traffic on the canal, forcing the inhabitants within the walls to betake themselves to the interior of the province, levying contributions of poultry, pigs, and all descriptions of provisions from the surrounding country, for the supply of the garrison and of the force encamped in the position carried by Lord Saltoun. So completely had this drained the villages for miles round the city of all such supplies, that during the week spent by our army in occupation of the place, the utmost difficulty was experienced in obtaining the common necessaries, and the most practised foragers harried the neighbouring farms, and every other spot that promised a supply, with little success.

"Had the Tartars possessed any practical acquaintance with the science of military defence, the indomitable determination of their chief, and the devotedness and skill in the use of their arms, of which such proofs were given by his men during the various conflicts of the 21st July, must in all probability have ensured a far different result to the contest. The escalade of General Schoedde's brigade could scarcely have succeeded, had the Tartars who lined the parapets of the square eastern bastion been aware of the mode of attack about to be adopted, for the ladders attached to the brigade were only three, and the parapets were so high above the terre-pleine of the ramparts, that half a dozen matchlock-men might have coolly pricked off each of their assailants, without being themselves exposed to any fire, while the great muscular strength of the Tartars must have ensured the destruction of such as leaped unhurt upon the rampart. The advance up a ladder, even by the readiest of troops, is necessarily slow, each man occupying a share in his ascent nearly equal to his own height, and being unable to pass the uppermost rungs until his front file has stepped upon the wall, so that, where moderate determination and coolness are displayed by the defenders, this mode of attack ought never to succeed unless many ladders are used, or the parapets previously beaten down by round shot, to expose the enemy on the ramparts to the view of the covering party below. The Tartars also neglected to take advantage of an admirable little work which flanked the spot where the ladders were raised, at a distance of only thirty to forty yards, and which afforded such safe cover to a small body of men, for whose use niches were constructed in the masonry below, with narrow loopholes bearing upon the foot of the ramparts, that a constant and deliberate fire might have been maintained upon the assaulting party.

"At the western gate, also, instead of clearing away the houses which afforded cover for the light infantry of the third brigade, and enabled them to keep down the fire of the garrison while the powder-bags were being carried over the bridge, (which ought to have been done, to the distance of a good musket-shot in all directions,) not a single building which intercepted their view of the advance of an attacking column was removed either from the banks of the wet ditch or canal, or from the bridge itself, along each side of whose roadway ran a row of single-storied shops, in the fashion of some ancient bridges in England, through which, if necessary, the sappers could have worked their way by cutting through their thin partitions, so as to have brought the bags up to the gates, without being for a moment exposed to the enemy's view. It was ascertained by some returns found in one of the military offices of the place, that the Tartars inside the city did not exceed two thousand three hundred; and as it is not probable that any of these had ever before witnessed the imposing array of a disciplined army, the brilliant spectacle presented by the pouring forth of nearly nine thousand well-equipped and fully-armed soldiers, from the vast fleet which covered the river beneath them, might well excite dismay in the hearts of those who looked down from the insecure and precarious shelter of their narrow ramparts upon the formidable columns advancing for their destruction.

"For some time after the capture of the city, the fate of the brave General Hailing, who had so nobly conducted its defence, was uncertain: his body could not be recognised among the slain, and none of the wounded Tartars who had been removed to our hospitals had seen him since the last desperate stand made by the remnant of the garrison among the gardens and inclosures. At length, however, Mr. Morrison, the interpreter, discovered a man who had acted in the capacity of secretary to Hailing, secreted in an out-house of a building in the Tartar quarter, and from him he elicited the particulars of the fate of this gallant man.

"After haranguing his troops, he had mounted his horse, and placing himself at their head, led them to the ground upon which their desperate

attack upon the 18th and 19th regiments was made; thence seeing that the main defences of the town were in our possession, and that the day was irretrievably lost, he returned to his house, and calling for his secretary, desired him to bring his official papers into a small room adjoining an inner court of the building, where deliberately seating himself, and causing the papers, with a quantity of wood, to be set up around him, he dismissed the secretary, set fire to the funeral pile, and perished in the flames. In the apartment, where this strange example of barbarian heroism had been enacted, Mr. Morrison found, among some heaps of ashes and half-consumed wood, evidences of the awful sacrifice which had been so determinedly consummated, amply sufficient to corroborate the tale of his informant: the skull of the general was yet unconsumed, and the bones of the thighs and feet, though partially calcined, retained enough of their original form and appearance to be recognised. The floor of the room was paved, and the flames had consequently not extended beyond the pile of fuel. Thus perished this brave man, whose devotion to his country rendered him, to quote the words of Sir Henry Pottinger's proclamation, 'Worthy of a nobler and a better fate.'"

We turn from this scene of horrors to a somewhat livelier picture.

"One large detachment was quartered in a pawnbroker's shop, very different in style and extent to the well-known houses designated in England by the armorial bearings of the ancient Lombards, but in all other respects resembling them so closely, as to render the comparison exceedingly amusing.

"In China, the business of the pawnbroker is usually carried on with the capital of a number of persons, who form together a sort of bank, or joint-stock concern, which is described by those acquainted with their operation as most lucrative and extensive in all parts of the empire.

"The building consists usually of a long range of galleries, or rooms, in which the pledged articles are ranged or assorted according to their description and value, every cloak or fur or ornament having a ticket attached to it, denoting the amount lent upon its deposit, also the period for which pledged, and the interest to be recovered.

"The quantity of goods collected in these establishments, judging from those which came under the observation of the force, (and a very destructive observation it usually proved,) is enormous. Wearing apparel of all descriptions constituted the bulk of the stock of this Shanghae concern; and as it had to be cleared out of the way to make room for the soldiers, grievous havoc was of necessity made among the strange collection of odds and ends of which it consisted. Rich furred mantles an embroidered ladies' crape dresses, were heaped up to form a couch for some brawny dragoon, whose costume had been culled from heaps of pledges, the detail of which defies all power of description: a handsome blue button mandarin's cap, decorated with the honour-bestowing peacock's feathers, might be seen surrounding the bronzed visage of some hardy Briton, its abrupt redemption and new ownership being attested by the stumpy blackened tobacco pipe stuck through an extempore hole in its rich silk cover, the hands of its new proprietor, perhaps, emerging from the folds of a delicate silk mantle, the said hands being still red from the deed they had just done, in assisting at the sudden demise of a hen, whose mortal remains were being converted into a savoury grill by means of the broken legs and ornaments of a carved satin-wood chair and some lighted paper, torn from a book, perhaps of inestimable value; and, furthermore, the said hands might be afterwards seen undergoing the detergent process upon the skirt of a robe which erst had graced the form of a high priest of Fo!

"Shocking, indeed, to the antiquarian, the geographer, and the lover science and virtu, were the destruction and spoliation entailed by these

promiscuous quarterings of the troops in the towns successively occupied; for although, in cases where, as at Shang-hae, no resistance had been offered, they abstained from plunder (or loot, which is its popular *nom de guerre*) in such of the private dwellings as were left untouched by the quarter-master-general, the contents of the houses in which their billets had chanced to establish them, were always looked upon as the lawful property of the new incumbents, and treated accordingly, that is to say, carried off as legitimate 'loot,' if the means of transport were available, and if not, 'used up' in all sorts of ways.

"In this manner must have been destroyed many hundreds of books, which, could they have been collected and preserved until the return of peace allowed their contents to be translated and explained by native linguists, might have thrown much valuable light upon the history and present state of Chinese literature, geography, and fine arts—upon all, indeed, that is of interest, connected with this wonderful empire. Couches used to be made with the torn-up leaves of books, fires fed with them, rooms cleaned with swabs made of them—all sorts of horrors, in short, were perpetrated with these precious pages; and excepting by the very few who had no regular and urgent duties to attend to, and could always command means of transport, very few can have been preserved in an entire and available form. In most of the towns, however, which were temporarily occupied by the British, much property, valuable for its rarity as well as its intrinsic worth, was of necessity left behind, and of course abandoned to the gangs of Chinese marauders which always hung upon our rear when the evacuation of a city was going on. At Shang-hae, however, the tenants-at-will of the pawnbrokers' shops hit upon an ingenious expedient for converting into specie the collection of "pledges" which, though easy of acquisition, were, like others of a different description, exceedingly difficult to be provided for. The house was not far from the ramparts, in an adjacent angle of which there stood an old guard-room, or watch-tower; this they converted into a depôt for silk cloaks and petticoats, and having soon attracted a group of Chinamen to the foot of the walls, they established a regular bazaar, lowering down their merchandise in bales for inspection and tender, and then chaffering for a good price with great skill and acumen.

"The writer of these pages, when walking outside the city walls, chanced to stumble upon this droll and novel scene, and though not exactly able to admire its leading features, he could not avoid being highly diverted. The 'representatives' of the pawnbrokers' association had, it appeared, reposed too implicit a confidence in the good faith of their customers below, by lowering down the articles for sale to be examined before a bid was made, and some of these gentry had more than once most unscrupulously ended a dispute about price by decamping with the goods from under the very noses of their pseudo-owners. In consequence of this 'discreditable' proceeding, it was found necessary, for the good of the 'concern,' to lower the bundles of cloaks, &c. only so far as to admit of an ocular examination by the Chinese, without allowing them the privilege of touching the 'unredeemed.' This measure gave rise to the most absurd scenes;—one Chinaman, on his bid being refused, or on hearing a competitor offer more, would make a desperate spring at the bait, and missing it, would stamp on the ground, and howl forth his rage like a maniac—others might be seen in little mobs, with upturned faces like the figures in Flood's 'Rocket-time at Vauxhall,' vehemently imploring the salesman above to lower the prize one inch more, that they might but touch it, to ascertain how much it was worth; and when their price was refused, to see the agonized looks with which they followed the bundle in its upward course, was irresistibly laughable.

"Here, again, another group might be seen, who, having ventured, on speculation, to make a purchase from appearances only, were unfolding the garments which composed it with eager and anxious faces, clapping

their hands with joy if their luck proved good, and clenching them in furious menaces against their tormentors if they found the rich silk envelope of their bundle to contain only some threadbare habiliments, or bundles of rags and rubbish. The laughter and the screaming forth of high and low Chinese, of English and Hindostani, and the absurd appearance of the descending bundles of indescribables, compensated by the ascending dollars, and indeed of the whole scene, which looked like a fishery for men, with ropes and hooks baited with silk cloaks, was much more ludicrous and amusing than can be conceived from this description, and the writer could not help enjoying a laugh when he heard that the Chinamen, unable to settle the question any more by laying violent hands upon the 'pledges,' had tried another and more successful manœuvre, by sending up in the bag a number of copper dollars, mixed with the silver ones. This was on the last day of the fair, when, from press of time, and the accumulation of lots to be disposed of, the venders were unable to pay proper attention to the quality of the specie returned.

"In spite of this deduction, they must have realized a very comfortable little sum for men whose pay is so small; and though one could not entirely approve of thus enriching the abandoned and lawless set who generally compose the greater portion of the lower orders of inhabitants in Chinese trading cities, by the spoliation of the upper classes, it is reconciled to one's mind by the reflection that all such property would have fallen into the hands of the mob the moment after our rear-guard had disappeared through the city gates, and that it was therefore better to make them pay something for it, than to let them wrangle and fight for it after our departure.

"The writer was upon the rear-guard when the force was withdrawn from the city, and was forcibly struck with the proof there presented to his observation, that the miseries entailed upon the inhabitants by the actual presence of our troops in the Chinese towns, were as nothing when compared with the horrors which ensued upon our withdrawal from them, at the hands of the miscreants who flocked into their streets in crowds from the surrounding country.

"As regiment after regiment evacuated the various buildings which had been assigned as quarters, and after the rear-guard had seen them cleared of stragglers from the colomn, and had passed on, the streets, as you looked back, where a few minutes before all seemed desolate and deserted, were now teeming with life, and dark passages and hovels which had been passed by unnoticed, were now pouring forth multitudes of outcasts, who flocked to the house, which had just been abandoned, like birds of prey to a scene of slaughter.

"As it is the duty of the rear-guard to bring up all baggage found lingering on the line of march, it frequently became necessary to press Chinamen as coolies, to carry on boxes, barrels, &c., with the column; but so furious did they become at being thus balked of their prey, the already half-gutted houses, that the persuasion of a fixed bayonet was always necessary to overcome their reluctance to take service with us. As these men became tired and non-effective, we hit upon the expedient of letting every fellow go who unearthed and put us in the way of catching two fresh ones, and by carrying on this system, our motley tail kept well up with the main column to the landing-place outside the suburbs, while the original coolies, the instant their release was ordered, asked for no money, but flying off into the city with the eagerness of hungry kites, doubtless soon paid themselves amply for their compulsory labour, by the plunder of some rich man's house, whose locality and value they well knew, and which they had marked as their prey, when the flight of the Mandarins and the arrival of the British troops gave them promise of such a booty."

A NIGHT FOR HISTORY.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.

Sir Jonah Barrington, in his "Decline and Fall of the Irish Nation," a work of great historical merit, as containing the only authentic record of the most striking epoch in our history, gives a picturesque and touching description of the Last Night in the House of Commons. Whatever were the faults of the Admiralty Judge, the purity of his parliamentary conduct was unimpeachable. An Irishman in feeling, and imbued with the most inveterate hostility to the enterprise of the English minister, he looked on the Union as conceived in the spirit of a sordid selfishness, and executed with all the concentrated powers of political debauchery, corruption, and crime. It is, at least, one earnest proof of his sincerity, that he died as he had lived; and it was the consolation and pride of his last days to prepare for the Irish people that memorial of their greatness and degradation. He brought together all his recollections,—and they were numerous and vivid,—in painting that Last Night, and he filled the canvass with the brilliancy and precision of a master. It is the last striking scene in his book. None can peruse that page without deep and mournful interest. That the Irish Commons were not the representatives of the free opinion of the nation, has been so often and truly insisted on, and posterity has so confirmed the accusation, that none has dared to defend them; but that they were, for that reason, fit objects for annihilation, is a question which admits of some doubt. True they were not models of purity or independence, and like many more fortunate patriots of our own times, postponed the interests of their country to their own on many occasions, but still the material prosperity of the people rapidly increased under their influence. The Secretary of Hong Kong tells a different story, but the proverbial stubbornness of facts is opposed to his allegations; and if his tables of British commerce with the Flowery empire be inlaid with the same number of errors to produce an effect, we are inclined to believe that he will soon return to project new railways, or lend a disinterested hand to the passing of private bills. It is surprising how English writers fall so mercilessly foul of our old representatives, forgetting all the turpitude of their own. One would imagine that the English Commons, from all time, were an incorruptible congress of Dorian legislators, sitting, most Homerically, on polished stones—venerable and virtuous *Gerontes*, who had never known place or pension or bribe. Shippen was incorruptible where all were corrupt, and his name passed into a proverb. The improved character of the times generated a different and less objectionable system; but down to the close of the last century, it may be safely affirmed that the plague of corruption stained alike "both their houses." Our departed friends in College Green were the creation of profligate times, and followed the example of their betters—they erred only with their

epoch. Infamous as they were, they did occasional good, and their praises still hang on the lips of the unthinking, who sigh for even such a restoration. "Architecture," says Mr. Sheil, "has left its solemn attestation" of the fact that Ireland had a parliament; and the "Old House at Home" has become a standing ornament in our processional flags and banners, and its glories, marmorean and legislative, chaunted in song and recited in glowing prose. Sir Jonah's "Last Night" was, during the repeal fever of last year, a universal favourite. Often did we hear it on summer eves arresting the progress of the passer by on Carlisle Bridge, as the "true and faithful account" filled the warm air, and the warmer hearts of the enthusiastic crowd. It was recited, in a highly sustained key, by one of those cyclic rhapsodists who migrated at the era of the Round Towers or some such period of hoar antiquity, from the East into Ireland, and was listened to with as much wondering eagerness as the lays of Homer in ancient Greece. That the recital, like the "massacre of Mullaghmast," tended to create discontent and disaffection among her Majesty's Irish subjects, was evident. It must have reached the law officers, and we now admire their generosity to suffer the patriotic *Zosimus** to provide a frugal supper at the expense of the public tranquillity.

* Gibbon has made the reader of his work acquainted with one *Zosimus*, the Greek historian of the lower empire. We shall introduce him to another. The Dublin wags have given our hero this second baptism, to which he answers more readily than the name recognised by his godfathers and godmothers. Such is the power of habit. He is an old blind man, who earns a precarious livelihood by reciting the heroic deeds of our forefathers—the battles of Clonskeagh, Clontarf, and Ventry Harbour, varied occasionally with a miraculous page from the lives of St. Columb Kill and St. Bridget. His beat lies from the College, over Carlisle Bridge, to the Rotundo, where he halts, and returns without declination to the point of departure. Of all the rhapsodical tribe, he has the most numerous and attentive class of listeners, and many a penny is dropped into his hat for the intellectual enjoyment he conveys. Unlike the Homeric rhapsodists, he is a great original, and manufactures, from the loom of his inventive brain, the most rare and interesting products of imagination. Sometimes he enlightens his admiring audience with a chapter from astronomy, a signal accomplishment for one who had never seen sun or star, and the disquisition on the solar system is accordingly wonderfully curious. But it is in the field of native history that he shines with peculiar splendour. Fion M'Coul and his masticated thumb—the Fion Erin, or the chivalry of Pagan Ireland—Usheen harmonized by M'Pherson into Ossian—Goul M'Morne and the whole tribe of Celtic demigods, are his usual theme. On these he descants with flowing power, and most impressive earnestness. He scorns the hackneyed ways of the ballad-singer—his style is recitation, and his subjects always dramatically moulded. If, according to Aristotle, tragic power consists in exciting the emotions of pity and terror, then is *Zosimus* among the first of tragic composers, for we have seen him excite these faculties more forcibly and promptly than the best finished tragedy. When he descends to comic narrative, his vein is the choicest, and his success quite as unequivocal. There is in his vocation one peculiarity—he never sells printed papers—his stories being the unwritten "mint and coinage" of his imagination. You pay simply for hearing him, if you are disposed to be charitable, and at the same time compensate for a very refined pleasure. Unhappily, the universality of his attainments in science, history, and poetry, have not much improved his worldly condition, and like another of the illustrious blind,

> With his hat in his hand,
> He begs for a mite through his own classic land.

He is called *Zosimus*, from some incongruous tale of that name, which had a long and profitable run. What other country than Ireland could furnish such a character?

But what has all this to do with our "Night for History?" Surely we cannot intend to serve up the stale products of Sir Jonah, and the monologues of our ballad singers, with the simple difference of a new condiment. Not at all. There are nights of great celebrity besides that, which have not yet found a sacred bard or historian. The night which we have chosen, the 15th of February, 1844, has already attracted the rival blocks of the *Illustrated News* and *Pictorial Times*, but beyond that, there is no record of the memorable event. That night will be remembered among the "great facts" of our times, when leagues and clubs shall have passed away and be forgotten. Some will say that it is a common affair—a simple trial by jury to try a common offence of misdemeanour—Mr. O'Connell, the cynosure of a day, dared to overshadow the land by his influence, and sought to evade the law by his sagacity—he was arrested by that power which he aspired to disdain, and paid the penalty of his rashness or intrepidity by a verdict. Such may be their philosophy—it is not ours. Very differently, as it appears to our shallow knowledge of the future, will after generations regard the night of the fifteenth. By us, who have been involved in the whirlpool, the importance of the transaction is but little felt. We are too near to appreciate its effects. It is the remark of an eloquent writer, that the traveller who wanders through a picturesque and rugged country, though struck with the beauty of every new valley, or the grandeur of every cliff that he passes, has no notion at all of its general configuration, or even of the relative situation of the objects he has been admiring, and will understand all those things and his own route among them, far better from a small map on a scale of half an inch to a mile, which represents neither thickets nor hamlets, than from the most painful efforts to combine the indications of the strongest memory. They who live in a period of great historical interest, labour exactly under the same difficulty. They are too near the scene—too deeply interested in each successive event—and too much agitated by their constant rapidity to form a correct judgment of the total result. It is with them as with troops in a battle field. They fight on, unconscious of triumph or defeat—obedient to, but with scarcely a knowledge of, the general movements in which their fate is involved. The peasant who witnesses the conflagration of war from a distant and secure eminence, has a much clearer knowledge of the work of death than they who are personally concerned. We are the soldiers. The heat and tumult of the field in which we have been engaged, incapacitates us perhaps from giving a sober and impartial description; but Time, the corrector, has softened down much anger and exasperation, and they, to whose minds our former testimony wore the air of bias, will now acknowledge that we erred on the side of truth. We may have embarrassed or fatigued our readers by this tedious prologue, but our apology is, that if it be wearisome or unnecessary, it is quite as good as any we can offer in our detailed account of the night of the eventful verdict. Few will dispute that it is one for history, and also one of much interest, whatever degree of importance the future may attach to it.

After the Chief had drawn his memorable charge to a close, which

has since challenged the attention of the House of Commons, and to which in one respect they have not rendered justice—its clearness and ability, however doubtful the spirit which animated it—when, on a whole review of the evidence, he calculated on a just verdict, the jury received the issue with minds ill at ease, for theirs was a task of danger and of difficulty. In order to strengthen them for a hard night's labour, Judge Crampton generously declared that they should be provided with "temperate" refreshment, after the fashion of Milton's banquet in *Paradise Lost*. The jury did not relish the judicial frugality. Biscuits and spring water were but an unsubstantial repast after an eight hours' mortification in a jury-box. Mr. Holmes conceived a bottle of sherry would accelerate a verdict, for Irishmen never work so well as when under the influence of gentle excitement. The suggestion was worthy "the consideration of the Court;" but intoxicating liquors did not come within the *genus* temperate, and their passions or prejudices, if any they had, would cool in the sobriety of the pump. It was also intimated by the Court, that one of their lordships would attend at the punctual hour of a quarter before nine, to receive the verdict, or explain what was doubtful. Three hours only to deliberate on the prodigious mass of evidence which occupied the same number of weeks to unfold! It would take that time to digest the gigantic proportions of the indictment, omitting the whole files of newspapers, and the perplexing variety of oral and documentary evidence adduced in its support! A common larceny case would attract the attention of a jury for that limited period. In our profound ignorance we estimated the deliberations of the twelve true men at two revolutions of the day and night, for that was the magic number which pervaded the proceedings, everything was on so sumptuous a scale of long talk—but the Court, more far-seeing than ourselves, more intelligent too in the ways of the jury-box, were thoroughly accurate in their limitation. They knew the verdict as well as if Mr. Bourne had then read forth—"On the first count you say that Daniel O'Connell, John O'Connell, &c. are Guilty." The charge went as home to the conviction of the box as a point blank discharge to a target. Mr. Henn took some slight objections, of which the principal was that there was not evidence to show that the Repeal Association was in the County of the City of Dublin, which he considered very material, but had the effect of curling Judge Crampton's lip into a smile. His book was stowed away, but "he would take a note of it," and register the same at his leisure. He looked at Mr. Henn, and asked with his eyes—"Are you really serious—Do you remember Browne's testimony?"

There was now a general dispersion, and also an active diversity of opinion among our learned brothers—chiefly of the junior class—as to all they had heard and seen on that day. If the crown had its accusers, the accused had their defenders. On one side the charge was weighed down with the load of panegyrical offerings, on the other it was of that embalmed description which was to be found in Howell, and which Mr. Macaulay has since, with more particularity, associated with the constitutional models of the seventeenth century. One de-

clared that what the Chief stated might be law; but it was not in accordance with the constitution; whereupon his riper adversary objected that the constitution was nothing else than the law; and that he foolishly distinguished between convertible terms. Such was the hot war waged on this side and on that, in the court, in the hall, and even the robing-room. In less orderly times, the stunted thickets of the Park would have echoed with the explosions of John Rigby, or John *Jason* Rigby's patent detonators; and it was perhaps a merciful provision that this eminent dispenser of justice by the pistol was then in the box to dispense justice according to law. Having disposed of our own immediate circle, we return for awhile to the Court. Of the traverser's counsel, Mr. Sheil and Sir Colman O'Loughlin remained to watch the proceedings to their fatal or fortunate close. Nor were they alone in their vigils, for a number of sympathizing friends held on, resolved to lose not a minute in the Night for History. We remained faithful to the post as a Roman Triarian for an additional hour, when we learned that "the cakes and ale" had passed into the jury-room, and we took a temporary departure to indulge in less temperate nourishment. In the hall, the restless and anxious crowd still were gathered round the barrier. There they continued, immoveable from the pressure since the opening of the hall, and as each counsel retired, he was asked the chances of an acquittal—they could not seduce their tongues to pronounce the cruel word "conviction." He who consoled them with a hope, was saluted with a prolonged benediction, whilst a hint at condemnation did not, in the language of the Christmas Carol, "agree with the boys at all."

At half-past eight we returned to our destination. As we proceeded along the quays, there were symptoms on every side of the stirring of men's minds. Jarveys were flying with all the eager rapidity of Olympic chariots, and, like them, they evaded mutual destruction by the most delicate management of the charioteers. Single horsemen, accoutred for country expresses, mixed with the car squadron, while the flagged footway, along which we moved, was a scene of equal pressure. Every lamp-post had its throng of anxious citizens, discussing the law of conspiracy, and the chances of an acquittal. There was some one of the body whose opinions they regarded with reverence, and whose eloquent tongue discoursed most learnedly on all the features of the case. Of these leaders, the most conspicuous and oratorical was the celebrated Mr. Flood,* a personage well known in

* Mr. Flood is of quite a different genus from *Zosimus*. One is a product of past, the other of present civilization. We do not know whether he bears any kindred to the illustrious statesman of that name, but he is a surpassing statesman and legislator. He once had the high honour of being put forward to represent the University. The circumstances are these. During the election, a mob of students congregated in the square, venting all sorts of execration on the Whigs. Mr. Flood, from the very peculiar structure of his hat, with the wings curled tightly up like the tail of Cruikshank's cur-dog, attracted attention when fun and excitement were the pursuit. He was soon surrounded. "I came here," quoth he, "to support the constitution in church and state." Loud cries of bravo. "I came here to offer myself to the enlightened electors of this University." Whereupon, without more to do, he was elevated on the shoulders of a multitude, and placed on a projection of one of the

the region of the Four Courts. He harangued a delighted group in the corner where the book-stall is located, and closed his appeal with a sly hint to the pockets of his audience, who had more prayers than pence to bestow. With much labour we worked our way through the quadrangle, and, having bedecked our head with frizzled whalebone, as the only passport to the favour of the police, we entered the Queen's Bench in safety, which in that hour, so unseasonable for gentlemen fond of *post-prandial* repose, was in a high state of density. The gentry of the press were unusually abundant, and, at the left of the Clerk of the Crown, our attention was directed to a queen's messenger, who certainly looked as if the "speed of thought" was not in his limbs, for his dimensions exhibited the true corporate proportion. The bar seats were long the prey of the alien. A very mixed and most questionable society had evicted the *noblesse de la robe*, and in vain did they apply to pompous inspectors of police to clear the forum. It was in vain. The grenadiers of Napoleon purged the Hall of Five Hundred, but we defy them to make an impression on the attorneys' clerks—at least the new police were laughed to scorn. In vain, too, did we shake our wigs and look angry, but the mob of ill-mannered gentlemen were not for a moment disturbed. Never did we witness such an absence of respect. The occasion might have produced some show of solemnity even in the most graceless minds, but that audience, neither "few nor fitting," yielded to an extravagant boisterousness, inconsistent with the place and time. They indulged deeply, we presume, in after-dinner potations, to "bear them stiffly up" against the dread event, and, as it is the characteristic of an Irishman to enjoy a joke, even in the midst of his sorrows, the mirth of one touched his neighbour, and the entire audience soon grew reeling ripe for merriment. As her majesty's counsel entered, the riot abated, and the tumult soon subsided into a more decorous repose.

The crown and traversers' counsel arrived at the same time, all unwigged and unrobed, except the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who appeared in plenary working costume. They both looked pictures of contentment, even at that stage of conjecture, for the deeds then

columns of the Examination Hall. A gownsman then came forward, and proposed the "illustrious Henry Flood as a fit and proper person to represent this Protestant University in the Imperial Parliament." A seconder was not wanted—a crowd competed for the honour. These preliminaries being settled, he proceeded at much length to advocate a miscellany of rights and privileges very inconsonant with the spirit of the times, but exceedingly flattering to the prejudices of his audience. The shrewd fellow could well distinguish between a hawk and a hand-saw. His cunning dexterity was inimitable. He wound up with the necessity of reverting to the old and honoured principles of the constitution, and among these was one which engrossed much of his attention—the payment of members. The question was put —Mr. Flood was unanimously elected—cheered and chaired, and took leave of his constituents with an instalment of his parliamentary wages in his pocket. Since then his politics have changed—he will now never cease until Ireland has a native parliament! During the trials, his attention was incessant, and his knowledge a fountain of information to the humbler classes of politicians. He is not quite so mad as unthinking folk give him credit for, since he contrives to smoke his cigar and take his grog, to which he is but too partial, at other people's expense. Like Power on "His Last Legs," his hat is his fortune—its grotesque drollery constitutes his livelihood.

being accomplished in the jury-room cast their shadows into court, and in their mind's eye they saw that it was done. Looking at the uncovered array on both sides, a phrenologist would have had a fine field for speculation. The glossy bald heads of some, and the thinly-honoured crowns of others—the full majestic forehead of one, and the narrow seat of cunning and craft of another—afforded an ample study for the disciples of Gall, in the mysteries of whose dangerous philosophy we are wholly unversed. Remarkable amongst the "palaces of thought" was the bald, round, shining dome of Mr. Holmes, looking a *Cato Major* among degenerate men—just such a character as might have filled a curule chair in the Capitol when *Papirius* provoked the massacre of the senate. He was not so grave, however, as either of the noble Romans with whom we have compared him, for he cracked nuts of humour with all around him. The Attorney-General alone did not enjoy the kernels. He had his own thoughts, and communed with them. His eye was far away over water, and conjured up Mr. Sergeant Murphy's unprofessional unfairness, and the bursting of Mr. Roebuck's gall-bladder. Carara marble was not more immoveable. The next to arrest the eye on that side was Mr. Brewster. The frost of centuries seemed to whiten the locks that still clustered round his posterior lobe, and the contrast between the venerable antiquity of his head and the strong, coarse, and vigorous expression of his countenance was peculiarly striking. He was habited in a light wrapper, a sort of cross between a tweed and gossamer, to follow the phraseology of tailors, buttoned tight and throat-ward, and looked a veritable *Bully Bottom*. His impatience could scarcely suffice him to sit, but he longed for a release from his labours, and a corresponding reward for his meritorious services. *Baron* Brewster would be such a delightful alliteration! Close to his eye, which did double duty in winking and perusing, he held a treatise on criminal law, to meet or make objections. His attention was directed to a question which he sagaciously anticipated—the reception of the verdict, should it be tendered after midnight. We knew this by the turn of the leaves, and gave him credit for additional acuteness, though Mr. Napier, perhaps, might divide the credit of the anticipation; for he it was who worked the indictment through, and on one occasion prevented a fatal termination to the labours of the crown. He was not present on this night, lest his precise and virtuous observance of the sabbath should be infringed by a single minute after twelve. He is as righteous as a Puritan of the revolution in the rites of the seventh day.

Counsel on the other side beguiled the time as best they could. Conundrums were the expedient devised to lighten the coming sorrows of a conviction. One of the most eminent busied his invention in taxing the powers of discovery of his fellow-labourers in this field of investigation. He handed round a slip of paper, with this startling interrogatory—"Why did Mr. O'Connell make so bad a speech?" Various were the solutions of the mystic scroll. One repeated the scriptural adage, that he who is his own counsel has a fool for his client; another something else; but the genius of Mr. Monahan untied the perplexing knot—"*Because he was speaking against his own con-*

viction." In such wise did the grave and learned apprentices while away the hour. Mr. Henn, with his majestic front and locks of iron-gray, was listening to the pleasantries of the member for Dungarvan, whose nimbleness of tongue and hand afforded a strong contrast to the calm and dignified demeanour of Mr. Henn. Mr. Hatchell was of the conundrum group. Spurzheim would have realised a theory on his skull, whose configuration indicated that a draught from the Circean cup of enjoyment was *haud alienum a Scævolæ studiis.* We only speak as the poorest pretenders to cranioskopy. Mr. Whiteside took post near the Attorney-General, and no fire resulted from the close contact of two such inflammable spirits. He turned from side to side, put on his hat with a most rakish air, and whipped it off again, threw his arm over the neighbouring bench, and in a second more into the recesses of his breeches pocket. He was as restless as a caged panther. Many eyes were directed towards him, and perhaps he sought to gratify the general curiosity in the number and diversity of his attitudes.

A silence is proclaimed, the precursor of judicial authority, and Mr. Justice Crampton ascends the bench, without wig or cassock, looking a little agitated. A messenger is despatched to the jury-room, announcing his lordship's arrival to receive the verdict. The fall of a grain of shot would have been audible in that crowded court. It was an interval of profound apprehension and anxiety. All faces were turned towards the box. The footfalls of the jury were sought to be caught with erect and straining ears. The binge at last creaks, and the foreman appears—alone. What can this be? Is there a difference of opinion? Does he require additional instruction? He addresses the judge—"*We are not yet ready, my lord.*" "Very well," was the reply; "I shall retire, and return when you are." Not yet ready! Words of unambiguous meaning, and suggestive of the inference that they soon would;—and with what object? To our minds they were conclusive and determinate, and contained "conviction" in the most legible characters. Some still hoped, and some despaired; but, hope or despair, there was the dark shadow, and the event was no longer doubtful. The words were taken down, and despatched through a swift messenger to Mr. O'Connell, and no doubt his interpretation accorded with ours. Messrs. Brewster and Martley exchanged the happiest looks, and Mr. Smith remained unusually tranquil. He made no sign of rejoicing. The bench was now vacated for a short space, and the check of anthority being relaxed, the old intemperate merriment flowed in its absurd course. Some called for a speech, some for a song, others for a recitation—anything to quicken the dull current of time. When the crier insisted on *hearing* silence, his demand provoked a burst of laughter. For two tedious hours we continued victims to our curiosity, and impatient sufferers under this wild and senseless confusion. It resembled nothing so much as the first night of a pantomime. In the hall the tumult thickened, but under the pressure of very different feelings. The scene there was one of restlessness and sadness; and whenever the universal hum swelled into an uproar, and an "unextinguishable shout arose," it was when tidings of an agreeable nature were conveyed to their ears. The jury did not relish such popular manifesta-

tions; they struck gratingly on their minds; and, in order to avoid contact with a midnight multitude, labouring with such excitement and exasperation, they resolved to remain within until the last moment, calculating on dispersion, and a safe return to their homes. But it was a vain calculation. There they would have immoveably remained through the longest and coldest of winter nights; and at the hour of retreat estimated by the tremulous jury, the crowds not only did not diminish, but were each moment increased by the flow of fresh auxiliaries. As the labourer and artizan concluded his night's work, he rushed down to the Four Courts. Sleep would reflect dishonour on "unlimited patriotism" under circumstances so vital and absorbing. He could not lay his head on his pallet in peace whilst O'Connell's fate was in the balance. He would outwatch "Bootes and the Bear," and go home with the reflection, whatever comfort it might bring to his troubled soul, that he had done his duty to his country—for that was his idea of the sacred obligation.

It was now within a quarter of twelve, and Judge Crampton reappeared. The jury also came forth, to make the fatal announcement. The impatience was much cooled down by the first revelation, and as the jurors passed into the box, all read the catastrophe in their countenances. To them it was a painful and trying moment, and they seemed fully impressed with a sense of its importance. That there existed difficulty was unquestionable—the apportionment of the counts, and classification of the accused according to their degrees of legal guilt, was troublesome to unprofessional minds—but danger there was none to their personal safety. The sense, however, was apparent. There was now on every side silence deep as death. A suspension of breath attested the profound interest of all. The Clerk of the Crown received the issue paper, and read, "We find Daniell O'Connell, Richard Barrett, and Charles Gavan Duffy, *guilty* on the third count," and so on through several others, omitting any finding on the first and second. This was construed into an acquittal of the general accusation by some very interested friend of the traversers, whereupon he rushed out, and announced the great salvation. The responding cry was terrible. Mr. Whiteside's venerable friends, *Ollam Fodlah* and *Dathy*, trembled on their granite pedestals, the jury looked dismayed at this sudden tumult, the proceedings were stayed for a moment, until the cause investigated. The original verdict was a curious one. All this time Mr. Moore was exceedingly vigilant, hoping for some fissure wherein to insert his head and shoulders. At first there seemed to be a disagreement on the first count, but that expectation was soon dissipated. In reply to a question from the Court, one of the jurors answered, "We are all perfectly agreed." The first count was passed over because they did not comprehend its multifarious contents, overt acts and all, and because of the simplicity and unity of the third, they deemed that an excellent one to begin with. His lordship informed them that they must find on every count and subdivision of a count, specifying which of the traversers were guilty or not guilty, and other technical orders not very palateable to the jury at that unseasonable hour, and added his lordship, "If you wish to be discharged this night you must haste, as it approaches twelve." They trooped off

with surprising speed, and, after a brief and silent interval, Mr. Moore informed his lordship that the *dies non juridicus* had already set in, and he objected to the reception of the verdict. His lordship was of a contrary opinion. In capital cases, he had received verdicts under similar circumstances, and, *a fortiori*, in simple misdemeanours. Besides, he was not quite certain as to Mr. Moore's horological correctness, but, on a general comparison of watches, the mean time was decidedly in favour of the soundness of the objection. There now remained but one avenue of escape for the Court and unconscious jury. The consent of both sides would have remedied the evil. His lordship applied to the Crown, and all Mr. Attorney-General would say was, that the matter was altogether in the power and discretion of the Court, and that he would leave it in such safe hands. The suggestion meant this—"If your lordship obtains the consent of the other side I shall be truly delighted, for a steamer is waiting at Kingstown to bear a royal messenger with the verdict to Whitehall." Mr. Moore was now applied to—he said nothing, and shifted his spectacles—Mr. Henn studied the mysteries of palmistry—Mr. Whiteside was of the same eloquent opinion. They were all old and cautious cock sparrows, and would not take the limed twig. They knew Mr. Attorney quite as well as he them, and the sly judge laughed at the pushing of the pin on both sides. He complained in moving language of the cruelty to be inflicted, and interposed the touching question, "Will neither side assist me?" Not we, certainly, mutely intimated the flinty souls in opposition. The jury could expect no favour from our side, and Sunday being a day of repentance as well as prayer, perhaps their hearts might incline, in that solemn interval, to the side of justice and mercy. A lock up may be a benefit, it cannot produce greater injury. The jury were now called into court, the disagreeable communication made, that they must remain in the custody of the sheriff until nine o'clock on Monday, which to his lordship was very painful, but such is the law, and that must be obeyed. Eight was the hour first named, at which Mr. Sheil stood horribly aghast, and Mr. Moore demurred *ore tenus*. The Attorney-General did not join in that demurrer, and the Court granted the additional hour. It was now close on one o'clock, and we made our escape from the heat and fatigue into the hall. The entire circle was one dense and compact mass of heads. With their faces all upturned, and lit indistinctly with the light of a few lamps, there was something peculiarly impressive in beholding such a multitude, on such an occasion, and at such an hour. Not long since it was the intoxication of joy, and now, when the real fact was ascertained, and their chief was convicted, all was despondency and despair. The signal had passed through the sleepless city, and as we emerged into the area, expresses started in hot haste to all the adjacent towns. Thus ended an important section of our historical night, but it is not yet altogether closed.

By one of those curious fictions of law which are intelligible to professional, but altogether beyond the reach of ordinary reason, our courts usurp the privilege of Joshua, and keep the sun revolving round his centre for an entire term—in other words, the term, for certain purposes, is considered but as a single day. We, like the famous Ar-

bitration Courts, do not dispute or infringe the just prerogatives of the Court, but we may be excused in the partial exercise of the privilege. All we ask for our "Night," without which the events would be incomplete and unsatisfactory, is, to take the proceedings of Monday, being, as the lawyers say, *in pari materia*, in connexion with the preceding Saturday. Our considerate brethren of the bar will at once acknowledge the reasonableness of the request, but we apprehend some difficulty in persuading the uninitiated into so moderate a concession. They will justly say, a night is a night, and a day cannot be any portion thereof. All quite true and logical—altogether too unanswerable, if we were not a barrister and an *Irishman*, who has had the privilege of bull-making from immemorial time. Not to argue the matter further, we accept the paternity of the bull. Let whoever will bring his action into the Court of Common Sense, and we shall undertake to plead a justification; but the jury must be *de medietate*, with a moiety of lawyers, and we fear not the result. There will, at least, be a disagreement. Well, then, we were in our old position at an early hour on Monday morning. The excitement was not so intense, but enough was manifested to prove the deep interest felt by all in the issue. The doom of the "conspirators" was fixed, but a hope still lingered that his usual fortune would not desert their chief. He had so often baffled the law, and extricated himself from urgent peril, that it was believed the mysterious chapter might still contain some accidents to aid him in his present distress. It is surprising how men will hope when human ability appears utterly incapable to realize the wish. There was a soul-felt assurance still prevailing that Mr. O'Connell would not fall, and persons of intelligence believed that he bore about him a charmed life which was law-proof. Not so did he himself conceive, for he rose on that day with the painful consciousness that he was to spend the night in a prison! We sat between light and darkness, the best illustration we can afford of opposite feelings. On our left was a desperate hostility to O'Connell—on our right burning enthusiasm and devotion. Left was busied in canvassing the choice of a prison for the illustrious conspirator. Kilmainham was excellent, because it was covered by the Royal Barracks—Newgate the most agreeable, because it would afford the spectacle of multitudinous pilgrims journeying to Green Street as to another Mecca or Benares; but for safety Carrickfergus was preferred; and he had it on the indubitable authority of a friend of Lord R——n that hammocks were already slung in that fortress, and a deal table and chair allowed for each prisoner, while the Fox frigate under Sir H. Blackwood, and the Lynx brig commanded by Lieutenant Nott, had positive orders to weigh anchor from Scattery on the day before, and sail with all speed round the coast, so as to be in the bay on the arrival of Mr. O'Connell. This circumstantial account was coloquintida to the right. My patriotic neighbour laughed in the bitterness of his spirit at this ridiculous invention, and repeated the challenge of the *Courier Français*, "Will the Government dare imprison O'Connell?" We joined the latter in his well-weighed incredulity about the two-legged stools and royal frigates. Another hour, however, will unfold all. There is yet

another interval between the accused and fate. A less period has revolutionized an empire. Who can tell man's destiny?

Shortly before nine a thrilling cheer, which could spring from but one cause, if we except the opening of the Irish parliament by her Majesty, announced the arrival of the grand Conspirator, and he entered the court with his "bosom's lord," as he is wont to say, sitting "lightly on his throne." Whenever difficulties environ him, this is his favourite quotation. He was surrounded by a large "troop," or if that be dangerous, "group" of friends and supporters. He looked—we cannot tell how he felt—brimful of fun, and the story of the bag of marbles seemed not altogether without foundation. The tale is this, and not inapposite. We may narrate it, as their lordships are not yet in court. When the indictment was found, an old friend came to condole with Mr. O'Connell on the dismal future which awaited him. He talked of advanced years—and insinuated, in fact, the old circle of decline, disease, and death. "This is but poor consolation you bring me," was the reply. "But compose your mind, and be as much at ease as I am. Did you ever play at marbles? When I was a boy, I was passionately fond of *plumping in the ring*. I was a capital hand, and won largely. The fruits of my success I treasured up in a bag, to win additional successes, or compensate for future losses. No miser ever treasured up his hoard more devoutly than I did that bag of marbles. It was stolen, and I grieved. Now believe me when I tell you that the loss of my marbles afflicted me more than any punishment the government can inflict. I am quite at ease on that point." He came into court prepared to hear the Attorney-General address the Chief Justice.

> "I charge you by the law,
> Of which you are a well deserving pillar,
> Proceed to judgment,"

which was sufficient to cast a gloom over a more youthful heart than his, but he did not appear to fear it. He was more cheerful than his friends. One only overflowed with ecstacy at the happy thought of immurement. It was Tom Steele. Nothing could surpass his exultation at the impending martyrdom. The disappointment of a free condition was to him truly mortifying. He gloated at the prospect of gaol birds and remorseless turnkeys. His cry was to "get in," the wiser starling's was to "get out." The Court are seated for the last time. Judge Crampton read over, for the benefit of his brothers, the proceedings of Saturday night, and entered into a minute disquisition on the duties of the jury in finding on the several issues. They, however, were very reluctant to return, and hoped that the verdict then handed down complied with his lordship's injunctions in all necessary particulars. It varied from their first verdict in omitting from the several counts the words "illegally and seditiously," as applicable to the repeal meetings, thus establishing their legality, but in all other respects there was no material difference. The Conspiracy was the great question, and that was "proven." On being discharged, they made the very rational application of payment for their arduous services, to which the Attorney-General said nothing. A barren compli-

ment to their fidelity was all that the Court could give, and that was cheerfully and deservedly given. The Lords of the Treasury ought to listen to their petition.

Now the dreaded moment arrived—the catastrophe to wind up so many stirring scenes—the judgment of the Court. The Chief sat looking alternately at the Attorney-General and Mr. O'Connell—but the latter had by far the greater portion of his scrutinizing glances. After some moments of suspense, Judge Crampton began to play with his note-book, and look on all sides for his bag. The true solution of this dramatic performance was, "Mr. Attorney-General, the Court are anxious to know whether you press for sentence." Mr. Attorney was silent. At length the Chief asked whether anything further remained to be done, to which Mr. Solicitor tranquilly replied, "No, my lord!" whereupon the Court was adjourned to the 15th of April. Whatever were the feelings of Mr. O'Connell, you might easily see that a heavy burthen was now removed from his mind. He was congratulated by his friends, and returned their pledges with unaffected delight. He was free for two months more, and that was solid comfort, compared with the morning prospect of a prison. Many attributed this unexpected check to the desire of the Government not to bear with undue severity on Mr. O'Connell—to give him, in fact, a *locus penitentiæ*, and afford him time to reflect on the perils which awaited him, should he continue in the old career. Others are of opinion that as the law was vindicated by a conviction, their object was gained, and judgment was never intended to follow. The speeches of Mr. Smith and Sir W. Follett in the debate on the state of Ireland, have uprooted the last, and judgment still impends. The first may be among the benevolent intentions with which Downing Street is paved, but there remains a less questionable reason, that the Crown could not press or the Court pass sentence. The Court had power by statute to fix a day for the trials, and if there had been a verdict within term, sentence would of course follow—but the Court not sitting *in banc*, their functions ceased with the verdict. What in contemplation of law is a trial? Does it or does it not include judgment? or does it terminate with the discharge of the jury? We are not disposed to argue that question now, for it falls not within our labours, but the seven wise heads representing the accused were, if the occasion offered. It was that which Mr. Henn was explaining to the attractive circle, and from the unanimous inclination of their brows, all seemed of the same opinion. Mr. Smith very prudently avoided the difficulty, and perhaps their lordships were not displeased at their fortunate release from immediate judgment. The convicted certainly are not displeased, and they stand indebted to a subtle distinction of law for their freedom. If the law be a sword to strike, it is also a shield to protect. Cherish it, for it is good.

Such are the prominent incidents of our "Night" with its legal incorporation. Many more there were which might afford amusement or interest, but they are not necessary elements in our design, and therefore omitted. Our fear is that we may appear to have introduced too many whose minuteness we have invested with too much importance, and exaggerated the little into the great. Some, too, may accuse us with colouring the entire with those suspicious hues which

are ever at the service of the palette of the partisan. These objections demand a separate consideration, for we wish that our "Night for History" should stand free from all unworthy motives or accusations. Our vindication, we promise, shall be triumphant. In order to effect this we must go a little deeper than the surface, and speculate in a fashion of our own, on the philosophy of history. There is one fault inseparable from the condition of a cotemporary writer who treats of matters which have fallen under his immediate observation—and that is, that they are shaped according to his own peculiar views, and under the pressure of his own particular opinions. Another is, that too many circumstances are either omitted or only cursorily noticed to invest his account with the interest of a full and faithful narrative, and also that too many are detailed and uselessly analysed to let it pass for an essay on the result of memorable transactions. A narrative of this kind may be literally true and accurate in all the lesser delineations of circumstances and characters,—but it rarely, if at all, succeeds in catching those bolder and grander and more prominent features of the historical landscape which attract the calm eye of the distant observer. A work embodying a great national event, should be written at a long, and even a remote distance from the times to which it relates. On the other hand, the materials which are to supply the laboratory of the future historian, should be gathered and garnered up while the circumstances are still fresh on the memory, and before time has rubbed away the agreeable hues which confer on them all their value. They should be discoloured with no unfair bias, and as near as possible to the impartial; for absolute impartiality is a quality with whose possession we often flatter ourselves, but which is among those rare virtues more to be coveted than enjoyed. What men call impartial is, in truth, but a modification of the partial.

When we read of some momentous transaction in bygone times, the first feeling which invariably occupies us, is regret in not being able to be better acquainted with the subordinate circumstances in which it originated. We are anxious that the particulars should be more full and the actors more individualized, and we blame the historian for the incompleteness of his memorial in these respects. The cause of the defect is, that separate acts of the drama, or incidents, in themselves unimportant, absorbed their attention, and they paid no regard to the combined effect of the whole, in which after times could find grandeur and interest. Local colouring and that living characterization, which are to history what colours are to a painting, are the inventions of later times. The innumerable memoirs, biographies, and anecdotical compilations of French activity, have raised their modern history to the first rank in Europe. Would it not add vastly to the interest with which we peruse the history of the Reformation, if it were enriched with more minute particulars, such as *Jonas* gives of the closing hours of Luther? Is not the same true of Gregory the Great or Columbus—of Faust or Roger Bacon—or the other extraordinary men, of whose lives we know nothing beyond the incidents immediately connected with their discoveries? Viewing history in this light, we do aver that our labour has a true and positive use. We admit, in all candour, that we have dealt with details of a very minute

description—we have perhaps lamented or rejoiced with exaggerated feelings, over occurrences devoid of any peculiar interest or influence—perhaps, too, a large share of these particulars may, in a few years hence, become matters of the utmost indifference, and the entire proceeding be regarded very differently from that in which it presents itself to us. All this may be very possible—but our apology is that we write not a philosophical history, or any history at all. We study no grand effect, in which only the broad outlines of events are preserved, and the details left to be gathered from the nature of their results. Ours aspires to no higher rank than a simple, unadorned narrative of the exact circumstances as they have happened, leaving to whatever writer may hereafter occupy himself with the transaction, as an ingredient in the history of our times, to draw his own conclusions. An humbler task it is, but not without utility—for what is the press without the grapes or olives?—to supply the material for his alembic. They have engrossed public attention—they are identified with a struggle between two races which has been maintained for centuries, and when and where it will terminate we cannot foresee—they constitute at least an important chapter in Irish, without which English history cannot be written. Hence their value, as well as the necessity of instantly recording them, because from their minuteness, their memory might otherwise vanish in the interval which is to elapse before the issue of the contest, of which they formed a part, can be ascertained. Some may smile at the tedious particularity with which we have set down our recollections. What interest can there be in knowing how this counsel spoke, or that counsel sat—how Mr. Brewster winked or the Agitator laughed? Did such persons ever look at a well-painted landscape? How often does a single leaf give a tone and character to the entire, for truthfulness and natural effect? They may see very distinctly to the tips of their noses, but beyond that they have no vision.

The consequences of the verdict are still undeveloped. Within a few brief days all will be known. The fifteenth will bring good or evil fortune to the convicted, and all await the opening day of term with the old impatience still strong on their minds. Politics are banished from our quiet pages, unless where they are inseparably connected with circumstances which must be noticed—and which, therefore, it becomes impossible to avoid. So far, however, we may trespass on this *publicus ager* as to hope that the government will not repudiate the only sound and safe policy open to them. There is no virtue so generous as forgiveness. It is ever present to the mind of the recipient—the tribute which nature exacts from all—lesser or larger, according to the moral feelings of him to whom the good service is rendered. Monarchs have been popular in proportion as they dealt mildly and mercifully with the excesses of their subjects. Statesmen have been remembered as great benefactors who advised lenient courses. Acts of oblivion have done more to consolidate the powers of despots than the most powerful armies. The hearts of the people are the solid and unshaken basis of the throne. There it rests not on piles or quicksands, but on a foundation strong as the earth itself. It is peace we want and not disorder—the tranquillizing of

men's minds and not their fermentation—attachment and not alienation. "Better is a dry morsel and quietness than a house full of sacrifices with strife." We have been so often reminded by some of the public writers in our own country of undue partiality to liberal opinions—"a true bill," we confess—and as such expression is inapposite, we yield to the reproof, and suffer events to pursue their destined march.

LAYS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

SONG I.

THERE IS ONE MAGIC CIRCLE; OR, THE PALACE AND COT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

In yon pile of renown, dear to ages of glory,
Whose walls are enrich'd with the trophies of old,
Where the windows are blazon'd with legend and story,
And cornice and roof are all fretted with gold;
There is *one magic circle*, where care may not enter,
Where state for a season may throw off its load;
The *hearth*, the bright hearth, is the shrine and the centre
Of union and bliss in that gorgeous abode.

In yon cottage of peace, where the smoke is ascending,
The setting sun lingers, and throws his last look;
There the thrush and the blackbird their wild notes are blending,
There murmurs the breeze, and there ripples the brook.
The rose, in the glory which Nature has lent her,
Vies there with the brightest, and blossoms as sweet;
And the hearth, the dear hearth, is the shrine and the centre
Of union and bliss in that lowly retreat.

Oh! the palace shines brighter, 'mid splendour and pleasure,
When these purest of joys are its highest renown,
And the cottage is blest, when it boasts for its treasure
These richest of gems, as the glory and crown.
Yes, there's *one magic circle*, where care may not enter,
Or if for a season, how soon 'tis forgot!
The hearth, the bright hearth, is the shrine and the centre
Of endearment and peace, both in palace and cot.

ACCOUNTS OF MY CREDITORS.

BY MRS. GORE.

PEOPLE plead guilty to DUNS;—the word carries an air of defiance with it which they fancy becoming. But few like to talk of their CREDITORS!—a name which, by conveying a consciousness of legal responsibility, conveys also a wound to their self-love. Yet, from the moment that, by drawing breath, we incur the debt of nature, to that when the bell, tolling over our remains, conveys a pecuniary liability to our inheritors, life is a series of indebtments. Thrice happy the man who sleeps solvent upon his pillow! But scarcely less pitiful the wretch who lays his head there absolutely debtless;—untrusted either because untrustworthy, or because unwilling to accord credit in return!

The pre-eminence of Great Britain among nations, is ascribed by the farthest-sighted philosophers to the magnitude of her national debt; and but for the stimulus of private liabilities, where would be the best works of the best authors?—the best pictures of the best artists?—the best articles of the best magazines? The high-mettled scribbler starts off at speed on the slightest spur of a dun. The Scotch novels are in a great measure the works of the creditors of Scott: and but that I, as becomes a gentleman, have creditors of my own, how should I be able to furnish the following "Accounts" for the amusement of my readers?

It was not, however, in quite so cheerful a mood that I first conceived the project of turning their Accounts to account, causing them to repay me with interest all I happened to owe. My parents, who died when I was a schoolboy, having been what is called "unfortunate," (that is imprudent,) I was bequeathed to the guardianship of a crabbed uncle, with so small a patrimony, that I and *it* together seemed scarcely worth the trouble of looking after. To me, however, those three thousand pounds appeared to contain a mine of wealth; and, in my vague notions of independence, I scorned all mention of articles to attorneys, clerkships in counting-houses, apprenticeships to apothecaries; already smitten with the wild desire of becoming a man of wit and pleasure about town!

According to the privilege of uncles well to do in the world, *mine* called me a fool. But he had said as much of my parents when ruined by speculation; and in his house I had already begun to understand the opprobrious word, according to a lexicon especially Great British, as the synonyme of "poor." But, foreseeing myself both wealthy and wise—that is, being so great a fool as to judge myself capable of achieving wealth through my own wisdom—I snapped my fingers at my uncle, and betook myself to the lean and hungry occupation of polite scholarship. Like other enthusiastic lads to whom parental coercion has been wanting, I fancied myself a man of genius. Pactolus seemed waiting to flow through my hands; and it needed only a stroke

of my poetic wand to convert the waters of oblivion into claret and champagne.

Of course, the first thing that flowed through my hands was my small fortune. Till I attained my majority, I lived upon tick; and the first act of my first year of discretion being to discharge to the last doit my obligations, established a credit much *to* my credit, and little to my advantage. Convinced that the efforts of my pen would enable me to strike a future balance as readily as in the present instance, by inditing a draft upon my uncle's *hauteur*, I persisted in the personal engagements which had converted my inheritance into a four years' income. My tragedy, my comedy, my epic, my farce, my annual, my magazine, were destined to metamorphose all future creditors into my most obedient humble servants.

Alas! the only transformation I ever witnessed in them was from creditors into duns. Perceiving me to be a man of honour by the readiness with which I discharged the illegal obligations of my minority, they set me down as soft, and became proportionably hard. By degrees mistrusted, eventually trusted no longer, there came to be a sort of poetic license in the cut and texture of my garments, such as constitutes in itself an act of bankruptcy.

Still, I was young and sanguine. As I ascended in my lodgings story above story, I was only soaring a poetical flight. I thought of Milton, of Otway, of Goldsmith, and, comforted by prospective immortality, overlooked my mortal necessities. Moreover, an occasional sparkle of gold dust on the surface redoubled my faith in the latent mines below. The first time I pocketed a guinea as the guerdon of two months' hard labour in leading articles for a weekly paper, I beheld myself the founder of a future Abbotsford—a baronet—and member of parliament!

At that moment, indeed, I even forgot my creditors. But my creditors, alas! did not forget *me!* With all my flights, I had only attained a third pair of stairs; and steep and ricketty as they were, one might have fancied them smooth as an inclined plane or the verses of Rogers, and carpeted with Axminster, so pleasant appeared the ascent to every savage in whose books I had inscribed myself pending the triumphs of my own. It seemed a mall to the brutes—a ring, a *cour la reine*, a *prater*, a *chiaja*—for their daily exercise and delectation. My bell had a silver sound in their ears—and they came both "single spies" and "in battalions."

I paid—when I could—and at length pomised to pay—when I could; an expression they seemed to hold too vague and figurative, for most of them (probably for the pleasure of possessing my autograph as a literary man) required me to say as much, and sometimes a little more, upon paper. Now, my autograph happened to be precisely that of my crabbed uncle, so that he became, for reasons of his own, desirous of withdrawing it from circulation. He was, therefore, at the trouble of collecting the first series of these offsprings of my pen, apprizing me, at the same time, that my next performance of the same nature might be in the hands of the attorneys, and the unfortunate author in quod till the day of judgment, for any effort he would make towards the redemption of either.

In former days, it was held a christianly thing to release captives from thrall; and kings on their deathbeds, and ladies fair in pain or peril, used to make vows of ransom for so many victims of the Moors. But neither kings nor countesses of modern times extend their tender mercies towards the victims of sheriff's officers; and I accordingly determined that, whatever bills might be brought against me, I would give more in return. I was beginning to understand the value of my own autograph.

This resolution only increased my influx of visitors. The sneaks crowding to write their names in the porter's book of a royal giver of fêtes are not more assiduous than the little knot of uncrediting creditors who daily assured me that they were tired of having reminded me of their claims—as though I were not equally tired of hearing of them! Custom has appropriately assigned the office of dunning to the most disagreeable moment of the year;—the moment when its two ends meet, though our own do *not*—the days when "daylight dies" so soon after its birth, that it scarcely seems worth while for it to have come into the world—when the sun is seen as through a glass darkly, and when we emerge from our cheerless houses into the chilly atmosphere,

> "The bravest holds his breath
> For a time!"

In those Christmas days of darkness and desolation, the sound of single knocks is great in the land. Parallelogrammatic letters, wafer-sealed and unsightly, make their appearance at every door. Not a tyro of a clerk but seems to be learning to draw in figures. Saints and sinners unite in bidding their fellow-creatures be L.S.D.—d; and, knowing our inability before they ask, and their own ignorance in asking, request us, "at our earliest convenience," to settle their small accounts. The world seems bent, in short, upon prolonging by weariness of spirit the brevity of the shortest day of the year!

Among mine enemies (at the period when I was beginning to comprehend the identity between an enemy and a creditor) was a certain rich man, who swore he was a very poor one, Jonas Cox by name, and a tailor by nature. Yes, by nature; for he was born a tailor, a chip of the old shop-board, a Snip of many generations. There had been as many Coxes in his cabbagery as Guelphs upon the throne of Great Britain. He was Cox VI., of Poland Street; had come into the world cross-legged, and was likely to exhibit his cross-bones in the same sartorial bearings.

Jonas Cox, I blush to own it, was my family tailor. Though his cut was such as fully to justify my cutting *him*, in recalling to mind how he had admeasured me for my schoolboy jackets aforetime, and annually wasted upon my crabbed uncle the assurance (so sweet in the ears of parents) that I was "growing a fine young gentleman," when I grew to be merely a *fine* gentleman, I remembered the days of my youth and Jonas Cox—eschewed Stultz, Burfhart, and Buckmaster, Cooke, Jackson, and Curlewis—and left my measures to the exclusive care of Poland Street, as her Majesty those of Government to the hands of Sir Robert Peel; and so long as I could be classed

among the good customers of Jonas, I was "dressed," as dinners are promised at suburban taverns, "on the shortest notice," and I may add, as the said dinners are *not*, on the longest credit.

Among the accounts discharged with interest on the attainment of my majority, was one of Cox VI.TH's, which for length, if shred into tailor's measures, would have "put a girdle round about the earth," or the waist of Daniel Lambert;—the amount of the stamp for the receipt in full would now afford me a week's board and lodging! Jonas Cox was, accordingly, one of those who waited longest afterwards before he requested the favour of my autograph; and it was through the importunities of the family tailor to my uncle that my signature for once held good, to be consigned to dishonour for evermore.

But on the Christmas ensuing, Jonas saw fit to deliver his bill as he had formerly delivered his suits—at the shortest notice;—ay, and to deliver it with damnable iteration. Lest I should mistake his meaning, the second and third reading of the bill expressed only "to bill delivered"—*call* and deliver being the watchword of one's thieves of creditors, as *stand* and deliver used to be of the footpads of more heroic times.

At length, to this single line of argument were appended half a dozen more, requesting my immediate attention to the same; receiving no answer to which, Jonas probably concluded, like the belle of a country town concerning some militia captain, that my "attentions meant nothing." His next missive announced a visit from his clerk, who called, and called, and called again; and I, though "not at home" to his calls, of course forgot to return the visit.

Then came a letter, of orthography so much more impeachable than the preceding ones, that it was plain the old goose had taken quill in hand to defend his own cause; for he assured me it "would not suit him to whait any longer." Next followed a lawyer's letter!

Before it reached my lodgings, I was hundreds of miles away; gathering up a small inheritance from a maiden aunt, enabling me to satisfy Cox VI. by a large instalment, which, for nearly a year ensuing, relieved me from further mention of his name. Last Christmas, however, arrived, in the well-known clerkly hand-writing, "To balance of accounts—," with the superaddition of the cost of a suit of nephew's mourning, which still constitutes the customary suit of rusty black of my quotidian wear.

Mr. Jonas Cox, it appeared, had retired from business. His riches had been increasing in the same proportion as my poverty; and he was now the proprietor of a charming villa, Number 3, Elysium Road, Maida Hill. Unluckily for me, in arranging his dissolution of partnership with his son, Cox VII., what were insolently called the bad debts of the firm, fell to the share of the old man; among the rest, mine! To collect these outstanding claims, seemed to have become the recreation of his leisure. It was a pastime to him, after counting the numbers of sprigs on his Michaelmas daisies in Elysium Row, and listening all the morning to the toll of the adjacent burying-ground, to take the omnibus to town, and hunt up, in their tranquil retreats, the thirty-seven unfortunate wretches whose names still figured in his schedule. They were his game—his bagged foxes—the sports of his

new gentility—the memento of his former occupation. For Cox VII. had a touch of Philip the Second in him, and did not care to have the abdicated emperor resume his sceptre in Poland Street, *i. e.* his scissors. Repulsed, therefore, in his old workshop,

> Without the power to fill again
> The desert gap that caused his pain,

by the concoction of new measures, or the hatching of another goose, Jonas could only become the ninth part of a man again, by the perusal and reperusal of those accursed old bills; and not only "whaiting" *for* them, but waiting *with* them upon his debtors.

I have reason to think I was peculiarly favoured. As I have said before, my lodgings were high,—high as his demands; and by the time the old man had panted his way up to my door, Christian charity demanded that I should offer him a chair for the recovery of his breath, pending the recovery of his money. After due discussion of the "to pay or not to pay" part of my abilities, he was about to enter into that of their literary value; first, talking of his own books, secondly, of mine. He had known me since I was breeched, and was privileged.

The privilege, I conclude, was appreciated; for instead of Christmas remaining the exclusive period for auditorial persecution, his visits beset me all the year round. The finest day in June was not secure against the intrusions of Jonas Cox. Presuming on the indulgence he had shown me, it became an understood thing between us that, though steeped to the lips in poverty and printer's ink, I was never to be denied to the retired tailor. He had acquired one-hundred-and-twenty-seven pounds' worth of right to come and sit in the sunshine of my spirit, converting it into carefulness and gloom. He loved to talk to me of my parents and their troubles, and how little they had ever expected their only son would come to live in a garret, scribbling for bread. And then he would take out his silver snuff-box, or wipe his unctuous brows with a motley bandana, as he added that "my uncle was getting stricken in years; but he feared I should be never the better for his death, his fortune being notoriously divided between public charities and the charity that begun at home in the person of his robust housekeeper."

I bore it all. Though arsenic is dirt cheap, and prussic acid far from ruinous, and Jonas Cox would have gratefully accepted any refreshment I saw fit to offer him, whether liquid or substantial, I refrained. I looked upon the old wretch as a species of materialized conscience—an embodied remorse—a monitor or tormentor entailed upon me by my expensive habits!

At length, one autumn morning, when, soon after his arrival in my poor chamber, "drizzly rain did fall," rendering it impossible for him to regain his omnibus without being soaked to his unmacintoshed skin, I saw that my day was sacrificed, and with it a brilliant article, which had been spirting forth from my pen at the moment of his arrival, and which his doleful family allusions checked in a moment. Transpierced by the acupunctuation of the tailor's needle, my balloon had fallen from the clouds! "*Tu me lo pagherai!*" muttered I—(as the tailor

had often probably muttered to himself touching his bill, as he ascended my creaking stairs!)—"You shall furnish me with a new and original article. Why not amuse the public with what *I* find so little amusing—"Accounts of my Creditors!" It is only to transcribe from this caitiff's own lips one or two of the anecdotes of my thirty-six brother-martyrs, with which he is in the habit of favouring me, to create a few of those episodes of daily life, which possess the wholesomeness and nutrition of daily bread. Why sail to America in search of the humorous and burlesque? Why ransack Europe, Asia, and Africa, for the means of "piling up the agony" high enough? Why tax the violation of every law of the decalogue as a source of emotion, while the matter-of-fact narratives of a low-minded fellow, like Jonas Cox contain all the elements of human passion! I am perhaps investing his stories with the colouring of my own imagination. But I remember I had sometimes a hard matter to gulp down my tears while he narrated such stories to me as the following.

"Yesterday was a mighty pleasant day to me," observed the old tailor that rainy morning, as he sat slowly chafing his knees beside my fire. "Yesterday, sir, I recovered a debt even more desperate than yours, a matter of forty pounds, which I had given up as a bad job. Much such a case, indeed, as your own; a family I had worked for, partly for love, partly for money, these fifty years; I and my father, Jacob Cox, afore me. People well to do in the world were those Fosters! The grandfather, a rich merchant, with a substantial house in Bedford Row, and everything comfortable about him; so that it was a pleasure when his family coach and fat coachhorses, looking like emblems of peace and plenty, stopped at my door. I loved to measure his men for their liveries! There was a world of good living, sir, in their dimensions. The body coachman and gouty old footman must have weighed together nigh forty stone.

"He had two sons, had the old gentleman—likely little fellows as you'd wish to see, in their sugarloaf buttoned jackets, and nankeen trousers; and by the time I had to stand on tiptoe while trying them on, young men of what is called the highest promise. Old Foster couldn't be worth less than a hundred thousand pounds; and as he had only a couple of daughters to provide for in addition to his handsome sons, (one, at least, of whom was sure of his share in the house of business,) they might be considered as easy for life. *I*, God knows, considered them so; and was always careful to comply with their whims, and be punctual to their orders. Besides, they were good-looking youths, who did honour to my shop. You may not think it of much moment, sir, but I can tell you we tailors love to work for a man who is as well made as his coat!

"You see the fat footman and fat coachman were apt to gossip of their master's affairs, when they came about their plush waistcoats and velveteens, as servants, whether fat or lean, are apt to do; more especially about Christmas time, when the family accounts being sent in, family tradesmen are obliged to stand a glass or two as a token of respect to the servants' hall; and it was the opinion of old Foster's people that he would divide the property between his two sons, leaving the eldest to succeed him in his business.

"The young men, however, were not equally favourites with the old servants. There was no end of faults to be found with Master Harry, or, as he was now beginning to be called, 'Mister Henry!'—Mister Henry kept them up late at nights—Mister Henry was himself late of mornings—Mister Henry required more brushing of coats and polishing of boots than any ten Mister Henries in the land: Mister Henry professed that he would sooner walk ten miles in the rain than undergo the penance of the family coach; and Mister Henry had even been heard to speak disparagingly of the home-brewed of Bedford Row!—whereas the elder-born, the hope of the house, was a model young man—early to bed and early to rise—unimpeachable in morals, and so far from giving three pair of boots a day to be warmed, much addicted to gaiters. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, sir, that Henry was ten to one the favourite. The fat footman used to perjure his precious soul in trying to conceal from the old gentleman the indecent hours of the young scapegrace!

"John Foster, the elder brother, did his best, as perhaps in duty bound, to prevent his father from being deceived on such points. For it was doubtless for Henry's good, that he should be duly reproved; and though it was likely enough to banish him from the old gentleman's good books to learn that he was getting pretty deep into other people's, his brother took care that the amount of his debts should be no secret in Bedford Row.

"Don't suspect me, sir, of having aided or abetted this. I protest to you that, from the time the young gentleman lived upon an allowance, many was the Christmas I let pass without doing more than add up in my books the account of Mr. Henry. For I knew well enough, from the hints of the fat footman, that if ever so much sent in, it wouldn't be paid; so where was the use of bothering him? The family bill was, as usual, duly settled. John Foster used to pay ready money for his goods, for the sake of discount; and with such steady customers in the house, the less need to fret at the backwardness of the younger son.

"And to say the truth, like the old servants, I felt something of a weakness in favour of that young man! He was so good-looking, so affable, so pleasant,—he had such a way with him, as the saying is, that all his little faults were readily excused. For, as bad a paymaster as he was, and though I seldom sent him home a coat that he didn't tell my foreman my quizzical cuts made him the laughing-stock of his acquaintance, I liked *his* sauciness full as well as the dryness of the ready-money chap, who took discount, and gave neither praise nor blame. My wife used often to scold me, when she saw how Henry Foster's bill was running up; and swore she'd have it made out and sent in to his father. But I pacified her by assuring her he would pay me in the lump; and bade her take care how she slew the old goose in Bedford Row, for the sake of a few golden eggs.

"However, in time, the young jackanapes made me ashamed of my own indulgence; for, (will you believe it?) he had the face to come to me one evening, pale as ashes and with scarcely breath to speak, and entreat me to put my name to a bill for him! He had got into trouble, and assured me it would ruin him with his father if the cir-

cumstances transpired. A pretty joke, truly, wasn't it, for the name of Jonas Cox of Poland Street, to be essential to the credit of Mr. Henry Foster, of Great St. Helen's and Bedford Row?"

"You complied, then, with his request?" said I, in some amazement.

"If I did," rejoined the old snip, (apparently alarmed lest I should ground expectations upon his weakness,) "the matter occurred five-and-twenty years ago, or more,—and, thank goodness, I am older and wiser now! Even then, I wouldn't have had my wife know that I'd put my foot into it to the tune of three hundred pounds, for double the money!"

"You lost it, then? They came upon you for the amount of the bill?"

"On the contrary, some days before 'twas due, Harry Foster walked into my shop,—had his account added up before him,—and without so much as examining the items, gave me a cheque upon his banker for the sum total of the whole!—'Old Cox,' said he, 'you are a trump!'—or words to that effect—'The assistance you rendered me was invaluable, and I can't better prove my gratitude than by wiping off old scores. I've had a run of luck, old fellow, and look upon *you* as the origin of my change of fortune.'

"And he literally threw a guinea to my son Elias, sir, then a little boy in petticoats, playing with the pattern-book in a corner of the shop. You may believe how I crowed over my wife, as I wrote 'Settled' at the foot of the long account about which she had jeered me so often.

"And now, sir, she began to jeer me, forsooth that, having lost my debtor, I should certainly lose my customer. No such thing. Mr. Henry gave me an order not a week afterwards; and, indeed, found only half the fault he was used to do, seeing that he was in better humour with himself and all the world.

"He was, in fact, in *plaguy good* humour with himself. For he was in love, sir, and fancied himself beloved in return; and few things put a young man in finer conceit with his own merits. I could see, whenever he entered my shop, that he seemed to walk two inches taller than formerly; nor could he forbear casting a glance at himself in the swing-glass as he went by, which before he had never noticed. All this did not surprise me; for I had already learned from the fat footman, that instead of coming in late of nights, Mr. Henry had ceased to come in at all!

"One day, my wife accosted me before I had crossed the threshold, on my return home from waiting upon a customer,—(and now I call to mind, sir, the customer was neither more nor less than your own good uncle,)—she accosted me, I say, with an exclamation of 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish!—What 'll you say now, Cox, to the doings of your paragon in Bedford Row!'

"'Mr. Henry?' cried I, aghast, 'What has happened to him? What has he been about?'

"'It has happened to him to be turned out o' doors by his father!' replied my wife. 'And right enough too!—A young gentleman of *his* prospects to go and marry a play-actress!—Ay! you may well hold

up your hands and eyes—'tis no more than every other soul has done belonging to him. But all too late! The mischief's done; and I find from the old Bedford Row coachman, (who's been sitting here as down in the mouth as though he'd buried his wife,) that the moment the news was carried to old Foster by his precious son John, the old man gave his malediction to Henry, forbad him the house, and, what was worse than all, scratched his name out of his will!'

"On inquiry, all this news, strange as it was, proved true. The clandestine marriage of the young man had been discovered through the interference of his brother; and old Foster, whose opposition might have been overcome perhaps had his son shown confidence in his indulgence, could not forgive having been imposed upon. As my wife announced, he had actually cursed and disinherited his favourite child!

"I couldn't help feeling a little curious to learn how the poor young fellow was getting on in his troubles. But when I inquired in Bedford Row, nobody knew a word concerning him, and few had courage to mention his name. For my part, I didn't like to inquire. Having a small account against him, I was afraid Mr. Henry might fancy, if he found that Cox the tailor was inquiring after him, that I wanted payment of my bill; so I let months, and even the year slip on, without so much as asking a question; yet, I vow to goodness, I was almost as much vexed as if I had caught out one of my children in a lie or a theft, whenever I thought of that fine gentlemanly young man having thrown himself away on a play-acting miss, some impudent, ranting jade, who had trapped him afore he knew what he was about.

"It was nigh two years after the bad news first reached me, that I received a note from Mr. Henry, begging me to call, when convenient, at a number he gave me in an obscure street, bordering on Long Acre. Poor fellow! A momentary expectation which had beset me, on seeing his handwriting, that I was going to receive the amount of my small bill against him, disappeared in a moment. Poverty breathed from every line of that short note.

"Nevertheless, I was not an atom prepared for the aspect of poverty that really met my eyes on entering his lodgings. The sitting-room was much about the size of this, sir, opening into a bed-room, which was also a nursery, as the sitting-room served equally the purpose of a kitchen. Yet wretched as it all was for a gentleman brought up like Mr. Henry, I promise you there was nothing disgusting or unsightly in the arrangements. All was so neat, so clean, so orderly. The little cradle placed beside the tidy white bed looked so cosy, and the few books ranged on the console, and the writing-desk on the table, reminded me so much of the Master Harry of former days, (in whose handsome bed-room in Bedford Row, reading and writing materials always had their place,) that, strange as it might seem to find the opulent young man reduced to such neediness, I never a moment doubted that I had found my way right, and that these were indeed Henry Foster's lodgings.

"And yet, when I came to see him, that is, when he made his appearance out of the bed-room to meet me, his person was ten times more altered than his condition! I could scarce have believed the

lapse of three years capable of inscribing so many lines in a human face. His hair was thinned, his smile (for he *did* smile at seeing me) was ghastly! Still he tried to speak cheerfully, and hailed me as 'Jonas, my old boy!' as he used, in his better days. But there was something painful in the distance between those gay words and the hollow voice in which they were uttered. For my part, I tried to answer him more respectfully than ever.

"He made me sit down,—but that he was always used to do when I waited upon him in Bedford Row, if not ready to attend to me on my arrival; and though, perhaps, I had better have held my tongue, I could not forbear telling him how it made my old heart ache to find him in so poor a place.—'A *poor*, but not a sad one, I promise you!' was his cheerful reply; though the smile he had called up to welcome me had already vanished. 'I have treasures here, Jonas, I never possessed in Bedford Row,—treasures such as any man might be proud of!'

"And immediately he glided back into the inner room, and brought back in his arms a beautiful boy of two years' old,—one of those curly-headed, blue-eyed creatures, that painters put into their pictures, and which one sees so seldom in real flesh and blood. The child put out one of its dimpled hands towards me at its father's desire, but only nestled the closer to him for seeing a stranger in the room; and the round rosy smiling face leaning against the countenance of the care-worn man, served to make its leanness more apparent.

"'Baby's asleep!' lisped the little fellow into his father's ear; upon which Mr. Henry hastily explained to me that on my entrance he was sitting in the other room with his wife, who had only been confined a fortnight.

"'I make a capital nurse, Jonas, as you may see,' continued he, again attempting a ghastly smile. 'One never does anything half so well as the accomplishments one learns and practises of one's own accord. And, God knows, I ought to exert myself as a nurse during Emma's sickness; for, when well, not a finger will she ever allow me to stir in assistance of our little household. I did not choose an heiress, Cox, my boy, as my brother John has done,—nor a fine lady, as my sisters wished me;—but, if a frugal, laborious, virtuous, forbearing, tender wife be a crown of rubies, I have got it, if ever man *had!*'

"It was a pleasure to hear him speak so; and the neatness and orderliness of his poor home certainly said much in confirmation of his words. Still, I could not forbear inquiring why he made no advances towards a reconciliation with his family.

"'*Advances?*' cried he. 'Can you suppose that, with these dear ones around me wanting all but bread, I have not humiliated myself to the utmost? I have submitted to be repulsed, insulted, threatened; and when, on my last application to my father for even a trifling assistance, he sent me word that 'my wife had better go on the stage again, and earn a maintenance for her brats'—then, *then* indeed, I swore as great an oath as my father had already sworn never to see my face again, that rather should my children starve before my face than I would address myself further to my family.'

"'It is all Mr. John's doing!' muttered I, incautiously.

"'My brother and sisters have not stood my friends!' replied young Foster. 'But had there been in my father's heart any real parental tenderness towards me, would the fact of my choosing a wife otherwise than he desired, (more especially when he came to know that wife as all that is truest and best in womanly nature,) determine him to cast off the son of his loins? No, no, Cox, my boy! My father always preferred John. John's sober, business-like ways, and almost sneaking submission, engrossed his affections, and I am reaping the harvest on't. The old gentleman wanted an excuse for leaving his fortune to my brother, so as to keep up untarnished the magnitude of the house of business and the family name. I'll tell you what, Cox! the Almighty counted too largely upon the instinct of parental love, (often no stronger in human beings than in the beasts that perish,) when he omitted among his laws to enjoin, that the children who are required to honour their father and their mother should be repaid with love in return. If the old man had cared a straw for me, Cox, do you fancy he could bear to think of me—*me*, whom he had nurtured so tenderly, labouring with the labour of my hands, and labouring with the still bitterer apprehension that my wife and children may lack and suffer hunger?'

"I suppose my young friend discovered by the expression of my countenance that I was puzzling myself how to bring out an offer of such poor assistance as I was able to render; for he suddenly started up with a change of countenance, and, while depositing the child on the hearthrug, exclaimed,

"'Not that I am in any *immediate* necessity! I have work in hand that will place me comparatively at ease—copying, for a house in the city"—(and he pointed to several quires of MS. lying beside his open desk)—"which, when finished and paid for, will make me rich for months to come. It would have been done a week ago but for poor Emma's illness. She has no other nurse; and though requiring less attendance than woman ever did, my children constantly call me from my desk.'

"I now found courage and words to express a wish that he would at least permit me to advance him a portion of the forthcoming payment.

"'No, no, no!" cried he. "I have no need of any such act of kindness, which I don't the less feel as it deserves. The worst is over now; we have struggled through the hardest time; Emma is safe, and I have scarcely a care remaining'—and again he smiled one of those terrible smiles. 'The service I *really* want you to do me, Cox,' continued he, 'is to make me a good warm frieze coat, that will enable me to sit up without a fire these bitter nights. I write late—I am *forced* to write late—and the remains of my wardrobe, such as they are, afford nothing solid enough for my purpose. You used to work for a fine gentleman, Cox, and worked accordingly; now, you must give me something strong and coarse, that will resist time and weather. But 'tis not the *article* of which I am in fear;—tell me—are you afraid to trust me?'

"I replied that I was very much hurt at his asking the question, and,

without further words, went straight home, and set my men at work so close, that next morning I was able to take home to Mr. Henry the warmest and best turned-out beaver wrapping coat that ever you set your eyes upon! (I wish I'd such another beside me this very moment, to keep me from the rain on my way to the omnibus!) And that wasn't all. With my wife's help, sir, I managed to turn out a little greatcoat of fine cloth for the boy, and asked his father's acceptance of it in such terms that he couldn't be affronted, reminding him of the guinea he had thrown to Elias when playing in the corner of my shop. I thought there came tears in Mr. Henry's sunken eyes as I alluded to the matter; but he said, in low voice, he remembered nothing about it.

"However, he showed his thankfulness in a way that pleased me, for he led me into the sick room, where his wife was sitting up for the first time with her infant in her arms, looking so pale and delicate that it seemed wonderful she could be alive; and 'Emma, my dear,' said he, bending down to her, 'this is old Cox, of whom you have heard me speak so often, as having stood my friend in the first scrape I ever got into. He has been kind enough to make this warm little coat for Henry. See! it fits as though you had made it yourself!'

"And partly through weakness, and partly through the pleasure of seeing her beautiful child so respectably dressed, the poor thing burst into tears. So, while her husband was pacifying her, and removing the babe from her arms into the cradle, I slipped down stairs, and left them together. I can't tell you, sir, what a heartache I carried with me out of that house!

"For me, Jonas Cox, a poor tailor working for the maintenance of his own family, to think of rendering assistance to the son of an old hunks with five thousand a year, would have been ridiculous. So I set about considering how I could get some of these matters made known to Mr. Foster, who, I felt sure, was partly kept in the dark. I bethought me, therefore, of the old ton of a coachman, and portly footman, who always seemed to love Master Harry as though he were a child of their own; and away I trudged to Bedford Row, to see what could be done toward reaching the ear of their master. Bless your soul! the knocker was tied up. The old gentleman had undergone a dreadful operation for some inward tumour, (I think, from his conduct, it must have been in his heart!) and wasn't to be spoken to even by the surgeons. Next day, sir, he died!"

"Leaving, of course, only the will by which your young friend was disinherited?"

"Worse and worse! (that there should be such men in the world and call themselves Christians!) leaving his whole fortune to his eldest son, and annuities to his daughters—on the express condition that neither of them rendered the smallest assistance to their brother Henry;—in which case, being proved, the property was to be paid over, by trustees appointed for the purpose, to create a new ward in one of the city hospitals;—unless (for, unrelenting as he was, old Foster seemed disposed to leave a loophole for Henry's escape,) unless he chose to break off the infamous connexion he had formed, and resume his place in his brother's house of business, when he was to

receive an annuity of eight hundred per annum, with the power of settling three thereof upon the actress and her offspring."

"It would appear, then, that the old gentleman did not believe in the reality of their marriage?"

"John Foster took care of that! The father's severity had purported only to bring his son to terms, and he actually died believing that, in time, Harry would grow weary of his disreputable habits, and, having secured a provision for his mistress, end his days in decent competence. The cunning brother of course knew better; having so dictated the phrasing of his father's will as to render compliance on Henry's part as impossible as any concession on his own. By an act of fiendish foresight, therefore, the young man's ruin was irretrievable!"

Just at that moment, a brightening, or rather diminished gloom of the atmosphere, induced old Cox to toddle to the window, in hopes the weather was clearing up. Not an umbrella was perceptible! and he accordingly began to button up his coat and talk of being too late for the omnibus. I persuaded him, however, that, unless his soles were caoutchouced, the streets were still too wet to venture, and recited anecdotes of recent colds and fatal sore-throats, all occurring to hale old gentlemen of sixty-eight or thereabouts, which pinned him anew to his chair, and insured me the sequel of the melancholy story, in which I was deeply interested.

"You did not, I am sure, lose sight of these unfortunate people?" said I, remembering that, in my own case, Cox VI. exhibited a remarkable adhesiveness to the unfortunate.

"Indeed I did!" cried he, "though by no free will of my own. When the time of payment of his copying came, (though in the midst of the bitterness arising from the scandalous will of his father,) Henry Foster called upon me to offer the price of the frieze coat; and a hard matter I had to make him keep back the full sum till better times."

"'Better times are coming, I trust, my kind old friend!' said he. 'By the recommendation of a kinsman of my wife, I have obtained a clerkship in a government office at Plymouth. My salary of a hundred and thirty pounds a year will be riches to *us*, and the post is a rising one. I am as happy at this moment as the sense of ill usage at the hands of those once nearest and dearest to me will allow. But no matter; I have those, thank God, who are nearer and dearer still; who will never desert me, never calumniate me, never persecute me! And what can I want more?'

"And he wept like a child as he took leave of me, and thanked me for my kindness. Perhaps I had better have let the matter rest so; but, for the life and soul of me, I could not sleep again till I had called at his lodgings, and ascertained whether the little family had need of further service on the eve of such a removal. Henry Foster was out, and I saw only his wife;—such a wife, sir!—such a woman! I never heard a voice like hers, or saw such a face. There was something painful in their sweetness—more especially when she talked of her husband, and how it was impossible for her to repay his having stooped to a thing like *her*; and how, instead of being peevish with

her as having caused his ruin by her fatal affection, he continued to love and serve her as though she were the greatest lady in the land! She did not shed a tear while she told me the melancholy history of their courtship and early struggles; but there was a sound as of tears past in every word she uttered. And then, that lady's face seemed made of shadows: no colour, and yet it did not appear pale. I have seen wild flowers in the fields look just so—that is, so delicate of hue that one could not say whether they were white or tinted."

I could scarcely forbear a smile at finding even old Jonas Cox grow poetical under the influence of youth and beauty. But the ex-tailor soon descended to matter of fact;—apprized me that his offers of service were civilly declined, that the Fosters paid all, or nearly all, their liabilities on quitting London, and gradually, by instalments, satisfied the rest.

"With so many other matters to think of, I soon lost all remembrance of them," resumed the old man. "John Foster, who was now established in a handsome house in Portland Place, knew better than to have his fine liveries made by the snob who had provided those of his father. The young ladies married, and one of them died. The family was broken up and dispersed. The fat coachman kept a public-house in the Borough; the fat footman was in an infirmary. I ceased, in short, to hear the smallest mention of the name of Foster; unless when, once a year, I proposed carrying my boy Elias to one of the playhouses, to see the pantomime; when my good woman was sure to observe that no good ever came of going to playhouses;—'For instance,' she would add, 'look at your old favourite, poor Mr. Henry Foster!'—And what was I to answer?

"Well, sir, about five or six years after all I have been telling you of, late one summer evening, just at the time that London is so wild with business and pleasure,—and it seems as if poor folks could never work fast enough, or rich folks be sufficiently idle,—and, having more than a dozen suits of uniforms, liveries, and court-dresses, to send home for the birthday, (which fell then upon the 4th of June,) I had just offered extra wages to my men to work all night, when I heard the voice of a servant-maid inquiring whether that was the house of Mr. Jonas Cox, the tailor.

"I answered her myself, and pretty sharply; for I didn't understand, at that time of day, any servant of a respectable family being ignorant of my house of business—fifty years established on the same spot, sir, as no one knows better than yourself. But I soon saw 'twas a country lass I had to deal with; and, in answer to my reprimand, she put into my hand a bit of paper, on which was written,—'Mrs. Henry Foster, Crown Inn, Holborn.'

"'Missus says, sir, she would be very glad if you could make it convenient to call to-night,' said the girl.

"'Impossible, child,—quite impossible!—I am overwhelmed with business!' cried I, already out of sorts with the harassing labours of a sultry day, and the prospect of a busy night before me. 'But pray tell her, with my compliments, I will do my best to be with her before to-morrow evening.' And the girl, already terrified by the severity of my first address, had not courage to reply, but hurried out of the shop.

"Next day, I was well nigh forgetting my appointment. But my son, who had heard it made,—more, I believe, by way of getting rid of me out of the workshop for an hour, than for any other reason,—reminded me of it as evening drew on; and off I started for Holborn. A fine summer evening it was; and right thronged were the streets of the populous part of the town I had to traverse,—all the shopkeepers at their open doors, to enjoy a breath of air, and the workmen whistling their way homewards for joy, as the birds sing in the country in summer weather. I had got rid of the crossness produced by overwork and fault-finding, by the time I reached Holborn, and was beginning to rejoice at the idea of seeing once more the young couple in whom I had taken so strong an interest. In the interval, all had thriven with *me!*—my business was doubled—my family prosperous. I was in hopes of hearing as much of the Fosters in return!

"The inn,—(they had probably stopped there with the coach on their arrival from Plymouth,)—was a narrow-fronted, noisy, gloomy-looking place; and when I shoved my way into the crowded passage, such mingled smells of gas, rum, and tobacco, reeked from the tap within, that I wondered how on so close an evening, a multitude of human beings could find pleasure in such an atmosphere. I had some difficulty in making my request to see Mrs. Foster audible to a tawdry-looking, red-faced woman, who was serving at the bar. But as soon as she did understand, a dirty urchin was called from the tap and desired to conduct me up stairs; and up stairs, accordingly, we groped, flight after flight, till, on reaching a skylight, through which the remains of a crimson sunset still glimmered, I saw the lad who showed me the way take off his oilskin cap, almost respectfully, as he approached a door, as rickety as all the rest of the premises, which seemed as though the rumble of any heavily-laden dray passing the gate would shake into a heap.

"'The corpse lies there, sir,' said the boy; and so startled was I by the word, that I stood listening to his retreating footsteps down the creaking stairs, instead of opening the door. At length I took courage to tap,—and again and louder, till I found myself bidden to 'come in.'

"As well as I could judge by the glimmering light within, no one was stirring in the chamber but the servant-maid who had come in search of me the preceding night; who, meeting me at the foot of the curtainless bed, laid her hand upon my arm, and pointing to it, whispered me to be silent. On that bed lay two human forms; the one, stiff and stretched, with a sheet drawn tight over the rigid limbs; the other, flung down helplessly beside it, hiding her face in the pillow,—*not* sleeping, for, from time to time, convulsive sobs burst from the bosom of the widow.

"'Why did you not tell me last night how it was with her?' said I, addressing the girl.

"'Please to come into the other room, sir, where the little boys are abed and asleep,' said she, leading me away, as if apprehensive of telling her sad tale in presence of her poor mistress. And having conducted me into the adjoining closet she called a room, (where on a flock pallet lay two little fellows locked in each other's arms,) she

told me that her master had expired only the preceding night;—that when she came to fetch me, he was yet alive.

" 'Master had a great wish to see you, sir,' said the girl, whose tears fell bitterly as she told the doleful story of his last moments. 'He was much disappointed, poor gentleman, when he heard that you had spoken harshly, and refused to come. Master suffered much, sir, in his last moments, but was patienter than a lamb. And now, please God, he is in a better place.'

" I gradually drew from the girl that the Fosters had been a fortnight in town; that poor Mr. Henry had long been declining, suffering from the same inward malady, it was thought, which had carried off his father. He was recommended to go through an operation, and came to London for the purpose, bringing with him a letter of recommendation from the Plymouth Commissioners to one of our eminent army surgeons. But the fatigue and exertion of the journey, accompanied by his family, whom he could not be prevailed upon to leave behind, brought his malady to a crisis. Since his arrival, he had never risen from the bed into which he was moved on quitting the coach; and though in daily hopes that the morrow might effect some improvement in his state, he had gradually sunk. All that remained of my gifted young friend lay under the coarse sheet of an inn garret, in the adjoining room!

" 'What will become of poor missus I know not!' sobbed the girl. 'She has not a friend in this town. The money master brought here is running short. I heard the undertaker inquiring of the landlord *who* was to be responsible for the funeral expenses——'

" 'I am afraid your poor mistress was cut to the soul, my good girl, by my refusing to come?' cried I, interrupting her.

" 'Bless you, sir, she has taken no notice of any mortal thing since, after assisting me to lay out the body, she threw herself down beside it. She let the undertakers come and measure it, as she lay there, without so much as seeing them.'

" Ah, this was dreadful to think of, sir," continued the old tailor, shuddering at the remembrance; "and, moreover, it happened at a moment when I had a hard matter to command time and thought for even my own business. But this seemed business which the Almighty had thrown in my way, and it was not for me to refuse it; so I did my best. I saw the landlord, I saw the undertaker, that very night; and the servant-girl being strange in London, and scarce fit for such a charge, I sent for the good woman who used to nurse my own wife, and put her in charge of children, mother,—ay, and him who was no more. Next day, the young widow was better able to commune with me; and when she heard all I had done, would fain have gone down on her poor knees to thank me. Unknown to me, however, she took strength and courage to write to her late husband's employers, acquaint them with his untimely end, and request the means of laying him decently in the grave.

" Twenty pounds was forwarded by return of post; a sum that just sufficed to clear the expenses of the family at the inn, and procure a grave for the departed. I attended the grave as chief mourner. We buried him in St. Andrew's churchyard, on a bright June morning,

when even the London sky looked blue and gladsome; and as I stood beside that humble grave, holding in each hand one of the poor, sobbing, terrified orphans, whom the mother insisted should see their father laid in the ground, I could scarce forbear contrasting that miserable consignment of dust to dust, with the fine pageant proceeding at t'other end of the town,—a mob of embroidered foplings crowding to court, full of cares and strifes of their own creation,—while in the silent earth at my feet, the wicked ceased from troubling and the weary were at rest!

"The funeral had been hurried, at the wish of the landlord,—because in a house of public entertainment the presence of a corpse is injurious. Otherwise, I should have done my best to persuade the widow to attempt an appeal to her rich brother-in-law. John Foster, restricted only as regarded his living brother, could not have refused to bestow upon him a more appropriate interment. But when I hazarded a hint on the subject, she would not hear of any communication with her brother-in-law; nor would she have allowed her husband's remains to be laid in the family vault. . . . .

"'You have done me the greatest favour man could do!' said she. 'You have attended him to his last home. You have put his boys into decent mourning for their father's burial. These things shall I remember to my dying day. But for mercy's sake, suggest to me no charities from John Foster!' . . .

"Forced to return to Plymouth to wind up her affairs, an offer was made her by the employers of poor Mr. Henry to get her sons into the government free school, if she found it convenient to settle on the spot. But in the interim, it occurred to me to apprise John Foster of the melancholy event, without violating my promise to the widow; and I accordingly inserted in the newspapers a notice of Mr. Henry's death at the Crown Inn, Holborn, as "son to the late John Foster, of Bedford Row, of the eminent firm of Foster and Sons, Great St. Helen's." My expectations were verified. Apprehensive that further publicity might be given to the case, Dives hurried to the wretched scene of his poor brother's last moments; and on learning from the landlord by whom his funeral had been attended, condescended to find his way to my long-forgotten shop.

"I am ashamed to own, sir, that I felt as proud as a prince when I saw the pitiful figure he cut as he inquired into the circumstances of his poor brother's death. I promise you I did not spare him an inkling. I could scarcely, indeed, refrain from exclaiming to him, 'Cain, Cain!—where is thy brother?'

"Not to weary you with details of our various interviews, suffice it that I so mediated between him and the proud widow, that, though for herself she positively refused all assistance, she suffered a portion of their grandfather's fine fortune to be devoted to the maintenance and education of the boys. I persuaded her that this was less humiliating than to see them the objects of a public charity.

"Well for them that I did so! For within the year, that heart-broken woman followed her young husband to the grave; and then, what would have become of the orphans? Moreover, God in his justice had stricken with barrenness the bed of the rich man; and young

Harry is now pretty sure to succeed to the inheritance of which his father was defrauded. There is a providence above all, sir; and John Foster (like the Scottish usurper in that terrible play which Kemble used to act in my boyhood) had committed crimes in order to acquire a fortune which he had neither chick nor child to inherit!

"'But what has all this to do,' cried I, 'with the recovery of your debt? Did not the rich man of Harley Street book up with you to the last farthing, after your noble conduct to his brother?'

"He would have doubtless done so, had I put forward a demand. But when the negociations were concluded between him and the widow, she exacted a promise from me that I would never allow that bad man to contribute to the last wants of him who was gone; undertaking to pay me, within the year, with the fruit of her own labours. I gave her my word, and am satisfied she would have kept *hers*, had she not been taken from this world by a summons no man may gainsay. After her death, sir, there was delivered to me a packet in her hand-writing, enclosing one which her dying words charged me to remit to her eldest boy, on his attaining twelve years old.

"'Trust me still, my kind old friend!' wrote the widow; '*trust me in my grave!* My son shall redeem my pledge. Harry will still pay you for the mourning suit he wore at the burial of his father.'

"I thought no more of all this, sir, except to lay by the packet till the appointed time. For I knew the young gentlemen were reared and educated as they ought to be,—that is, as became the high worldly position of the uncle by whom they had been adopted. But when the time came appointed by Mrs. Henry's injunctions, I did not shrink from my duty, but betook myself to Harley Street; and with some difficulty obtained access to Master Foster, who was just arrived from Eton for the holidays.

"And such a noble-looking lad; even handsomer than his poor father at the same age! When he received me, (in the showy dining-room of his uncle, who was absent in the city at his business, and now a widower,) I could scarcely bring to my belief that this was the same little fellow to whom I had presented the blue pelisse in Long Acre, ten years before. I thought him a little stiff at first,—perhaps a little proud. But it was only shyness. For when I placed his mother's packet in his hand, the colour disappeared from his face, and he trembled like a leaf; and after reading her letter to an end, threw himself in tears into my arms, and even kissed the cheeks of the old tailor, as he would have done those of a relation!"

"A *relation*?—Say rather of a *benefactor!*"—cried I, deeply moved.

"And then, such loads of questions as he asked me, concerning the miseries of his parents, (not of their *wrongs*—to *them* the mother had wisely refrained from recurring!) and the place where his father was laid,—and—and—. But the last thing he said vexed me! It was to implore a renewal of my money engagements with his mother. 'The debt is a sacred one, and now, mine to discharge,' said the little fellow, with a spirit far beyond his years. 'Promise me that you will never accept payment from my uncle?'

"'It was not hope of the lucre of gain that brought me hither, Master Foster,' said I. And then, seeing I was hurt, the poor lad

flung his arms round my neck again; and went and fetched his brother Alfred, a more mettlesome but not less handsome boy than himself, to make my acquaintance; telling him I had been the friend of their parents,—'at one time, indeed,' added Henry, 'their only, *only* friend!'

"From that day, I am convinced those two poor young gentlemen must have laid by every guinea of their pocket-money and presents, to accomplish the sacred purpose pointed out by their mother; and for a schoolboy in their condition of life to abjure the indulgences enjoyed by his playmates, is a sacrifice greater than the greatest sacrifices of a man. Right earnest, however, were they in their purpose; for three years afterwards, I received a purse containing sixteen guineas,—in pocket-pieces, new guineas, and a five-pound note, which I afterwards found was a token from Mr. Foster to his elder nephew, on his obtaining high honours in the school. I wanted to return the money to them; but they would not hear of it. Only Master Henry requested my indulgence at present for the remainder, as they wished to devote the next portion of their savings to placing a stone in St. Andrew's churchyard, over the grave of their father.

"Yesterday, sir—(I am at last bringing the two ends of my story to meet)—yesterday, sir, as I was tying up my dahlias in my little garden in Elysium Place, a smart cab stopped at the door, and a little tiger jumping down, (and, by the way, I never saw a better cut livery since I handled a needle!) inquires of me, 'whether that was the residence of Mr. Jonas Cox?'—So startled was I, that I could scarce answer intelligibly; for on going to the gate, I saw there was a coronet on the harness, and two young gentlemen in the cab.

"'Wait for me a moment,' said the youngest of them (a mere lad) to his companion; and in a moment he had lifted the garden latch, and (no doubt to the surprise of the tiger) was shaking me heartily by the hand, and asking me for a few minutes' conversation in the house.

"'You don't remember me, I'm sure,' said he; 'I'm Alfred Foster. You must have noticed my being gazetted, last month, into the Guards? I've been to Poland Street—I was there a week ago—but being on guard since, and much engaged, could not find my way here before. A draft upon Cox and Greenwood, my good friend,' he continued—placing a paper in my hand. 'But don't fancy that because this makes money matters straight between us, Harry or I shall ever lose sight of our obligations. You would do us a favour, my dear Mr. Cox, by using this trifle for our sakes,' said he, placing in my hands a handsome snuff-box, that bore an inscription I scarce could read for the tears in my eyes! (I would have brought it with me, sir, this morning, if I had looked forward to the pleasure of this long chat with you; though I should be almost ashamed to show you the flattering words inscribed in't!) Before I could say a word in answer to the dear young gentleman, or so much as offer him a receipt in full, (as I doubtless ought,) he was off. Away rolled the cab along the road to Maida Hill; whilst I stood upon the doorsteps, staring after it, and looking like an old fool!

"I promise you that I and Mrs. Cox drank the health of young Master Harry and his brother, yesterday, as kindly as I had ever felt inclined to do that of his father! But, thank goodness, 'tis clearing up," cried Cox VI., interrupting himself; "for I've got to call in

Poland Street, on my way to the coach-office, to have a peep at the new sheriffs' liveries, which my son has the honour of furnishing. I could tell you a famous story, sir, about those liveries, ay, and their master too! But I've tired you and myself; you shall hear it another time. Good day, sir, good day. I'll bring the snuff-box with me the very first day I'm able to call."

And now, gentle reader, what say you to this sample of my ACCOUNTS OF MY CREDITORS?

"DEAD-SEA APPLES."

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

"A sceptre's but a plaything, and a globe
A bigger bounding-stone:" so Dryden says;
And Royalty is but the ermined robe
That covers hearts where common wishes raise
Their altars, as in meaner breasts:—the probe
That searches beggars' bosoms, and betrays
The hopes which Reason can nor quench nor quell,
Is Nature—and will pierce a King's as well.

This looks for crowns and kingdoms—*that* for shreds
Wherewith to patchwork o'er his tatter'd gown;
This walks proud halls, and sleeps on silken beds,
That treads the furzy moor, or filthy town;
The one hath visions of tiara'd heads—
The other dreams each borrowed barn his own;
Ambition guides them both—*here* aims at power,
And *there* seeks shelter from the wintry shower!

The crown imperial and the stole of state
With many a fear and many a care are lined;
A sceptre is a perilous toy, which fate
Bestows to tempt and try the quivering mind;
The jewelled throne a snare, round which await
Symbols of wrath—white pearls with poisons twined;—
Then, Prince! look on this earth but as a stone
Whence thou may'st bound to a far higher throne!

And thou, wan Beggar! who hast felt the lash
Of dim adversity—hast made thy feast
On lupins and on lentils—whom the crash
Of every hope hath levelled with the beast
That haunts earth's dark defiles—let Reason flash
This truth across thee—that, when Kings have ceased
Their worldly sway, their lot, like thine, shall be
(As they deserve) woe or felicity!

Ambition! 'tis the curse of fools—the chains
That manacle the mighty mind, till rust
Shall eat into them—and what then remains?
A *caput mortuum*, bloodless bones, and dust:—
It is the glacier, that o'er fertile plains
Towers in its sparkling beauty till some gust
Give it the avalanche's shape, and then
It pours destruction on the downward glen.

Ambition! oh, how many a protean change
Comes o'er thee in thy combats with mankind!
Thou lead'st us, now, through public paths to range,
Then with a glittering bandage makes us blind,
And driv'st us 'mid dark caves;—thou dost derange
With fumes of subtle essence every mind;—
This man thou madd'st with shows of gold and fame—
That pants for love—and finds it coiled in shame!

It is no cynic's harsh apocalypse
To say, that he whom thou shalt lead astray,
Shall feel, ev'n in his highest hope, th' eclipse
Of thy most brilliant and enticing ray:—
I speak, experience-taught—my hopes were ships
That met Perdition's shoals upon their way;
And—like the phases in the moon's disk scann'd—
Their cargo met the eye, but mocked the hand.

Yet were my yearnings not for power, or place—
Gold dust and gems I counted little worth;
I sought not Pride's frail shadow to embrace,
Nor cared to deck with fame my humble hearth;—
Desire I scorned—false loves which we can trace
In such as fawn upon frail flowers of earth,
Light women!—for their brilliant lips and eyes,
Which may be won, and yet shall bring no prize.

But oh! my spirit panted for a friend
Whom I might love with more than woman's love,—
A love where woman's purity might blend
With man's more resolute warmth—a gentle dove
Linked with a haughty falcon!—To this end
My energies I tasked, and wildly strove:—
The dream and drivel of an idiot's mind—
And what the issue?—Light'ning struck me blind!

The heart that gained me, (oh! it woo'd me long!)
Was in mine eyes a white and holy thing;
I prized it with a brother's love—more strong—
Then, say a sister's—to it mine did cling
With a pure feeling that could think no wrong,
Nor from the future gloomy warnings bring:—
There came a change,—anger, harsh coldness, pride—
And he, who taught me fondness, learnt to chide.

I saw the change with bitterness—I viewed
Affection's lights, ah, spark by spark, expire
Still hope would image forth in solitude
The re-awakening of that genial fire;—
But all is ashes now—the sweeping flood
Of selfishness, the light world's syren lyre
Have reft me of the one I trusted: such
Will be their lot who prize earth's joys too much.

Fool that I was, to deem that man could be
Constant to aught save ill! fool, to suppose
The false to God should e'er prove true to me!
That suns could shine upon, yet melt not snows
Fool that I was, to love too trustingly
A thing of change—which every breeze that blows
Sends to and fro, now driving it on high,
But oftener on the soiled earth to lie!

ODDS AND ENDS.

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

No. XIII.

A HINT FROM RABELAIS.

PANTAGRUEL, in passing through the gallery, on his way to bed, lighted upon Panurge, who sat in a brown study, with his head vibrating like the pendulum of a clock.

"By my faith," he said, "you put me in mind of a mouse caught in a platter of pitch, who, the more she struggles to free herself, the deeper she puts her foot in it. You, in like manner, making vain efforts to escape from the stagnant pool of perplexity, do only flounder into fresh mire. I know but one remedy that may avail you, which is this:—there is an old proverb which says that a fool may sometimes hit the clout when the wise man shoots wide of the mark. Since the wisdom of sages has profited you so little, take counsel of some fool; it may be that, in so doing, you will disentangle this ravelled skein of pros and cons.

"It will not be irrelevant to the matter in hand to remind you of what Io André, in writing on the canon of a certain papal bull, addressed to the mayor and citizens of Rochelle; and, after him, Panorme, on the same canon; of what Barbatias, in his Pandects, and, more recently, Jason, in his *Conseils*, report concerning Seigni Joan, a celebrated jester of Paris, great-grandfather of Caillette. The case is as follows:

"At Paris, in the quarter of the *pétit Chatélet*, a *chiffonier*, seated in front of a cook's shop, was making his humble meal upon dry bread, amidst the fumes of roasted joints and savoury stews, and his crust, thus seasoned, seemed unusually well-flavoured. The cook allowed him to proceed without remonstrance. At length, when the last mouthful was swallowed, he took the poor *chiffonier* by the collar, and demanded payment for the fumes of his viands. The *chiffonier* remonstrated that he had in no wise spoilt his cookery, or invaded his property, consequently, that he owed him nothing. He pleaded, in addition, that the fumes in dispute evaporated outwards, and were necessarily dissipated; that it was a thing unheard of, in Paris, to sell steams, whether of roast or stewed, in the street.

"The cook replied, that he was not aware that he was bound to pamper the gluttony of *chiffoniers* with the savour of his meats, and swore that, in default of payment, he would detain his basket. The *chiffonier* caught up his iron-spiked staff, and stood on the defensive.

"The altercation grew warm, and words ran high. A crowd of idlers, always ready to collect in the streets of Paris, gathered around the disputants. At this crisis, Seigni Joan, the jester, a Parisian citizen, chanced to pass that way. The cook no sooner caught sight of him than he said, 'Art thou willing, base *chiffonier*, to accept the arbitra-

tion of worthy Master Seigni Joan on this our difference?' 'Yes, by the Sambreguoy, I desire no better umpire,' replied he.

"Upon this, Seigni Joan, after hearing the arguments both of appellant and defendant, ordered the *chiffonier* to pay into court any piece he might possess of the current coin of the realm. The defendant produced from his pouch a *tournois Philippus*. Seigni Joan took the money, and rested it on his left shoulder, to assure himself that it was of full weight; he next rung it on the palm of his left hand, to test the purity of the coin; and then stuck it against the ball of his right eye, to scrutinize the image and superscription. As he went through these formalities, profound silence reigned throughout the curious crowd; the cook wore a confident air, the *chiffonier* looked crest-fallen. At last he rung it soundly upon the cook's counter.

"And now, with all the dignity of a judge, holding his bauble in his hand, as though it were a sceptre, and, settling his fool's cap firmly on his head, after clearing his throat twice or thrice, he delivered judgment in a distinct and impressive manner:—

"'The court is of opinion that the *chiffonier*, who ate his bread amidst the fumes of the cook's shop, has amply repaid the cook with the sound of his money. The said court decrees that the application be dismissed, without costs, for the reasons above shown.'"

This judgment of the Parisian jester appeared so equitable, nay, admirable, to the doctors whom I have cited, that they greatly doubted whether, had the case been tried before the parliament of the aforesaid city, or in the Rota at Rome, or even before the Areopagites of Athens, any of these tribunals could have given sentence more clear or satisfactory.

Debaxo del sayal hay al, says the Spanish proverb; or, in other words, a fool's bells will sometimes ring a true change.

We have, at length, arrived at the termination of a nine nights' debate in parliament, and much good eloquence has been expended in vain, so far as the division is concerned, on the hacknied topic of the wrongs of Ireland, and especially that monster grievance, the Protestant Church establishment in that kingdom. The dominant party listens with folded arms, and replies contemptuously, "J'entendz, et me semblez bons topicqueurs, et affectés à votre cause. Mais preschez et patrocinez d'icy à la Pentecouste, enfin vous serez ébahi comment rien ne m'aurez persuadé." What effect may be produced in Ireland by the debate, remains, however, to be seen. The poor, intemperate Irish are naturally vexed that they cannot at once conquer with their shillelah what the canny Scots have won with their good broad-swords. But maille à maille est facit l'aubergeon, and happy are they that they can work out their deliverance with security to life and limb. Could they but reflect how different a struggle appears whilst it is in progress, from its aspect two centuries after it has been brought to a successful issue, how enviable would they deem their state in comparison with that of the Covenanters of old! There is no Claverhouse, now-a-days, to hunt and shoot them down like wild beasts, no Lauderdale, to crush their joints with boots and thumbscrews. A soldier, in this enlightened nineteenth century, is but a citizen with arms in his hands. His trade is no longer butchery of men striving to main-

tain their rights, but repression of illegal violence, and of unconstitutional revenge for real or imaginary wrongs.

"Revenge," says Lord Bacon, "is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to root it out; for, as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. The most tolerable sort of revenge," he allows in the sequel, "is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but, then, let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish, else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one."

But to return from this digression to my anecdote, which, like every variety of the apologue genus, is the shadow of a truth kept out of sight. It is narrated in Rabelais' best style, to which it is impossible to do justice in translation. For the information of any who may be curious to read it in the original, let me state that it occurs in the thirty-seventh chapter of the third book of the Lives of Gargantua and Pantagruel.

The application of this fable to the relative condition of the two churches in Ireland is so obvious as to require but few words of explanation.

The oppressed Roman Catholic worships God after his own fashion, under the ministry of his own priest, whilst a sinecure church levies the tithe of all his produce, in consideration of the benefits accruing to him from placing within his reach a doctrine, which it truly states to be pure and apostolical, but which his faith holds to be heretical and damnable. Nor is this all: he feels that his sect is proscribed, and his race enslaved: the religion which he professes is tolerated, it is true, and his civil disabilities are, professedly, removed; but no ray of comfort from the government under which he lives cheers him on his way, few traits of individual benevolence visit him, "but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation." The possessor of the land his labour cultivates is an absentee, whose agent grinds the face of the poor, in order that he may remit largely to his employer, and line his own pocket at the same time. From all these wrongs, consequent upon centuries of universally-acknowledged misgovernment, have arisen Catholic associations, O'Connell rent, monster meetings, and, worst of all, repeal societies. Where is it all to end?

"The time is past," says the *Southern Patriot*, "when the sacrifice of the Church would be a sufficiently costly bribe to tempt the people to the abandonment of repeal. Rather than relinquish the attempt to re-establish the independence of their country, they would endure the insult of its continuance, and wait till the power to crush her belonged to them as a free people."

That the legislature of the united kingdom will ever consent to a repeal of the union, is an idea which no man in his senses can for a moment entertain. Independently of the express declaration of ministers, this measure would so manifestly diminish the power and weaken the security of England, that no parliament, under whatever influences elected, could be brought to adopt so suicidal a sacrifice: to cause a flaw in one of the brightest jewels of the British crown, that would rob it of half its value.

On the other hand, the sense of injury and oppression is working fearfully in the minds of the Catholic population on the other side of St. George's Channel, and the government, let us hope, will endeavour, by a policy of justice and conciliation combined, to avert the threatened forcible dismemberment of the empire, and to dissipate the evil humours which are corrupting the whole social body in the sister isle. "Ne is habitus animorum fiat, ut hoc pessimum facinus nonnulli audeant, plures velint, omnes potiantur," even to the hired citizen with musket on his shoulder.

If it is sufficient to allege the prescription of two hundred and fifty years, no grievance will ever be removed, no unjust enactment ever be reversed: they will continue "tant que le ventre iradenant et le —— se asseoira le premier." All this might be so, "if time stood still; which, contrariwise, moveth so round, that a froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation; and they that reverence too much old times are but a scorn to the new."

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

BY LEWIS WAY.

The Flag, the Flag of England—that waved above the host
That Richard's dauntless courage led to Syria's fatal coast—
When unbelievers bent the knee
To England's noblest chivalry.

The Flag, the Flag of England—on which the natives gazed,
As Edward on the plains of France the blood-red standard raised—
And taught the boasting Gaul to yield
On Cressy's all-ensanguin'd field.

The Flag, the Flag of England—that still as proudly flew
Above the vanquished hosts of France at deathless Waterloo—
Which gave to all-enduring fame
Our Wellington's immortal name.

Then hail the Flag of England—Old England's Flag all hail—
The pole-star of her children's hopes in battle and in gale—
And may it never cease to wave
In stainless triumph o'er the brave.

HISTORIES AND MYSTERIES.[1]

FROM A TRAVELLER'S COLLECTION.

CHARLES LE MAUDIT.

BY J. W. LAKE, OF PARIS.

THOMAS CRUCÉ LE TIREUR D'OR.

Of all the men of blood whose names sully the pages of history, not one can be put in parallel with Thomas Crucé, nicknamed le Tireur d'Or. Catholics, Protestants, all were alike to his insatiate avidity for gold, and thirst for human gore. Pierre Salacéde, a Spaniard, and zealous Catholic, had incurred the disgrace of the Guises, by sustaining the war in the Pays-Messin against the Cardinal de Lorraine. The hatred of these princes was as implacable as their ambition was immeasurable. Salacéde, in seeking to repress the one, incurred the other, an offence which, with them, deserved death. It was dangerous, however, by open murder to "get rid" of a foreigner, the subject of a sovereign with whom France was obliged to keep on good terms, and whom the house of Lorraine wished to attach to its interests—Salacéde being, besides, a Roman Catholic. The vindictive Henri de Guise, however, thought that, without exposing himself to the resentment of Philip II., he might gratify his vengeance during the massacre he directed, and impute the murder of the unfortunate Spaniard to the confusion inseparable from such a terrible crisis. The emissaries of the duke were, accordingly, sent to the hotel inhabited by Salacéde, with instructions to search for concealed Protestants. Salacéde himself assured them there were none in his house; the ruffians gave him the lie, and excited his anger by the most insulting expressions. At length Thomas Crucé provoked him to such a degree, that, in a threatening tone, he ordered them to quit the house; a scuffle ensued, and the Spaniard was overpowered and butchered, Crucé striking the first blow.

The odious vengeance of the Duc de Guise was thus satisfied. He had, it was true, deprived the Catholic cause of a zealous supporter, while pretending to be impelled only by the Church's interests; but for that he cared little, provided he attained his object.

Rouillard, a counsellor of parliament, and chanoine de Notre Dame, could not be suspected of approving the reformed creed. More than once, on the contrary, he had warmly defended the interests of the Romish Church. Rouillard was a virtuous man, a worthy minister of the Catholic faith, and given to mildness and tolerance :—

> "He had no bigot's hate, no sectary's whim,
> Christian and countryman were all to him."

Imbued with the sacred precepts of religion, he taught them to the people without trick or disguise, and would have dreaded the divine

[1] Continued from page 310.

vengeance on his own head if he had dared to preach discord amongst his brethren, the children of one Almighty Father. He was proscribed by the blood-shedding fanatics of that frightful epoch, on account of his tolerance; he would not minister either to the sanguinary selfishness of the court, nor to the ignorant superstition of the multitude; he preached not to the passions, but to the humanities of his hearers, and Crucé was ordered to put the virtuous Catholic pastor to death. During three days, the inhuman agent of the court and the Guises kept the aged victim in his, Crucé's, house, inflicting upon him every species of moral and physical torture; he then *lui coupa la gorge*, and threw the corpse into the Seine, on the banks of which he had established his domicile, for the horrible *facility* it thus afforded him.

Guillaume de Bertrandi, Master of Requests, had rendered himself equally culpable in the eyes of Catherine de Medicis and the princes of the house of Lorraine. His fidelity to the Church of Rome was as generally known as his loyalty to the king, and patriotism for his country; but he was tolerant, and on several occasions had spoken leniently of the confederates. He was, therefore, consigned to the "tender mercies" of the Tireur d'Or, et de Sang——, and was heard of no more.

We limit to the above three illustrious personages the sad nomenclature of the Catholics who partook the fate of the Protestants. The number was carefully suppressed, "but," says a pious Romanist of that awful period, "on peut certifier qu'il fut considerable."

To the honour of the pure and unbigoted Catholics of that perilous time—when pity for the proscribed was considered as a crime, and humanity shown to a Huguenot frequently punished as high treason—to their eternal honour be it recorded, that many eminent and zealous partisans of the dominant faith imitated the noble examples of Salacéde, Rouillard, and Bertrandi, by raising their voices in favour of the persecuted Reformers, and several, as we shall presently record, did not hesitate to risk the dangerous displeasure of the ambitious Lorraines, the queen-mother, nay, even of the monarch himself, by openly protecting, as far as they were able, the persecuted Protestants from the authorised fury of the fanatic multitude.

But how many private episodes of horror might be added to the terrible religious and political tragedy of St. Bartholomew! How many parents, friends, and neighbours were sacrificed, by the means of salaried assassins, to motives of individual hatred, malice, and, above all, of interest. A Protestant was murdered with or without the stimulus of a reward; but for the assassination of a Catholic there was a sanguinary *tariff* of prices, fixing the murder at so much a head, according as the devoted victim was known to be more or less ardent in his faith. The sum demanded for an independent and opulent man was more than for a simple citizen; but for taking the life of an individual who held a public and lucrative place, the "blood-money" required was enormous.

Such, however startling it may appear to this enlightened age,—such is nevertheless the hideous verity. It is painful to recount deeds so atrocious, so degrading to human nature—but the lesson, horrible

as it is, "bears yet a precious jewel in its head;" since it may serve as a beacon and a guiding-star *from* the fatal shoals of fanaticism.

We return to Thomas Crucé, the assassin *par excellence*. He was a tall, thin man, stooping in his gait, and his eyes constantly fixed on the earth. His hair was black and smooth, covering a low and narrow forehead, ploughed by the deep and premature furrows of crime, for he was scarcely thirty years old. His eyes, sunken and dead, when not animated by the genius of evil, sparkled with the ferocious delight of an hyena when exulting over his helpless prey. His bushy, and perpetually frowning eyebrows, uniting in the centre of his forehead, seemed to form but a single one. A flat nose, thick negro-lips, an olive complexion, and a red beard, completed his hideous, physical characteristics. His strength was that of a giant, and he used it "like a giant;" a terrible proof of which he gave on the first night of the massacre by slaughtering, or, in the words of an old chronicle, "en égorgeant plus de 400 individus, les uns Protestants, les autres Catholiques; mais que la haine, la vengeance, la politique et l'ambition, avait tous condemnés au même supplice."

The barbarity of Crucé was such that it even excited disapprobation; it must, consequently, have far exceeded that of Coconas and Pezou, whose cruelties only acquired them praise. Crucé was blamed, but not punished.

Presented to "His Most Christian Majesty" Charles IX., Thomas Crucé boasted of his deeds during that dreadful night, when, as just stated, he had immolated several hundreds of the king's enemies. His *indiscriminate* and murderous frenzy, at last, rose to such a height that it was found absolutely necessary to repress it. It is impossible for us to lay before our readers the repulsive details of this authorised assassin's diabolical ingenuity in the act of torturing. One trait will suffice. Frequently, after having cruelly wounded the unfortunates in his power, he left them to languish, sometimes during several days, in the midst of the dead bodies of their relations and friends, a prey to hunger, thirst, and the most acute sufferings, until they perished!

The furies of remorse at length assailed this monster, who, shut up in his own magnificent apartment, shunned the sight of every human being, save his menials, and to them he became an object of horror. Hated, despised, and abandoned by God and man, he at last died raving mad.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF VEZINS DE QUERCY, A CATHOLIC GENTLEMAN.

Vezins de Quercy was one of the most ardent supporters of the Catholic party. His name had become celebrated amongst the defenders of the faith, not only by his courage, but by his inflexible severity to the heretics who fell into his hands during the civil wars. Notwithstanding his religious rigour, and many sanguinary acts of which he was accused, Vezins had preserved some embers of humanity in his breast. His probity, too, was undoubted, his disinterestedness beyond suspicion; he did not make war upon the Protestants to en-

rich himself at their cost, but with the intimate conviction that their cause was adverse to the public weal, and that in the triumph of the party he had espoused depended the safety of the state. It was seldom that a vanquished foe found generous treatment at his hands, but some acts of humanity proved that the soul of the fierce warrior was not absolutely a stranger to that feeling.

The family of Vezins had long been united in friendship with that of Regnier, when, unhappily, the civil and religious dissensions of that period broke off their intimacy. Vezins remained faithful to the creed of his fathers; Regnier embraced the reform of Calvin; this change caused a rupture, and, finally, hatred took the place of friendship. Ranged under different banners, defending different interests, it was impossible to be otherwise; nevertheless, and almost in spite of themselves, they preserved sentiments of esteem for each other. The impetuous Vezins had frequently sought a single combat with his former friend, and, more than once, had been heard to swear that he should never be satisfied until he had deprived Calvinism of such a zealous sectarian. Regnier, more pacific, had always evaded an individual contest with Vezins in battle; aware that the latter was inferior to him in bodily strength and self-possession, and unwilling to push his resentment so far as to take the life of one for whom formerly he would gladly have sacrificed his own. This delicacy still more irritated the irritable Vezins; he felt humiliated, and longed ardently to revenge what he regarded as a personal offence. But it was in a duel, or in the field of battle, that he desired to gratify his vengeful longings, as the idea of assassination had never for a moment been entertained by either of the religious foes.

When the execution of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew was decided upon, the Catholic chiefs placed the utmost reliance on Vezins, whose hatred of the Protestants was notorious. The rigour with which he had always treated them, gave reason to suppose that he would eagerly second the court in its projects of extermination. It was thought that, without reflecting on the means employed for annihilating the sect, he would only consider the advantage to be derived on attaining that object. The astonishment of those who communicated to him the horrible conspiracy was, therefore, great when he promptly declared that he would never take any part in such a savage proscription.

"The hands of a soldier of the faith," exclaimed the noble Catholic, "shall never be polluted by cowardly murder!—What, massacre enemies who repose in peace amongst us upon the faith of treaties!—it would be adding perjury to murder, two crimes equally odious."

"The safety of the state ordains it; the interest of the church commands it."

"Honour disapproves it," rejoined the gallant soldier; "humanity condemns it; vengeance and ambition alone authorise it. To massacre defenceless men, under whatsoever pretext, is an action atrocious, infamous, and which nothing can legitimate. I have proved my devotion to religion and to the king; I am always ready to shed my blood in their cause, to brave every peril, to sacrifice my life for the triumph of both. But to profit by the credulity, the confidence of our ene-

mies, to slaughter them unarmed and unprepared, is a deed of which I will never be guilty, of which I will never become an accomplice."

"When the king commands," said an emissary of the Lorraine prince, "I should imagine that the first duty of a subject is to obey."

"Such is the reasoning of a vile slave," replied the noble Vezins; "but a French soldier dares to resist orders which his conscience tells him are iniquitous."

"The most severe punishment will be inflicted on all who refuse to obey those I now deliver to you."

"Your menaces I disdain. Whatever penalty I may incur I will bear with resignation. I will prefer it to any favour I might purchase at the expense of what a Christian and a soldier should hold most dear."

"Such is your final determination?"

"It is unchangeable! If I fail in my resolution, then you may be permitted to call me a coward and a perjurer."

The agents of the Duc de Guise withdrew stupified. The anterior conduct of Vezins appeared so opposite to his present language, that it passed their understanding.

In the mean time the Protestant Regnier, who dwelt in a remote quarter of the capital, was a prey to the most poignant alarms, not for himself, but for the tender objects in whom all his affections were centred—his adored wife and his daughter Adelaide. Flight was impracticable; resistance useless. He pressed in his arms, too feeble to defend them, the cherished partner of his bosom and the fair child of their affection; they all fell on their knees, and prayed fervently.

At this moment a frightful noise was heard. The house was attacked—the doors burst open—the terrified domestics, with shrieks of horror, rushed into the room, where the hapless trio were imploring heavenly protection;—they were followed by a band of armed men;—*Vezins was at their head!* . . . .

Regnier thought his last moment was at hand; and, resolving to sell his life dearly, prepared to throw himself on him he considered his deadly foe. Several of the men, however, interposed, and rendered all his efforts powerless. His wife sunk fainting on the floor; his youthful daughter fell at the feet of him she had learnt to dread as the persecutor, and whom she now thought was about to become the murderer of her parents and herself.

"Pity! pardon!" cried the distracted daughter—"not for myself, but for my parents! Take my life, but O spare theirs!"

The spell of suppliant beauty had, at this terrible period, lost its power over the greater portion of the fanatic assassins. Vezins seemed to be as unmoved by the heart-rending accents, as by the generous devotedness of the imploring Adelaide. It was not the first time that the cruel warrior had repulsed such prayers, and more than once he had answered them by death. In this moment, however, he displayed less barbarity. An evanescent emotion, instantly repressed, passed over his rugged features. Without acceding to the supplications of Regnier's daughter, yet not tearing her heart by a refusal, he said,

"Rise! and obey, all of you, without resistance."

"Monster!" exclaimed Regnier, "the tears of innocence cannot touch thy savage heart; hasten, then, hasten to order my death, or the horror thy presence excites in me will abridge my torments, and deprive thee of the delight of shedding my blood!"

The invectives of the father apparently produced no more impression on him to whom they were addressed, than the tears of the young girl. Without even looking at Regnier, he turned to his followers, and commanded them to execute the orders he had given. The Calvinist resisted in vain; his wife, recovered from her swoon, despairingly clung to her husband, and Adelaide tremblingly followed them. Whatever were the ulterior designs of Vezins, he, however, did not separate them. All the three were conducted into the courtyard of the hotel, where horses were ready, on which they were forced to mount; the troop of the Catholic chief encircled them; he placed himself at their head, and, turning to his prisoners, pronounced, in a menacing tone, the following terrible words,

"Keep the strictest silence. The instant you break it shall be that of your death!"

Vezins and his escort were allowed to pass uninterruptedly through the scenes of horror enacting in divers parts of the capital. His noble resistance to the orders of the court had been kept as secret as possible, from the fear that it might become contagious; and those that saw him with his prisoners, concluded, from his known hatred to heretics, that his temporary forbearance was induced by aught save motives of humanity. At length they emerged from that city of slaughter; but each step that increased their distance from it increased their agonised apprehensions; and when the horses stopped or slackened their pace for a moment, they thought they had reached the spot of their destined sacrifice. Vezins and his troop, as well as the prisoners, kept the most rigid silence. During the whole journey the three Protestants remained in the same cruel perplexity; the greatest attention was, nevertheless, shown them, and hope might have entered their hearts but from their knowledge of the character of the man into whose hands they had fallen. Several days had thus elapsed, when one evening the turrets of an antique castle were discernible to the travellers in the distance. Absorbed in his affliction, Regnier had hitherto took no heed of the country they passed over; but he now perceived that they had arrived in Le Querci, and that the chateau whither they were proceeding was that of his enemy.

At a happier period, Vezins and Regnier had there passed their earliest years, united by the most sincere friendship. The latter now imagined that, by a refinement of cruelty, he who had so often sworn to take his life, meant to consummate the sacrifice in these haunts which had so often witnessed their juvenile sports and ancient affection. His head bowed on his breast, tears long restrained forced a passage, and his faltering voice murmured a few indistinct words of despair. The weather was as serene as the minds of the unfortunate travellers were agitated. A soft breeze scarcely shook the surrounding foliage, and the silence that reigned all around was only broken by the measured steps of the horses,—and sometimes too, by the sighs of the prisoners.

It was night when they arrived before the drawbridge, which was lowered at the master's voice; they all passed over it, and it was drawn up again behind the last cavalier. Regnier could not withhold an exclamation of terror. It seemed to him as if himself and family had just entered their tomb, on crossing the inhospitable threshold of his enemy's dwelling. Vezins dismounted, and the others did the same. The prisoners were conducted into one of the lower halls of the chateau, the door was double-locked, and they were left to weep alone.

"Where are we?" cried the trembling partner of Regnier.

"In the dwelling of our foe," exclaimed the husband; "where he has, doubtless, brought us for the purpose of more surely satiating his unjust hatred."

At the same moment, Vezins himself stood before them. He had heard the last words of the Protestant.

"Reassure thyself," said he to Regnier, "had my intention been to have basely taken thy life, the sentence of death pronounced against all those of thy party, offered me every facility to satisfy my vengeance. But, far from me be the horrible idea of polluting my hand by assassination. I have combated, with honour, the enemies of my faith. I have frequently been severe, perhaps cruel, to the vanquished; yet, nevertheless, my heart has more than once disavowed the dreadful sentences pronounced by my tongue. A soldier ought to stifle the feelings of pity when the interest of the cause he defends ordains it; but when he has sheathed his sword, he may open his bosom to that divine sentiment. The God I adore prescribes the forgiveness of injuries. His justice, sooner or later, will overtake those perverse men, who usurp His name to legitimate their furious passions. I condemn them, and, in saving thee, I wish to save them a crime. Would to heaven I could have saved from their cruelty a greater number of victims! . . . . You are all in safety here; remain until the danger is over; and then, Regnier, if you wish it, we will, with equal arms, decide our long quarrel."

The Protestant's transition from despair to joy was such, that it nearly overpowered him. He fell, almost inanimate, into the arms of his liberator.

"My God!" exclaimed he, "thou savest my life, and those of my family, and thou restorest me my friend!"

Adelaide and her mother bathed with their tears the knees of the generous Catholic. He raised them up, pressed his friend to his heart, and to escape this gratitude, hastened out of the room. He then gave some orders regarding the manner in which his guests were to be treated during their sojourn in his castle, remounted his horse, and returned to Paris.

ROYAL JESUITISM—COURAGEOUS HUMANITY OF SEVERAL CATHOLIC CHIEFS—LAST DAYS OF CHARLES LE MAUDIT.

Charles, who at first had only experienced joy at getting rid of his "implacable enemies," (according to his mother's phraseology,) now

began to feel not remorse, but fear. He reflected upon the troubles that might ensue therefrom, if the different governors of the provinces were not disposed to obey his orders, as they had been too faithfully obeyed in the metropolis. He took advantage of a moment when Catherine had left him to give instructions to her agents, called into his presence his brother, the Duc d'Anjou, and some of his ministers; and after having communicated to them his determination, he ordered letters, with his royal seal, to be despatched in his name to the governors of the principal provinces, stating that he himself had been for nothing in all that had just passed at Paris; that he had taken measures to arrest the course of the massacre; and that it was to the Guises that *alone* must be attributed the violation of the peace, "which," continued the jesuitical monarch, "I will henceforth maintain and make respected in all its conditions. Let this be known to all my Protestant subjects, etc." These letters were scarcely sealed ere they were despatched by couriers, who had orders to travel with the utmost speed. Tranquillized by this measure, Charles reappeared in the midst of his court, affecting the liveliest gaiety, and receiving the felicitations of his odious courtiers, for having just assured à la France une paix inalterable. The son of Medicis listened complaisantly to these praises, and in his horrible exultation he ordered a sumptuous banquet to be prepared in the grand saloon, inviting to it the fanatics and flatterers that encircled him. The dinner-hour, at that period, was generally noon; the circumstance, however, caused a deviation from this rule, and the feast did not commence till towards evening. The whole of that day, except the brief space of time hypocritically occupied during his mother's absence, had been employed in ordering fresh massacres, or in witnessing them! Before sitting down to table, the king gave orders to suspend the execution, because "il etoit jaloux d'en etre spectateur, et c'eût étrê dérober quelque chose à ses sanguinaires plaisirs que de verser le sang en son absence"!!!*

Charles compelled the King of Navarre and the Prince de Conde to be present at this banquet, for the purpose of insulting them by his brutal invectives against the reformers; addressing his sister, the Queen of Navarre, he said,

"Par le sang-dieu, Marguerite, I shall never forget that I am in some sort indebted to you for the triumph I have just obtained." (It required an occasion like your marriage to enable me to catch all those accursed Protestants in one net.†)

Catherine was soon informed by her favourite son, D'Anjou, of the

* A Catholic historian.

† During the peace, or rather truce, between the Court and the Huguenot party, Coligny, wishing to employ his soldiers, proposed, through Louis de Nassau, a Protestant chief, that the king should send them to aid the insurgent patriots of the Low Countries against the Spaniards. Charles wished to confer with the admiral on the subject, and at length the latter, with the principal leaders of the confederates, came to Paris. Notwithstanding the cajoleries of the court, many of Coligny's partisans advised him and his party to leave the capital. The marriage, however, of Charles's sister with the Protestant King of Navarre, retarded their departure; and, at the same time, served to render the admiral a greater dupe than ever to the machinations of Catherine and Charles.

letters Charles had transmitted to the provincial governors; and, with her usual address, not only obtained from him a written retractation, but also prevailed upon the despicable monarch to substitute orders of the most sanguinary nature, for exterminating the Protestants in all directions, which were immediately expedited to the different authorities. The horrible scenes of which Paris had just been the theatre, were now renewed on all points of the kingdom; "the French soil was inundated with the blood of its children; the earth was covered with dead bodies, whose putrefaction tainted the air with pestilential miasmas; the streams of rivers were equally infected; it was long ere they dared to drink of their blood-stained waters, or eat of the fish they contained." * Charles found, however, amongst those to whom he had confided the horrible functions of massacreing his subjects, men magnanimous enough not to fear exposing themselves to his vengeance, by refusing to become the ministers of his fury. Amongst those heroes of humanity, we cannot forbear citing the names of the following noble Catholics, who incurred the perilous anger of the court, by refusing to become the wholesale butchers of their persecuted, although Protestant brethren. The Comte de Tendes, governor of La Provence; Saint Henan, of L'Auvergne; Gordes, of Dauphiny; Chabot-Charmi, of Burgundy; Mandelot, of Lyons; Le Guiché, of Macon; Tannequy-le-Veneur, Matignen, and Villeneuve, in Normandy. The noble response of Saint Henan, on acknowledging the receipt of the letters, by which Charles ordered the destruction of heresy, must be inserted; the following is a literal translation:—

"SIRE,—I respect your majesty too much to believe that the new despatches I have received contain the expression of his will; and if, unfortunately, it should be so, I still respect his majesty too much to obey him."

We must now conclude this sanguinary history with a brief recapitulation of the leading events that marked the remainder of Charles's reign.

The two illustrious prisoners, Henri de Navarre, and the Prince de Condé, were compelled outwardly to abjure the reformed religion; and this circumstance seemed in the eyes of the court to legitimate all the crimes of Saint Bartholomew. This tyrannic act, however, produced an effect diametrically opposed to the expectations of Catherine and her son, as it produced many partisans to the cause of the Calvinists. Several Catholic noblemen leagued with them against their oppressors, and even adopted their creed; amongst these was the chivalrous Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Vicomte de Turenne. Throughout Germany a general cry of indignation was raised at the cruel perfidy of the French court; but it was in England especially that the Protestant refugees found the most hospitable shelter and sympathy. Philippe II. of Spain, the instigator of Charles IX., publicly expressed his approbation at the latter's conduct, expecting, though in the end disappointed, to profit by it; but some of that monarch's writings, still extant, contain the most injurious epithets applied to the French king, his mother, and the principal noblemen of his court,—convincing proofs that he despised them all. The let-

* French historian.

ters, addressed from the Louvre to the court of Rome, attesting that the massacres had taken place by the king's express command, were hailed with delight. By the Pope's orders, the triumph of the church was celebrated by public fêtes, and his Holiness himself gave several on a most magnificent scale. Processions and thanksgivings were ordained, and a solemn mass was celebrated by the Cardinal de Lorraine, (a Guise,) an accomplice in the horrible conspiracy. By order of the Pope, Gregory, a tableau was placed in the Vatican, representing the carnage of the Calvinists, at the bottom of which was written these words —

"The Sovereign Pontiff approves the massacre of Saint Bartholomew."

Another tableau, which removes all doubt of the part taken by the court of Rome in that catastrophe, represents that the Cardinal de Lorraine, in the name of the Most Christian Monarch, thanks the *Saint Siege* for its sage counsels given to him, for the extirpation of heresy. Medals, too, were struck to commemorate the event, bearing, on one side, this inscription—"Ugonotorum strages, 1572;" and on the other—"Gregorius XIII., Pont. Max. Annus I." The parliament of Paris decided that a solemn procession should take place every year on Saint Bartholomew's Day, for the purpose of thanking the Almighty for having delivered France from the scourge of heresy. The same decision was taken by the court of Rome.

In the mean time the situation of Charles le Maudit was horrible. The rapid progress of his malady presaged his approaching death. Already abandoned by all good men, he was soon forsaken by his own creatures. He was, moreover, at variance with Catherine, who ceased to treat him with even the appearance of respect. Conspiracies and civil war were rife without the palace walls, and within the shadow of a king. Finally, the intriguing and inconstant character of his brother, the Duc d'Alençon, filled the measure of his family torments, and embittered his last dreadful moments. His virtuous consort, Elizabeth d'Autriché, did not abandon him, but he supported her presence with pain. His nurse was the sole being from whom he received some consolation. If the queen essayed to revive his hope and his courage, to restore peace to his spirit, he exclaimed, "Ah! flatter me not . . . why did I not follow your advice? . . . But, no . . . I obeyed that of my enemies . . . I ministered to their fury, and what blood has been shed . . . how many victims made!" Then, he fell into frightful convulsions, and fits of terrible rage, which subsided into the most gloomy and profound sadness. At one moment he ordered that all the Huguenots in his kingdom, without exception, should be massacred; the next, he would shower wealth upon them, and confide the first places in the state to their charge, and thus repair, as much as possible, the evils he had caused them. His wishes, however, for good or for ill, were alike disregarded, the power he had so cruelly abused was fast flitting from his hands. "Blood!" repeated he without ceasing—"always blood!" He had it in fact always before his eyes, for his own was escaping by every pore.* In this awful state, with no consolation on earth, no hope in heaven, he lin-

* An historical fact.

gered amidst the intrigues of the court, disregarded, despised, neglected by all save his ancient nurse, and the charitable sympathy of his wife. At length his complaint made such rapid progress, that his physician announced to him he had but a few hours to live. He "died, but made no sign," on the thirtieth of May, 1574.

The fate of most of the principal actors in the dreadful scenes just recounted is worthy of remark—

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The Cardinal de Lorraine died suddenly in 1574, and Catherine de Medicis was accused of having poisoned him.

In 1588, Henri Duc de Guise, and his brother, were assassinated by order of Henry III. The Duc d'Aumale and Cosseins were killed at the siege of La Rochelle. Besme, the assassin of Coligny, was poignarded. Maurevert was slain by De Moncy, the son of one of his victims. René, accused of having poisoned the Queen of Navarre, Jean d'Albert, died upon a *fumier, rongé par les vers.* Henry III. (the Duc d'Anjou) was assassinated by Jacques Clement, in 1588.

The massacre of Saint Bartholomew produced a terrible effect for the race of De Valois, as it precipitated them from the throne, and placed there in their stead, the Bourbons, whom their predecessors had already beheld, with such a jealous eye, occupy that of Navarre.*

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF THE ELDEST SON OF I. G., ESQ,, WHO, AFTER BEING SHIPWRECKED ON THE COAST OF CHINA, WAS SAVAGELY TORTURED, AND THEN MURDERED, BY THE NATIVES.

My own Fair Boy! my own Fair Boy!
I never more shall see,
That beaming eye of youth and joy
Look up in love to me!
Thou wert thy father's—mother's pride,
Their hope without alloy;
But far away from home thou died,—
Our own—our own Fair Boy!

My own Brave Boy! my own Brave Boy!
Had'st thou in battle fell,
Thy gallant spirit dying took
A soldier's proud farewell;
It would have sooth'd our deep, deep woe ....
But Heaven's high will be done!
Thou wert too good to dwell below—
Our own—our own Sweet Son!

* The Revolution of July 1830 has, in the person of Louis Philippe, replaced the De Valois branch on the Gallic throne, by expelling the Bourbons!

THE PALAIS ROYAL.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

CHAPTER XV.

"When I record within my musing mind
The noble names of wights bewicht in love,
Such solace for myself therein I find
As nothing may my fired fansie move."

GASCOIGNE.

TWENTY-FOUR hours had elapsed since the last conversation with the Coadjutor, and St. Maur was again in the prelate's closet, awaiting his return from the Hôtel de Chevreuse.

When De Retz appeared, he complained of fatigue, and of the weight of care on his mind.

"As soon as the affair of the herald is despatched, we must rescue the Prince, or Mazarin will prove an overmatch for us," was the first remark he uttered; to which, after a pause, he added—"Of what avail is all our clever plotting? If the Prince were free, but for one day, he would effect more than all that has been done since the Cardinal played that scurvy trick."

St. Maur perceived that his temper was ruffled, and, knowing that the usual course of political events exercised but little influence on his lively and volatile mind, he attributed the change to some fresh storm at the Hôtel de Chevreuse, or that the old quarrel had broken out afresh.

Instead of requiring, as the youth expected, a report of his commission, De Retz indulged in a rambling train of reflections, mixed with murmurs, and half-confidential hints, as though he wished to be drawn out on the subject of his distress.

"I am watched, St. Maur; there are secret spies who track me wherever I go," said the prelate. "I have been told this evening of all my actions throughout the day. In the afternoon I went out privately—even that was discovered—and the dress I wore."

"The life of Monseigneur is too precious to be wantonly exposed without an escort; within these walls he is safe from all machinations," remarked the youth.

"Time alone teaches skill," said De Retz, brightening, "and you have not the art of concealing your purpose. But I will give you my confidence. I admire your silence on the scene at the hôtel, and may trust to your prudence."

Recalling the youth's recollection to Mademoiselle's ebullition of rage, he said she bore too hard upon him. Was it not enough that he paid her a homage and devotion which scandalized all Paris, in the person of its future archbishop? Not that he cared for the scandal—let that rest with both father and uncle, who would have him a priest. But with respect to a man of his character, the lady to whom his knee was bent should have the forbear-

[1] Continued from p. 279.

ance not to exercise too close a scrutiny over his conduct and actions. She would gain more by this way, through his generosity of nature, than by striving to storm him into constancy. The Duchess, he said, expected much through his interest, when the time arrived for the court to buy its peace with the Fronde; but if he were to be slowly roasted at the fire of Mademoiselle's indignation, it were better he should break at once—though there was a fascination and a charm in this youthful, wild, and impetuous beauty, which he admitted he could not resist, despite her want of decorum and of the graces of cultivated society.

His own life, he said with enthusiasm, was a romance. There was nothing excelling, nothing equalling it, in the French novels; and it pleased him to find a being, like Isabella de Chevreuse, whose very existence, in such a polished era, was a mystery and a wonder. They were born each for the sake of the other. Still, it behoved not even her to tempt him too strongly to break his silken chains.

It was only yesterday, he said, that he had seen, while preaching at Nôtre Dame, a damsel whose face forcibly struck his fancy, as resembling the Clotildes and Ermengardes of the darker ages, such as are oft depicted in the monkish missals of the period—innocent, yet high-minded and full of character.

It was this admiration which brought destruction so near his head; but, if it had ended there, he should not have cared. Unfortunately, in talking to his principal valet, a confidant in his love affairs, he found that the man knew the lady by sight, and had often seen her going to prayers, on lay days, to the church of St. Paul and St. Louis, in the Rue St. Antoine.

Tempted, as the Coadjutor declared, out of revenge to Mademoiselle, to see the unknown once more, he went privately this morning to the church of St. Paul, and had the felicity of being rewarded for his pains. He should have followed the damsel home, and ascertained her name and lineage, had he not found himself most unexpectedly dogged and watched by two men, who seemed to act independently of each other, but were certainly both intent on watching his motions, and who, as he had afterwards reason to suppose, knew his person, notwithstanding the disguise. He, therefore, gave up the attempt, and should, in future, he said, employ his valet, the Italian Jocoso, in making inquiries respecting the lady, for he would not be driven from any pursuit, though quite willing to be coaxed out of it.

On supping, as usual, at the Hôtel, a fresh storm awaited him, and the events of the day were detailed so succinctly, as to leave no doubt that Mademoiselle, in her jealousy, had employed spies.

And such was his infatuation and weakness, as the prelate admitted, that these trifling matters gave more concern, and vexed the soul more, than all the machinery of the Fronde.

"But there is some portion of this adventure," continued De Retz, "which you may throw light on. Jocoso accompanied me to the church, and he now assures me that one of the spies was admitted to your apartment this evening."

This was a rather startling announcement; it took the secretary by surprise, and he could not help betraying an emotion which did not

pass unperceived. He saw that an explanation was necessary, and told De Retz that the man with whom he had had the interview was his countryman, whose fidelity he could vouch for, and who had been employed in gathering information respecting De Broussel.

"Well, it is strange!" observed the Coadjutor, musing. "I told you the men were not allies, and possibly your pioneer was led into a wrong scent. But let me hear your report—I quite forget the Fronde in these foolish adventures."

Like many others similarly circumstanced, St. Maur did not state how much was owing to his own industry, and how much to the perseverence of his *protegé*, but took the entire merit to himself, although acknowledging, as indeed he had already done in accounting for the reception of Jules, that he had taken advantage of the services of others.

The information pleased the Coadjutor extremely. He admitted that he knew but little of the private concerns of these families of the Robe, though De Broussel's vanity he had certainly heard of before, and had built some hopes on that foundation, which was the cause of St. Maur's commission. Of Philipe du Tremblay he knew nothing.

"But I am now safe with the president," continued De Retz, "for the pride and poverty of this Du Tremblay is a sure card in my hands. What can I offer him? There is nothing better I can think of than transferring Beaufort's friend to the Pont de l'Arche, which will be near his own lands, and giving Du Tremblay the Bastille. What think you, St. Maur—would not the old man be pleased to have a son-in-law governor of the Bastille? He would look on the appointment with complacency, for the effect of his influence would be thus perceptible in the immediate circle of his popularity."

The secretary acquiesced in the propriety of the offer, and the strength of the Coadjutor's arguments.

"And he has an unmarried daughter—and beautiful?" said De Retz, inquiringly.

"It is so reported," replied the secretary.

"Then do you marry her, St. Maur," cried De Retz, "and replace that lost pleiad, Du Plessis, with the fair De Broussel, and you shall have whatever the Fronde can give. There are many pretty faces claim kindred with the parliament."

St. Maur coloured in confusion, much unlike an archbishop's secretary, and a courtier of Anne of Austria. Twice in the same day had this match been proposed, and he knew not whether to resent it most in the lordly De Retz or the menial Jules Martin.

"Well! you pause," cried the Coadjutor, laughing; "but remember, Du Tremblay got over his scruples in marrying with the Robe. It was wise, for money is the prime mover. The Fronde often stands still for the want of it. If it had not been for the loan from Madrid, I know not what would have become of us. Troops must be paid—powder and rations cost money—and though I strain my lungs in the pulpit, ever to the tune of give, give, give, our treasury is empty. We must again resort to Spain!"

"I hope not!" exclaimed St. Maur emphatically

"That is spoken like a Frenchman," rejoined the Coadjutor, "and

I honour you for it; but the Fronde shall not die whilst its pulse can be fed, come the gold from where it may. You may now retire, but think of the old president's daughter."

There was much for St. Maur to think of, and in the catalogue the president's daughter might be included, but the fair devotee of the church of St. Paul and St. Louis gave him much more concern. It was very apparent she had attracted more than the passing admiration of De Retz, and, from his known impetuosity and wildness of character, it was equally certain, as he had himself in confidence averred, that he would give the reins to his passion, if it were only to mortify De Chevreuse. Impatient of control and discipline, though capable of giving both day and night to study and political pursuits, he was the very last man to be dragooned into love and fidelity.

Knowing this, St. Maur foresaw danger to the object of the Coadjutor's passion—who had also interested the secretary more than he was himself conscious of—and embarrassment to the Fronde and De Retz from the anticipated effects of Isabelle de Chevreuse's exasperated jealousy. What was of still more puzzling character, and more immediately concerned the youth, was Jocoso's presumed discovery, that Jules Martin had been playing the spy on the disguised Coadjutor. There was no clue to the motive for such a proceeding, if the valet were correct in his assertion; but the barber was really such an eccentric, and in some degree presumptuous servant, that it was useless speculating on his actions. St. Maur had, therefore, no alternative but to wait till the morrow, and resolve his doubts at the fountain-head—even from the lips of the barber himself.

Impatient to clear up the mystery, he rose early, and went to his new ally and aide-de-camp, whom he fortunately found at home, and the shop free from customers or visitors. To the abrupt question of whether he had been in the church of St. Paul and St. Louis yesterday, the barber replied, with some confusion, that he certainly had been there—but he much wondered how monsieur knew of it—but he was there for no unworthy purpose, merely following Mademoiselle de Broussel and Josephine to prayers.

"How?—what?—De Broussel?" exclaimed St. Maur, in astonishment. A new light burst in upon him; the fair unknown of Nôtre Dame, the youthful devotee so regular in her attendance at prayers at the church of St. Paul, could be no other than Mademoiselle de Broussel. Still further questioning Jules verified the idea. Little had he imagined, that the lady twice proposed as a bride so unceremoniously, was already an object of his sympathy—as little could she imagine herself the cause of strife between the Coadjutor of Paris and the fair scion of the house of Chevreuse! What will be the feelings of De Retz, when he discovers that the damsel he himself is in pursuit of is the same he has recommended his secretary to pay court to? This thought induced a smile which very much relieved the anxiety of the barber, who had begun to suspect that he was the cause of some mischief which would destroy all the fine air-castles of his imagination.

It was accident, Jules declared, that caused him to quit the president's house a few moments after Josephine and her young mistress

had departed for prayers. He soon overtook them, and being unwilling to be seen, having already gleaned from the worthy and communicative housekeeper all he desired, he lingered behind, admiring, as he assured St. Maur, the elegant figure and graceful deportment of mademoiselle, till they turned up the avenue leading to the church. Quickening his pace, to make up for lost time, he was hurrying off, when he perceived that he was not a solitary admirer of the lady; there were two men, who had apparently been waiting her arrival, and who followed her into the sacred edifice. That a lady of her beauty should be followed he thought noways surprising, but what certainly did astonish him was the curious circumstance, that the proceedings of these two men, who appeared like gentlemen of quality, habited in the apparel of an humble class of society, were watched by a third party, a man dressed after the fashion of a *maître d'hôtel*, or major-domo of a family of rank. It was from a desire to see how the affair would terminate, and to render aid to the lady if necessary, which induced him to enter the church, where, unseen of the damsel and of Josephine, he watched all parties, though he believed that his purpose was suspected by the two gallants, from the scrutinising glances to which he was subjected. When Josephine and her charge left the church, he still, unseen by them, lingered in the rear, till he witnessed their safe entrance into the president's house. Whilst performing the duties of escort, he noticed that the two associates, seemingly disconcerted at the scrutiny to which they had been exposed, struck off in an opposite direction, after the shortest of the twain, a dark man, whose physiognomy he thought was not wholly strange to him, had taken one long farewell glance at the retiring damsel. The other man seemed to hang on the footsteps of the pair, though at a very respectful distance.

"It is a strange tale!" said the secretary.

"Not more strange than true," replied the barber, with an unquiet glance at his auditor. "How could monsieur know I had been in the church? *Jour de Dieu!* I often cast a look round, but saw none but the two gallants busy with me."

"That must remain a secret, Jules," observed St. Maur; "but why not tell me of this adventure last night?"

The barber replied, that when he was threatened with the cudgel for what he meant as a piece of service, he thought it time to break off and run away. The youth spoke kindly to Jules, regretting his hastiness, and acknowledging the good intent manifested in his actions, which should not fail of recompence. He was now anxious to leave the house, for thoughts crowded on the mind which rendered his companion's conversation irksome. He took a hasty departure, leaving an impression with Jules, whether intentional or not, that he was not to desist from watching his supposed interest in the family of the president.

Away from the barber's domicile, he had leisure to reflect on the present embarrassing, yet somewhat ludicrous, state of his fortunes. Would the Coadjutor desist from designs on the damsel, knowing her to be Mademoiselle de Broussel? Doubtless he would, for the coherence of the Fronde depended on the amicable relations established

between its chiefs; and it was at this very juncture an especial object with De Retz to keep on good terms with the president. Should St. Maur inform him of the discovery? There were many reasons why he should—it would clear up the mystery attached to the odd circumstance of any retainer or dependant of his being a spy on the actions of the prelate.

But then—pride revolted from the thought! De Retz having proposed the lady to the secretary—although the latter's views were very far from harmonising with the prelate's recommendation; yet he reflected, that if he were to inform him of her name and quality, it would have the appearance of a wish to buy off the Coadjutor's pursuit.

St. Maur had a touch of the spirit of his ancestors, and felt that if the lady of his affections were subjected to the libertine addresses of a man like De Retz, he would prefer deciding his pretensions at the sword's point to any more humbling mode of terminating the suit.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Mais quand le peuple est maître on n'agit qu'en tumulte
La voix de la raison jamais ne se consulte.
Les honneurs sont vendus aux plus ambitieux,
L'autorité livré au plus seditieux;
Ces petits souverains qu'il fait pour une année
Voyant d'un temps si court leur puissance bornée,
Des plus heureux desseins font avorter le fruit
De peur de les laisser à celui qui les suit."

CORNEILLE.

St. Maur was in the same state of indecision when he waited on the Coadjutor in the evening; he had not framed any satisfactory replies to the questions which he expected would be asked; and was obliged to leave the affair, as is often done by wiser heads, to the solution of the chapter of accidents.

And accident befriended him on the occasion, for De Retz returned from the Hôtel accompanied by Beaufort, and several others of lesser note of the Fronde. The usual good fortune of the Coadjutor was manifested in the secret intelligence which he had just received from St. Cloud, that the king's herald would be at the gates of Paris on the morrow; his friends were therefore anxious to make the most of the intervening time, and all minor matters were forgotten or laid aside.

By the discussion which ensued, St. Maur learned that De Broussel's sympathies with the interests of the Fronde had been strengthened in the way pointed out by, and through the agency of, De Retz. Du Tremblay was gained over by the promise of the governorship of the Bastille, and through his representations, and Madame du Tremblay's entreaties, the old president had been obliged to forego his wish for a reconciliation with the court. The secret of the herald's intended summons was confided only to De Beaufort, and one or two others of unwavering allegiance; the means by which the Coadjutor intended to work, required that it should not be divulged until a particular juncture. Besides, as he remarked to the Duke, if the Cardinal

knew that the card he were about to play was known to his enemies, he might change his plans.

The deliberations upon this, and other important matters, completely shut out allusion to the private concerns of St. Maur and the Coadjutor. The secretary had also work sufficient to engage him till the morning, and forgot, in the anxiety attendant on his duties, Isoline, the fair De Broussel, and her gay, profligate admirer, and all the embarrassing trains of thought which had of late occupied his mind.

To have seen De Retz, after a night of toil, spent in writing, dictating, and in secret consultation with his compeers,—with unimpaired strength of body and vigour of intellect, preparing himself for the labours of an eventful day,—no one could have believed it possible, that the alert, subtle ecclesiastic, at whose beck Paris lifted up or laid down its arms, was the slave of a wild girl, such as Isabelle de Chevreuse. St. Maur, who had beheld him, in the hour of weakness, shrinking from the rage of an infuriate vixen, now stood before a man, conscious of despotic power, revelling in the strength of the people's will, and confident of victory.

The Chamber of Parliament was the chosen arena for the display of his eloquence on this day, and St. Maur had instructions to repair thither, after executing sundry commissions entrusted to his care.

The subordinate leaders and scout-masters had received orders, late in the evening, to muster the people early on the morrow, and cause as much excitement as possible in the populace, so that they might be ripe and ready for any movement of the chiefs. The secretary, therefore, was prepared to find the streets crowded, and the public places occupied by crowds of citizens, artisans, and the usual train of the markets and hucksters' stalls. Every one was inquiring the cause of the assemblage of which he himself formed a part, seemingly unconscious that the question would be best resolved in the motive which induced the questioner to stir abroad.

About the hour of ten, there appeared a gradual concentration towards the Hôtel de Ville; even the space underneath the bronze statue on the *pont-neuf*, the daily resort of orators, ballad-mongers, and venders of ready-made dinners and desserts, was abandoned. The mob, without knowing why, yet acted by a common impulse, felt itself impelled towards the former station, and carried the simple loiterer and the active frondeur along with the stream. The emissaries of the faction were so well disciplined as to be enabled, by unostentatiously heading the various groups, to direct their movements, and lead them to the intended scene of operation.

St. Maur, who at the above-named hour was crossing the bridge, found himself involved in the slowly-moving crowd, and as his progress was consequently much retarded, took amusement in studying the deportment of the compatriots, and listening to the medley of their discourse. A *chanson* was struck up, in which his own name occurred; he smiled, as the words brought to mind the event on which it was founded, and which had excited both the attention and ridicule of the Parisians. It related to the conciliatory, but fatal, overture which he carried from Mazarin to the Prince of Condé; the words,

which several times caught the ear from the group now singing, were

Buffle à manches de velours noir,
Portoit le grand Monsieur St. Maur.

These were the initiatory lines of the song, but formed also the chorus to the following verses; and as the secretary heard his name, ever and anon, echoing over the quiet waters of the Seine, he was in great doubt whether it were intended as complimentary to his presence, or the result of accident. He could not determine whether he were recognised or not, and was only recalled from the dilemma, by a voice shouting from behind in tones, once very familiar, and not yet forgotten,

Condé rentre dans ton devoir
Si tu ne veux qu'il te devore.

He looked back, and the extended hand of Gourville was already on his shoulder. As they saluted each other, to all appearance very cordially, the master of the horse continued in his loud rough voice,

C'est un tigre affamé de sang,
Quand il combat au premier rang,
Que ce brave Monsieur St. Maur——

"Silence! Gourville!" cried the youth, angry at the publicity of the rencontre, "or by St. ——" and the secretary paused, unwilling to indulge in the oath already on his lips.

"By St. Maur! you would say," rejoined the master of the horse, "as good a saint to swear by as any in the calendar—that is," he continued, dropping his voice, "if such a saint be found there."

After a few words of explanation, as their route was the same, they agreed on companionship, and St. Maur was not sorry to walk under convoy of this formidable and enthusiastic officer of the Prince of Condé. He pushed aside the lagging passengers, called to others to make room, and opened a much quicker path for himself and his young friend, than the latter would ever have attempted on his own behalf, let the emergency be never so pressing.

The arms and equipment of the desultory train, called forth constant remarks from Gourville. It looked as though the bearers had plucked them at hazard from walls and cupboards, where they had lain rusting many a year. Lances which had graced the tilt-yard—axes of old date—and swords and matchlocks of all eras and fashions. A formidable array to encounter the Marshal Turenne, should he assault the city, as the master of the horse observed.

"And look, St. Maur," he continued, "at that boy with the gilt cuirass, and the figure of an angel on the breast. Depend upon it, he is the contingent furnished by your old host, La Motte of the Golden Angel."

And the secretary did take the trouble of looking, for he was close to the wearer of the cuirass; but what Gourville had mistaken for an angel, was the beatified relievo of a monk, and underneath, in large letters, were the words, Jaques Clement.

This was the name of a Dominican monk, who killed Henry the

Third for his supposed apostacy, as St. Maur's knowledge of history enabled him to inform Gourville, and who having been put to death by Henry's successor, was canonized by the Catholic party.

"It's a relique of the League," said the master of the horse, laughing; "wait awhile, and we shall see the sword of Charlemagne or lance of St. Louis!"

Milliners and tailors had invented articles of dress *à la Fronde* without number—these were left to the taste and discretion of the wearer—but the Fronde imposed on all its members, the assumption of Condé's favourite colour, the Isabelle-blue, which might be exhibited in either scarf, feather, or mantle.

It was the fashion of the day for people of quality—as the phrase went then—to wear a short cloak or mantle, fastened closely round the neck, and hanging in folds around the body, seldom reaching so low as the knee. Over it was worn a collar of rich lace, open in front, and fastened with a jewel, whilst from beneath fell the tassels of the cloak. It was a chosen mode with the gallants of the Fronde to have the strings and tassels of Condé's colour; and a blue-tinted feather mingling with the white ostrich-wreath which clung round the hat. The burgesses, and others of similar rank, following the same fashion of garments, likewise adopted the emblematic colour in the tassels and cloak-buttons, but making little or no display of lace and feathers, and the colour of the cloak being generally black, or other sober hue—contrasting unfavourably with the white and drab cloth of the noblesse—the imprint of the Fronde was not so legible in their *ensemble*. All classes, even to the water-carriers, and charcoal-burners with their tattered cloaks, adopted the prevailing colour in some shape.

Gourville and St. Maur, habited in light-coloured mantles, were yet further distinguished, as closely allied to Condé, by their broad blue scarves which they wore across the breast, and which were conspicuous under the opening of the upper garment. The gay plumage aided very much the exertions of the master of the horse in forcing a way through the crowd; the populace very politely shrank from soiling the clothes of the gallants by contact with their own dirty habiliments. There was a self-expressed inferiority in these revolters—such as might be imaged of humble delf in the presence of porcelain—which contrasted singularly with the condition of rebels in arms against a dynasty old as the city itself. But the French people had not then lost their respect for gentle birth and ancestral authority; another century and a half of unrewarded toil and hardship was wanting to grind the feeling out of their hearts.

After crossing the bridge, they continued along the quays, walking with more freedom, as the crowd was not so dense, till the turning which opens into the Place of the Hôtel-de-Ville, burst upon the view. On many occasions, during the Fronde, the auditory had been addressed from the windows of this ancient pile, but now, a stage or rostrum was erected in front of the hotel, and accommodation prepared for the orators. With much exertion, and continual application of his rhetorical powers, Gourville forced a way for himself and St. Maur, to within a short distance of the stage. The secretary during their walk had unfortunately confessed that he had never heard

De Beaufort address the people, though he had often been amused by the strange remarks and odd sayings of the princely orator in council.

"You are but a milk-and-water Frondeur after all!" cried Gourville, when he had succeeded in dragging his companion to the spot.

He affected to treat the youth in precisely the same patronizing style adopted when St. Maur was a hanger-on at the Hôtel de Condé: but this was an error of judgment, as well as want of courtesy and politeness, and the secretary was indignant, though silent.

"You have forgotten my lesson on the *Quai des Orfevres* with the goldsmith," continued Gourville, "or it would never have been written, as the song says,

Monsieur St. Maur consent à la paix.

These words, which formed part of the *chanson* overheard by the youth on the bridge of the *Pont-Neuf*, were sung by Gourville in the off-hand, careless tone assumed by the lower grade of the Frondeurs, and St. Maur was provoked *à l'outrance*.

"I will wait for Monsieur de Beaufort, as it is your pleasure," said the secretary, endeavouring to assume a calmness which he did not feel, "but when the comedy is over, we will retire and settle the conditions of our future intercourse."

"Are you angry?" asked Gourville, throwing a careless glance at the youth.

St. Maur was angry—the right glove had been drawn from the hand accidentally, and when Gourville spoke, he was about to draw it on, but the cool insolence of Condé's official was so provoking, that he made the attempt to dash it across his face.

Whether Gourville anticipated the action or not, his ready fingers caught the uplifted arm, and prevented the blow.

"It is well done, St. Maur, and I ask your forgiveness," said the Gascon, in an altered tone; "till now I never had faith in you—the Prince had—and it seems he has more discernment than I. If your honour be not satisfied with less, Jean Gourville will feel happy in the distinction of measuring swords with Monsieur St. Maur—but now, or hereafter, I am ready to confess the wrong, and shall feel proud of your friendship."

St. Maur was well pleased to accept the *amende*, though he certainly could not perceive the wisdom of the proceeding of insulting a man as a prelude to a closer intimacy or friendship; but he reflected, compassionately, that the nature of Gourville was so insolent and overbearing, that he could not easily associate courage, or a sense of honour, with a quiet demeanour. They were, therefore, through the forbearance of the youth, friends again; and the appearance of the Duke of Beaufort on the rostrum or hustings, put an end to further excuses and apologies.

The vast assemblage which thronged around the speaker was composed of fearful materials. Men, whose savage, discontented looks, and ragged dress, bespoke poverty and crime. Amongst this class might be recognised the disbanded soldier, accustomed to rapine in war, and in peace too indolent to work, lurking after the footsteps of

honest industry, and ready to pounce on spoil wherever the chance offered—by his side stood the timid, though more adroit vagabond of the metropolis, accomplished in the mode of petty larcenies and pilferings. The gentler sex were not absent when Beaufort showed his face. More honest than the men, their passions were more violent—Mazarin they would have torn in pieces—the Palais Royal they would have burnt to ashes—and the Queen,—there is no divining what they would have done with her majesty; but she was detested, as a false, disloyal woman, heaping favours upon a foreigner, whilst the children of the soil were starving.

Les dames des halles, or market-women, the *poissonières*, or fish-venders, to use the most polite English term, have been ever a dangerous class, and were as much dreaded by Anne of Austria as by Marie Antoinette. Yet these female furies were the most delighted of De Beaufort's auditory—the most easily led by his eccentric eloquence—and with whom he would more readily have trusted his life; than with the advisers and councillors of the polite court of Anne. If his success with this class were at all a secret, it is a secret easily mastered. They were hard-working women, often with large families to support, perhaps indolent husbands to maintain—the labours of the day mostly undergone whilst people of condition were still asleep. They felt the burthen of the task—there was no help, no relief, no prospect that years of penury and labour would afford repose—the feelings might be blunted to the want of daily necessaries, but the heart was tremblingly alive to the inequality of fortune—to the oppression which ground to the dust the families of the poor, which exempted the clergy and noblesse from taxation, and which caused the entire burthens of the state to fall upon the lowest and weakest classes.

No wonder that the voice of the Duke of Beaufort—the grandson, though illegitimate, of the good King Henry—should be welcome when preaching good tidings to the poor. Distressing only is it to reflect that he had no sympathy with the feelings he created—to obtain the miserable post of the Admiralty, he was willing to awake vain hopes in the bosoms of his victims—to delude one class, whilst he suffered interminable ridicule at the hands of his own.

These are but the reflections of posterity. Let us return to the man, as he stood before the Parisian populace, the attractive hero of the Fronde, the orator *par excellence* of the people—*le roi des halles*, or king of the market-places, as he was called.

As we have elsewhere said, Beaufort was of commanding stature, with features which corresponded with his height; a nobleman in all the outward marks of nobility, condescending, familiar, and alive to the habits of life, the manners, necessities, and peculiar language and dialect of the Parisian lower classes—deficient in true nobility of soul, and even deficient, when in contact with his compeers, of many of the habits and ways of speech of honourable and civilized society.

"My friends," he exclaimed, looking around, and saluting the female portion of the audience, "the blessings of a July morning upon your sweet faces! Paris is our own from the Arsenal to the

Cour de la Reine! No insolent whippers-in to flog us from the path of a wanton woman when she chooses to take the air!"

"But we want bread for our children!" cried one of the female auditors; "tell us, Beaufort, where we can get that!"

"You do want bread," continued the Duke, "and be witness to my efforts at Charenton, where we lost so many good friends—if the city is straitened, it is not my fault! But you will want bread as long as that infamous Italian has foot on French ground. The parliament put a price on his head, but he is still alive—fifty thousand crowns! The same sum did Charles the Ninth award to whoever should bring the head of the traitor Coligni—and that amount has our good parliament proclaimed for the skull of that Italian wolf, Mazarin——"

"I would do it for fifty crowns!" shouted a desperado.

"What credit has he with foreign courts?" continued the orator, "about as much as a chance cur at a butcher's shop! And what good does he do for you at home? You all take your dinner, as the beggar does, under his cloak—instead of asking friends to partake. My royal grandfather,—may the saints protect his soul!—hoped the day would come when every Frenchman—and every Frenchwoman too—would have a pot on the hearth, and a fowl to put in it!"

"Long live the memory of the good Henry—and long live his grandson!" was echoed in reiterated plaudits from the crowd.

"And long live King Louis! I would say," cried the Duke. "Let us hope he may prove a second Henry! And death to the Italian who keeps him in bondage!"

He then proceeded to expatiate in a similar strain on his own and their loyalty to the youthful Louis, deprecating the reproach thrown out by the court, that they were at war with their rightful sovereign. It was the object, he said, of the Italian to instil into the young monarch, that they were traitors and rebels, and he was sorry to declare to his friends that there was a considerable party in the parliament who were anxious to enter into a consultation with the court, even whilst Mazarin was still in office, and finally to buy their peace in delivering up the city to the vengeance of the Italian, and the spiteful Regent.

"Give up the names of the traitors!" was shouted by a hundred voices.

Beaufort declared that he would not brand them so publicly through motives of compassion; for he feared, if he did, his fair friends, *les dames des halles*, would go to their houses and inflict summary vengeance.

But he pointed out what would prove a far more effectual mode of proceeding, which was to surround the palace-house of the parliament, and by the demonstration of their anger, overawe the disaffected to the Fronde—that is, the court party—into compliance with the wish of the majority, which was to keep no terms with the court, so long as the Italian had footing in the kingdom.

"My friends," he continued, "a little bird from St. Cloud came flying to me this morning with a new trick of the Italian. Signor

Faquinoso has persuaded his master to send a herald in his habit of war, with a trumpet, this very morning to the gates of the city. *Jour de Dieu!* are we at war with our king? A man must have a faith as gaping as the middle arch of the Pont-Neuf to believe that! But mark the cunning of the Scaramouche! He knows the parliament and the loyal people of Paris will be anxious to receive with joy and humility a message from their liege lord—and then, how this cheating vagabond will triumph! It would go abroad that a herald had passed and repassed between the king and the people of Paris—and we should have the odium attached to traitors flung upon us all. No, messieurs! much as we love the king, we must not receive the herald, or entertain his message, but send him back with protestations of fidelity, and a message to Faquinoso, to grease his boots for a long voyage!"

He then regretted that the court party in the parliament would advocate the reception of the herald, unless the long arms of his friends could reach them.

The single object of the address was now apparent to the comprehension of all; it was that the populace should invest the old palace in which the parliament held its sittings, and by intimidation and threats of violence, overawe those members of the corps, who were either partisans of the Queen, or whose disinterested opinions inclined them to snatch at every chance of peace which offered.

St. Maur, who had received orders to be near the person of the Coadjutor, whilst the prelate was in the chamber of parliament, foresaw the approaching storm in that direction, and resolved to reach his post while the path was still open. He therefore took a hasty leave of Gourville, and, before the latter had time to question or withhold him, mingled in the crowd and disappeared.

CHAPTER XVII.

> An eye whose judgment no affect could blind,
> Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;
> Whose piercing look did represent a mind
> With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile.—SURREY.

The sittings of the Parliament, as we have elsewhere intimated, were held in the Palace of Justice, known generally by the simple appellation of *le Palais;* a very ancient and irregular edifice, containing halls and chambers of surpassing architectural skill and beauty, yet the *tout-ensemble* of the building is deficient in proportion and design. Both the exterior and interior were also disfigured by the petty shops reared against its venerable walls, and the appropriation of many of the galleries within to the purposes of traffic and debauchery. It was in fact an assemblage of towers and buildings of all æras—to the antiquary teeming with historical interest—every tower, every chamber with its legend or tale, recalling personages and events of other days. Many of these apartments were now converted to base and mercenary purposes, and occupied by a class, a stranger to the

romance which yet hovered over the scenes of their early history. *La grand salle*, as it was called, was a vast apartment, composed of two immense parallel naves, vaulted with stone, and separated by a row of arcades which rested on pillars decorated with Doric pilasters—lighted only by arched windows at the extremity of each nave. Here resorted advocates, *procureurs*, clients, venders of every description of portable merchandize—the gay soubrette to attract the admiration of the youthful councillor in his passage to the adjoining courts—the provincial seigneur wasting his means in the prosecution of a lawsuit—and the squalid ruined client, loitering moodily in the scene of his early hopes. It had acquired, probably in relation to its being haunted by the last-named class, the *soubriquet* of the hall of *Lost Footsteps*. It was also used as a place of assignation by those who could not afford to wait the hour of appointment in a house of entertainment. From it are entrances into the different courts of justice, the court of requests, the court of aids, and of the grand chamber of parliament.

Since the commencement of the troubles of the Fronde, there had been but few private decisions promulgated by the courts. They had all united for political purposes, forming what was called the grand chamber, to which the peers and dignitaries of the church had the privileges of access, and of joining in the deliberations.

It was on this assembly that De Retz intended to operate, with the same motive, though in a different style, as De Beaufort in addressing his auditory in the public places.

The majority were certainly Frondeurs, and the general feeling was excessively bitter against Mazarin and his intendant of finances, D'Emeri, for creating and selling so many new offices, and thereby lessening the profits of the old functionaries; but there were members of good reputation and character, who desired to act independently of faction, and these were feared for their presumed leaning towards peace and reconciliation.

When St. Maur entered the old hall, there were evident tokens that the Parliament was sitting. It was occupied by servants, lacqueys, and retainers of the dignitaries, spiritual and temporal, who were engaged in the grand chamber, for it was already past the hour of meeting. Occasionally there was seen a president, or master of requests, in his robes of office, endeavouring, with the aid of servants, to force a passage through the idle crowd; anxious to make up by bustle for lost time, yet evincing the utmost care to prevent the flowing robes and perruque suffering by contact with the mob.

The liveries of the house of Retz de Gondi were conspicuous in the throng, the men well armed, as was the custom, and headed by the Italian valet Jocoso, a tall, thin, dark-eyed fellow, whose face indicated more pretensions to cunning than honesty, and who, as soon as he saw St. Maur, informed him that Monsiegneur had charged him to tell Monsieur the Secretary to wait in the retiring-room behind the grand chamber till the sitting was concluded. For himself, he added, that he was commissioned by the Coadjutor on a service which would require the assistance of two of the lacqueys, and he only waited St. Maur's appearance, to depart on the errand. The other men, he said,

were all in attendance, with orders not to leave the hall, and to be ready if occasion served.

The apartment appointed by De Retz as the post of St. Maur, was used as a waiting-room for the friends of the dignitaries, and far removed from the confusion of the outer-hall. It was contrary to etiquette for strangers to be admitted to the deliberate sittings of the parliament, and the secretary was therefore deprived of the opportunity of witnessing what passed within. But the constant egress and ingress of members of the corps summoned to a momentary conference with some friend or partisan, and the occasional appearance of the ushers, and other officers, afforded the secretary, and others similarly circumstanced, the chance of gathering a detail of the proceedings from time to time.

The Coadjutor, it was ascertained, had not spoken—his hour had not arrived. By-and-by, there was an observable bustle and stir among the officials, and it was whispered that a messenger had arrived from St. Cloud with orders from his majesty. St. Maur, who of course was in the secret, smiled at this version of the affair; presently, however, a more correct detail of the occurrence circulated from mouth to mouth;—the king's herald, tabarded and accompanied by a trumpet, was at the gate of St. Antoine, awaiting permission to deliver his message to the parliament. His arrival, as one of the ushers informed the secretary, had caused a great stir among the members, and a violent debate was commencing.

After the lapse of an hour, news came that it was expected the herald would be received, for the chief president, De Molé, had, in a speech of much firmness, declared for his reception, which had strengthened and encouraged the peace-party and the friends of the court.

For awhile, all was quiet in the retiring-room, and its occupants loitered about, or tired, sought amusement in the outer-hall. But it was soon evident that all was not so quiet in the grand chamber; shouts, cries, clapping of hands, and other demonstrations of excitement, were audible, even where St. Maur and his fellow-listeners stood.

Word was brought that De Retz had made a display of eloquence, vehement and revengeful, flinging defiance at the chief president, and all who sided with him. He had, it was supposed, lost temper at the unexpected and vigorous opposition to the views of the Fronde, and it was now talked of, that the court must have secretly communed with its adherents, as they acted in concert, and with address, receiving every encouragement from De Molé, whose uprightness of character, and high station, carried great weight.

There was another interval, and after awhile, cries were again heard, but they came from another quarter. They were from without, from the court-yards of the palace, and from the surrounding streets. It was the united cry of thousands, uttering threats of vengeance upon the parliament. The news spread rapidly through the palace, and soon came to the ears of St. Maur,—realizing his apprehensions whilst listening to De Beaufort—that the edifice was completely invested, and the lives of all within at the mercy of the mob.

In the chamber of parliament, it was said, the confusion and violence were quite as great; angry bickerings, challenges, and open insults, were banded between the two parties, whilst the more timorous were beseeching the chief president to grant the people their demands.

Terror began to seize upon those who, like the secretary, were connected with the parliamentary corps, and many left the chamber, mingling with the lacqueys and attendants in the hall of Lost Footsteps, afraid of sharing the fate of the gentlemen of the robe, and hoping for some loop-hole to escape. Others, and amongst this class we must include St. Maur, staid for the purpose of succouring their friends.

The secretary knew that his master had nothing to fear at the hands of the populace, but he might be struck down in the *mêlee*, or receive his fate from the weapons of the court party. He left the retiring-room, and gave orders to the Coadjutor's people to keep together, and avoiding brawls with any one, be on the alert to assist Monseigneur on the emergency. On his return he ascertained that Beaufort's mob had caught several members of the Robe, and had sent them to the chamber, with a plain intimation that if the parliament did not immediately come to the conclusion of dismissing the herald unheard, the palace should be fired, and the obnoxious members, if they escaped, put to the sword. It was very evident that Mazarin's gold had been flowing plentifully in certain quarters, and that the court had been operating secretly and strongly with a view to a division in its favour on this day; for when De Molé declared, on receiving the message, that he would not take the law from the *canaille*, but would die on his seat rather than submit, the party adverse to the Fronde had the hardihood to second the resolve, and even menace personally De Retz's friends.

St. Maur's experience confirmed this opinion, for he observed that of those about him, there was scarcely a friend of the Coadjutor present, and many remarks were let drop inimical to the party, whilst in the outer-hall, the retainers of those supposed to be attached to the court, were mustered in great numbers. It was very evident, he thought, that both Mazarin's party and De Retz had each, unconsciously to the other, prepared for the occasion, and that the Coadjutor stood in the worse position; for although he had planned De Beaufort's proceedings, and had confirmed several wavering Frondeurs by promises, yet as he wished it to remain a secret that he had anticipated the arrival of the herald, the preparations for his personal safety, in the midst of enemies, were necessarily very limited.

The report of fire-arms was heard, and intelligence flew from the outer-hall to the apartments and lobbies adjoining the grand chamber, that the mob had lighted torches in their hands, and were becoming very impatient. St. Maur cast an eye on the assemblage present, to observe the effect of the news; several declared that if they fell, De Retz, who was the author of all these calamities, should not escape. The error of his own party, in not better providing for the safety of friends within the palace, was every moment growing more evident, and St. Maur was debating whether it were not the wisest course to

throw off restraint, and muster the lacqueys of the Coadjutor within the apartment, when an usher made his appearance, having just quitted the grand chamber, and said that De Molé, at the earnest entreaties of many of the members, desirous of saving their own lives, and of preserving the edifice, had consented, at the last moment, to depute an usher to the mob to assure the people that the herald should be dismissed unheard; but he first required that the Coadjutor should go forward, and induce his *friends* to lay aside their arms, and ensure a safe-conduct for the officials of the parliament in their way to the *porte St. Antoine.*

Whilst comments were passing from mouth to mouth on these proceedings, the folding-doors of a lobby, which divided the retiring-room from the grand chamber, were partially opened, just sufficient to allow the Coadjutor to protrude his dark head, his body and shoulders remaining in the lobby. Casting his eye round, he called aloud to St. Maur to approach. The youth quickly obeyed the summons, but before he reached the doors, he perceived that some one in the lobby was jamming them together, and had caught the neck of De Retz, as in a vice.

"Haste! haste! St. Maur, or I am lost," cried the prelate, his dark visage growing blacker; "they will strike at my back."

The youth flung himself forward, and essayed with all his strength to release the Coadjutor, but in vain; the doors were held fast by a force superior to his own, and he heard a voice crying to others to come and poignard St. Retz in the back, for he had caught him in a trap.

"Once again—good friend—help," cried the Coadjutor, in a voice scarcely articulate; "push the left-hand door. La Rochefoucault has pinned me tight—he cannot use his dagger—there is yet time—but I hear footsteps—now!"

St. Maur, half frantic, threw his shoulder against that part of the door indicated by De Retz, but it yielded not to his efforts. He called to the spectators, if they would see murder committed in open day, but the appeal had no effect—they were not the prelate's friends; whilst La Rochefoucauld from within was continually swearing and calling down curses on his party for their delay in coming, and making an end of the arch-enemy.

St. Maur, on his side, made another appeal, and this time it was answered by a shout of rescue, which came from Jules Martin, who struggling forward, added his strength to that of the secretary, whilst De Retz, his dimmed eyes beaming again with hope, shouted faintly—

"One more push, good friends—get but the door open—and we'll drown in hell, parliament, bloodhounds and all!"

The double effort was successful—the half-door against which they had carried their weight, flew back, and St. Maur, Jules, the Coadjutor, and the herculean La Rochefoucauld, were flung forward almost at the feet of those who—at length attracted by the cries of the assassin—were rushing to the rencontre. But with the foes of De Retz, came friends, for the noise attracted attention, even in the grand chamber. Swords were drawn, and crossed—the glittering breviary of the Coadjutor displayed—whilst many a concealed weapon emerging from the bosom or side of the grave gentlemen of the Robe,

gave note of bloody fray. But a few moments, and carnage would have been rife throughout the sacred precincts of justice, when De Molé, leaving the canopied chair, flung himself among the combatants, and by entreaties, prayers, and appeals to their humanity, succeeded in gaining a truce.

The cowardly action of La Rochefoucauld, on other occasions a man of honour and courage, and who had recently deserted the Fronde, and doubtless for no mean consideration at the hands of the court, for he was a nobleman who set a high value on his services, was very justly condemned.

De Retz, who had intended St. Maur should accompany him in his visit to quiet the populace, and was in the act of calling his secretary for that purpose, when La Rochefoucauld espied the chance of doing Mazarin and the Queen-Regent a mighty service, was again besought by the parliament to go forth, and calm the storm without.

He was conducted by St. Maur, and five or six friends, and followed by the humble Jules Martin, who was continually endeavouring to gain the private ear of the secretary, saying he had an affair of the utmost importance to communicate, but the youth was too intent on objects of higher interest than the barber's tales, to listen to his follower.

The appearance of the Place in front of the *Palais de Justice* was imposing—one vast sea of heads—all Paris, bristling, and armed to the teeth—caps, bonnets, pikes waving to and fro, as a forest shaken by the wind; but when the Coadjutor appeared, every motion was stilled, every sound hushed. Calmness reigned in the presence of the prelate—silence such as is felt in Nôtre Dame when the choir ceases, and the last notes dying on the air, the Coadjutor ascends the pulpit in the midst of the expectant congregation.

He had recovered from the disorder occasioned by the unmanly attempt on his life—he spoke not of it to the populace—but in a few words assured them that the parliament would dismiss the herald without audience—that the usher and serjeants were now waiting with the chief president's commands to that effect, and he craved of them a safe passage to the *Porte St. Antoine* for the officials.

The populace answered in loud shouts of approval, mingled with the customary war-notes of the Fronde: "Long live King Louis! Long live our Coadjutor—and death to the Mazarin!"

Whilst De Retz was addressing the people, Jules found the opportunity of acquainting St. Maur with the discovery he had made of a projected attempt to carry off Mademoiselle De Broussel, and which possibly, as so much time had been lost in finding the secretary, was accomplished. It was from an overheard discourse of two men who met at his shop, and entered into while he was engaged in the back-room. Believing themselves alone, a desultory conversation took place, from which he gathered that a coach was waiting in readiness in the avenue of the Church of St. Paul and St. Louis—and that they anticipated no difficulty in their project, as all the world would be engaged elsewhere, and they had force sufficient to beat off a solitary passenger or two, who might be disposed to interfere. The lady's name he did not hear, but from all the circumstances, had no doubt that they referred to the

fair daughter of the president, an opinion in which St. Maur, who listened attentively to the recital, coincided.

The hour was at hand in which the attempt was to be executed—the opportunity afforded by the lady attending prayers; she was to be seized and hurried into the coach at the moment of her turning into the avenue, and carried off, he could not hear where.

"My good friend! you were my deliverer from that cowardly assassin," exclaimed De Retz, who having finished his mission, came upon Jules and St. Maur ere they aware. "What recompense can I give? Will you enter into the service of the palace?"

Jules replied, that if Monseigneur would permit him to enter the service of St. Maur, he should feel grateful. The Coadjutor smiled at the forbearance of the barber; he very willingly, he said, consented to the request, and would give, in addition, whatever Jules demanded.

The barber brightening up, replied that urgent business called Monsieur St. Maur away from the duty he owed Monseigneur, and it would detain him several hours. If he could be spared, it was all he asked of the prelate's gratitude.

"Go, St. Maur! He is an odd fellow," said De Retz laughing; "and lets me off more easily than either friends or enemies are disposed to."

"But—Monsiegneur," cried St. Maur expostulating.

"My peril is over now," rejoined the Coadjutor. "I see you are in deep conference together—and will not spoil the affair."

So saying, De Retz passed on with his friends, and returned to the interior of the palace. At the portal he paused, turned once more to the assembled groups, and making the sign of benediction, amidst the murmured prayers of the people, disappeared.

"He is a very holy man," whispered Jules to St. Maur; "but he is one of the two cavaliers who watched mademoiselle whilst she was at prayers. I thought they were people of condition—I can always distinguish a gentleman."

SONNET.

A CHARACTER.

By the world's smooth attrition unrefin'd
  Away or polish'd into nothingness—
  Thought had not keen'd to dazzling subtleness
A wit that cuts,—a tongue, whose flashes blind!
But sheath'd in heart was *her's* a gentle mind,
  Whose sphere was Home.—Meek Mary's part,—to bless
  With busy zeal, her careful happiness,—
Self-merg'd in others' being—thoughtless kind!
With her each tale of misery was true,—
  Pity's unforged key,—unwont to weigh
  Her charity in Prudence' scales away;
And what Love gave that Memory squander'd too.
  Ne'er to *her* ken had books the world unseal'd,—
But *The* Book she lov'd and knew a brighter One reveal'd.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

BY J. W. LAKE, OF PARIS.

THE MAID OF LA VENDEE.[1]

LA PRISON DU BOUFFAYS.

THERE was not a moment to lose; it was, therefore, to the house inhabited by Carrier himself, Place de Cours, that the two friends pressed their steeds. Arrived there, Marceau jumped from his horse, mechanically took his pistols from the holsters, hid them under his cloak, and hurriedly proceeded to the apartments of him who held in his hands the destiny of Blanche. His friend followed him with more coolness, although at the same time ready to aid and defend him, if necessary, and to risk his own life with as much nonchalance as upon the field of battle. But the deputy of the Montagne too well knew how much, and how universally, he was execrated, not to be mistrustful in the highest degree, and neither entreaties nor threats could prevail on him to admit the two generals to an interview. Marceau left the house more tranquilly than his friend could have imagined. A sudden thought seemed to have struck him; and, after a moment's rumination, he requested General Dumas to hasten to the post-house, engage a carriage and horses, and to wait with them at the Porte de Bouffays till he came.

The rank and the name of Marceau procured him admittance into that prison; he ordered the gaoler to conduct him to the dungeon where Blanche was confined; the gaoler hesitated a moment; Marceau reiterated the order in a more imperious tone, and the man obeyed, making a sign to the general to follow him.

"She is not alone," said his conductor, on opening the low and arched door of a dungeon whose obscurity made Marceau shudder, "but she will soon be delivered from her companion, who is to be guillotined to-day. In the mean time, citizen-general, pray make your visit as short as possible, or you may get me into trouble." On saying this, he went out, and shut the door.

Still under the influence of the sudden change from light into darkness, Marceau stretched out his arms like a drowning man, trying, but unable, to articulate the name of Blanche, and vainly seeking to distinguish the object of his soul's affection in that den of horror . . . He heard a cry . . . the young maiden threw herself into his arms; she had recognised him at once; her sight had become habituated to the dungeon's gloom.

She threw herself into his arms! for an instant, her age and sex were forgotten in her terror; life and death were at issue! She clang to him, as a shipwrecked mariner to a solitary rock, with con-

[1] Concluded from page 210.

ng to him, her solitary hope, with sobs and

. . .

in broken sentences—

n forsaken me! They arrested me—

crowd that followed, I perceived

! and he disappeared.—Oh! I

olding you again—even here.

nd you will not quit me

You will not leave me

stantly from this dungeon,

pping walls, this infected straw;

t——."

can knock at that door, and blow out

no opens it; I can drag you into the pri-

breathe the air, behold the heavens, and be

ding you. But, when I am dead, Blanche, they

ack to this dungeon, and there would no longer exist

e being who could save you."

n you save me then?"

aps—I trust, I hope I can."

oon?"

"Two days, Blanche; I ask of you two days. But reply to me in your turn; answer one question upon which depends your life and mine. Answer as you would to your God! . . . Blanche, do you love me?"

"Is this the moment and the place in which such a question should be made, or answered! Are these walls suited to declarations of love?"

"Yes! this is the moment, this is the place, for we are now between life and the tomb, between existence and eternity. Blanche, hasten then to answer me; each instant is an hour, each hour a year. Blanche, dost *thou* love me?"*

"Yes, yes, yes!"

These words escaped from the heart of the young maiden, who, forgetting that her blushes could not be seen, hid her face in the arms of Marceau.

"Eh bien! Blanche, thou must accept me for thy husband, this very instant.

"What can be your design?"

"My design is to tear thee from the hands of death. We shall see whether they dare send to the scaffold the wife of a republican general!"

Blanche now comprehended him fully; she shuddered at the danger to which he would expose himself to save her. The strength of her affection grew with her advancing gratitude; but, recalling her courage, she said, with firmness—

"It is impossible."

* *Thou*, in the endearing sense.

"Impossible!" interrupted Marceau, "impossible! Why this is madness. And what obstacle can interpose between us and happiness, since thou hast just avowed thou lovest me? Thinkest thou then that all this is a jest? But listen, then, listen! it is thy death! See, behold! death on the scaffold! the fatal cart—the executioner—the sharp and sudden axe!" . . . .

"Oh! pity, pity! it is frightful. But thou, thou! once thy wife, if that title fails to save me, it will cause thee to perish with me!" . . . .

"That is the reason then that makes thee reject the sole remaining chance of saving thee. Well, then, Blanche, now hear me, for I, too, in my turn, have avowals to make to thee. From the first time I saw thee, I loved thee; that love is become a passion; it is the life of my life, my existence is thine, thy fate shall be mine; happiness or the scaffold, I will partake either, all with thee; I will quit thee no more, no human power can separate us; or if I do quit thee, it shall be but to cry *Vive le Roi!* These words will re-open to me thy prison, from which we shall go out but once more, and *together*. Well, be it so! it will be something at least; the same dungeon, the same cart, and death on the same scaffold!"

"Oh! no, no, go away! leave me, in the name of heaven, leave me!"

"Go away, leave thee! Take heed of what thou sayest, and decidest, since if I leave thee without calling thee mine, without thy giving me the right to defend thee, I will hasten to thy father, thy father of whom thou thinkest not, and who weepest for thee, and I will say to him—'Old man, she could have saved thee, thy daughter, but she would not; she chose that thy latter days should be shrouded in sadness and mourning, and that her blood should stream even upon thy gray hairs. Weep, weep, old man! not that thy daughter is dead, but that she lovest thee not enough to live!"

Marceau had repulsed Blanche, who had fallen on her knees a few steps from him; while he, his teeth clenched, his arms crossed on the breast, with a frenzied and unearthly laugh, traversed the narrow dungeon. The convulsive sobs of the distracted girl smote his heart, tears of self-reproaching tenderness gushed from his eyes, his arms fell forceless from his bosom, and he sunk on the earth at her feet.

"Oh! for pity's sake, for all that is most sacred in this world, by the tomb of thy mother, Blanche!—Blanche, consent to become my wife;—thou must, thou ought!" . . . .

"Yes, thou ought, young maiden," interrupted a stranger-voice, which made them both start and rise up;—"thou ought, since it is the only way of preserving a life but just commencing; religion ordains thee, and I myself am ready to consecrate and bless your union."

Marceau, astonished, turned round, and recognised the Curé de Sainte-Marie de Rhé,* who formed a part of the royalist reunion he had attacked the night he had taken Blanche prisoner.

"Oh, my father!" cried he, seizing the hand of the good priest, "Oh, my father! prevail on her to consent to live."

* See p. 199.

"Blanche de Beaulieu," resumed the pious man, in a solemn tone, "in the name of thy sire, whom, by my age and the friendship that unites us, I have the right to represent,—I call upon, I conjure thee to yield to the entreaties of this young man; for thy father himself, if here, would do as I do."

Agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions, the hesitating Blanche at length threw herself into the arms of Marceau—

"O mon ami!" said she, "I have not strength to resist thee longer. Marceau, I love thee! I love thee! and I am thy wife."

Marceau, transported with joy, seemed to have forgotten all else. The voice of the venerable pastor, however, soon awoke him from his ecstacy.

"Hasten, my children," said he, "for the moments of my earthly sojourning are counted, and if you delay farther, I shall only be able to bless you from on High."

The two lovers shuddered; that voice called them back to earth! . . . . . Blanche cast her affrighted looks around the dreary place, and said,—

"Oh, my beloved! what a moment for uniting our destinies! What a temple for our nuptials! Thinkest thou that a union consecrated beneath these sad and gloomy vaults can prove durable and happy?"

Marceau trembled, for he himself was seized with a superstitious terror. He drew Blanche to a part of the dungeon from whence its "darkness" was made "visible" through the crossed bars of a narrow soupirail; and there they both fell on their knees waiting the benediction of the priest.

The holy man stretched forth his hands, and pronounced the sacred words. At the same instant a clanking of arms and the tread of soldiers were heard in the corridor, and the affrighted Blanche fell upon the bosom of her husband—

"Is it for me they come?" she cried. "Oh, my beloved! how dreadful would death be at this moment!"

The young general had rushed to the door, a pistol in each hand. The astonished soldiers fell back.

"Reassure yourselves," said the priest, coming forward; "it is for me they arrive,—it is I who am about to die."

The soldiers surrounded him.

"My children," cried he, exalting his voice, "on your knees, my children! With one foot in the grave, I give you my parting, my last benediction, and the benediction of the dying is sacred."

The amazed soldiers were silent. The priest then drew from his bosom a small crucifix, which he had contrived to conceal from the rude visitations of his gaolers; he held it towards those who were to conduct him to the scaffold; it was for them he prayed on the threshold of death.

The soldiers encircled him—the door of the dungeon closed—and the whole disappeared like a vision of the night.

Blanche, clinging convulsively to the arm of Marceau, exclaimed, "Oh! if thou shouldst quit me, and they come to fetch me thus; if I have thee not by to aid me in passing through that door—oh! Marceau, figure to thyself Blanche on the scaffold—on the scaffold far

from thee, weeping and calling upon thee, that hearest, that answerest her not!—Oh! do not, do not go away!—I will cast myself at their feet, I will tell them that I am not guilty, implore them to leave me in prison all my life with thee, and say that I will bless them. But if thou quittest me—O no! thou wilt not quit me!"

"Blanche, I am sure to save thee, I will answer for thy life; in less than two days I shall be here again with thy pardon, and then, my beloved, it will not be to pass our whole existence in the dungeon of a prison, but in the pure air, in the midst of happiness, a life of liberty and of love."

The door opened, and the gaoler appeared. Blanche pressed her husband closer in her arms; she would not quit him; yet each instant was precious. Marceau gently disengaged himself from her agonised embrace, promised to return ere the end of the second day, and, hurrying from the dungeon, exclaimed—

"Aime moi toujours!"

"Toujours!" repeated Blanche, sinking on her straw pallet, and showing him, in her hair, the red rose he had given her; the door then closed upon her,—and she was left alone. . . . . .

Marceau found General Dumas waiting for him in the gaoler's lodge, where he demanded paper and ink.

"What art thou about?" said the former, alarmed at his friend's agitation.

"To write to Carrier, to demand two days; and to tell him that his life shall be my security for that of Blanche."

"Art thou mad?" asked his friend, snatching from him the letter already begun; "threaten him who has thee in his power! Hast thou not disobeyed the order thou received to join the army? Thinkest thou that having once had reason to dread thee, his fears even require a second, a more plausible pretext? Within an hour thou wouldst be arrested; and then, what couldst thou do for her or for thyself? Believe me, and let thy silence cause his forgetfulness, for his forgetfulness alone can save her."

Marceau's head was bowed between his hands, he appeared to reflect profoundly. At length, emerging from his reverie, he exclaimed, "Thou art right!" and drew his friend into the street.

Several persons were assembled around a postchaise; and a voice was heard to say, "If there should be a fog this evening, I don't know what should prevent a score of bold fellows to penetrate into the town and carry off the prisoners; it is really a shame to see how Nantes is guarded." Marceau started, turned round, recognised Tinguy, exchanged a look of intelligence with him, and darted into the carriage.

"Paris!" exclaimed he, giving a handful of gold to the postillion, and the horses set off with the rapidity of lightning. The same speed was continued, from stage to stage, by the same means, and, by the lavish disposal of his money, Marceau obtained the promise that horses should be found everywhere ready the next day, and that no obstacle should impede his return. It was during this journey he learnt that General Dumas had given in his resignation, requiring the sole favour to be employed as a mere private soldier in another army; he had,

in consequence, been placed at the disposal of the committee of public safety, and was proceeding to Nantes at the moment he met Marceau on the route to Clisson.

PARIS—ROBESPIERRE—THE RED ROSE.

At eight o'clock in the evening the carriage, containing the two generals, entered Paris.

Marceau and his friend separated on the Place de l'Egalité;* the former proceeded on foot along the Rue Saint-Honoré, and passing the church of Saint-Roch, on the same side of the way, stopped at No. 366, and demanded to see the Citizen Robespierre.†

"He is at the Theatre de la Nation," replied a young girl of sixteen or eighteen years; "but if thou wilt call again in two hours, citizen-general, he will be returned."

"Robespierre at the Theatre de la Nation! Art thou not mistaken?"

"No, citizen."

"Well! I will go there, and should I not find him, I will return and wait for him here. Remember, I am the Citizen-general Marceau."

The Theatre Française had just separated into two companies; Talma, with the *patriotic* actors, had emigrated to the Odéon, newnamed the Theatre of the Nation. It was, therefore, to this last that Marceau hastened, quite astonished, as he was, at being sent to a playhouse to seek the austere member of the committee of public safety. The performance was *La Mort de César;* Marceau entered the balcon; a young man offered the general a place upon a bench next to himself; Marceau accepted it, hoping from thence to obtain a sight of the object of his search.

The performance had not yet began; a strange fermentation reigned amongst the audience; laughter and signs issued, and were exchanged, as from head-quarters, from a group placed in the orchestra; this group commanded the *salle*, an individual commanded this group—it was Danton. Encircling him, speaking when he was silent, and silent when he was speaking, were Camille Desmoulins, Philippaux, Hérault de Séchelles, and Lacroix, his disciples.

It was the first time that Marceau had found himself in presence of this Mirabeau of the people; he would have recognised him, from his stentorian voice, his imperious action, his dominating front, even if his name had not been frequently pronounced by his friends.

To render the scene that follows more intelligible, it is necessary to give here a brief outline of the state of the different factions which at this moment divided the Convention.

La Commune and La Montagne had united to operate the revolution of the thirty-first of May. The Girondins, after having vainly

* Place du Palais Royal.

† The house in which Robespierre resided now bears an English name,—it is called the Hôtel de Saint *James*, formerly Hôtel Vauban.

tried to federalise the provinces, had fallen, almost without resistance, even in the midst of those who had elected them, and who durst not even afford them shelter in the days of their proscription. Before the thirty-first of May the power was nowhere; after that date was felt the necessity of the union of the parties to attain promptitude of action; the Assembly possessed the most authority; a faction had acquired the domination of the Assembly, a few individuals commanded this faction; and then the power, naturally, existed in the hands of these individuals. Up to the thirty-first of May, the committee of public safety had been composed of neutral conventionalists; the period of renewing its members arrived, and the extreme Montagnards forced themselves in. Barrère remained, as a representation of the ancient committee, but Robespierre was elected a member; Saint-Just, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, supported by him, overawed their colleagues, Hérault de Séchelles and Robert Lindet. Saint-Just undertook the surveillance; Couthon to soften in their form the propositions too violent in fact; Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois directed the proconsulat of the departments; Carnot was at the head of the war-office; Cambon managed the finances; Prieur (de la Côte d'Or) and Prieur (de la Marne) were charged with the travaux intérieurs et administratifs; and Barrère, who soon joined them, became the quotidinial orator of the party. Robespierre, "alone in his gloom," without holding any precise office, surveyed and watched over the whole, commanding their body politic as the head governs the body material, and making each individual member act according to his own terrible will.

It was in this party that the revolution was embodied; they wished to carry it out with all its consequences, so that, according to them, the people might one day enjoy all its results. This party had to contend with two others, one of which went beyond, and the other sought to restrain them. These two parties were,

La Commune, represented by Hébert.

La Montagne, represented by Danton.

Hébert popularised in his journal Le Père Duchesne the obscenity of the language; the victims were there insulted, and the executions turned into horrible ridicule. In a short time his progress was redoubtable; the Bishop of Paris and his vicars abjured Christianity; the Catholic worship was replaced by that of *Reason*, the churches were closed, and Anacharsis Cloots became the apostle of the new goddess. The committee of public safety were alarmed at the power of this ultra-revolutionary faction, which they thought had fallen with Marat, and whose basis was "l'immortalité et l'athéisme!" * Robespierre undertook to attack them. The 5th of December, 1793, he braved the Hébert party at the tribune, and the same Convention which had strongly applauded objurations, at the demand of La Commune, now decreed, at the demand of Robespierre, who had also his system of religion to establish, that "all violence and measures against the liberty of religious worship was forbidden."

Danton, in the name of the more moderate portion of La Montagne,

* Horrible incongruity!

called for the cessation of the revolutionary government; the "Vieux Cordelier," edited by Camille Desmoulins, was the organ of this faction. The committee of public safety, in other words, the Dictature, had, according to Danton, only been created for the purpose of repressing internal enemies and conquering foreign foes; and, as he believed these objects had been sufficiently attained, he demanded that a power, which, in his opinion, had become useless, should be suppressed, lest in the end it might become dangerous.

It was these three factions which, in the month of March, 1794, the period at which our history passes, divided between them the interior of the Convention. Robespierre accused Hébert of atheism, and Danton of venality; in his turn, he was accused by them of ambition, and the word *dictator* began to circulate.

Such, then, was the state of affairs, when, as we have just mentioned, Marceau for the first time beheld Danton making a tribune of the orchestra, and lavishing his powerful language on those who surrounded him. The performance, we have said, was "The Death of Cæsar," and a sort of rallying word had been given to the Dantonists, the *elite* of whom were present, and, on a concerted signal given by their chief, were to apply to Robespierre the following lines in the tragedy:—

"Oui, que César soit grand, mais que Rome soit libre.
Dieu! maitresse de l'Inde, esclave au bord du Tibre,
Qu'importe que son nom commande à l'univers,
Et qu'on l'appelle reine alors qu'elle est aux fers?
Qu'importe à ma patrie, aux Romains que tu braves,
D'apprendre que César a de nouveaux esclaves?
Les Persans ne sont pas nos plus fiers ennemis;
Il en est de plus grands: je n'ai pas d'autre avis."*

Yes! if ye will, then great let Cæsar be,
But Rome, our native Rome, not less be free.
What if the empress of the world she reigns,
While she herself at home is held in chains?
What cares our country, which he daily braves,
To learn that Cæsar has increased his slaves?
Our haughtiest foes are not of Persian blood,
Greater we have . . . . .

It was on account of the foregoing verses that Robespierre, who knew from Saint-Just what was in agitation, appeared on the evening in question at the Théâtre de la Nation, as he was well aware what a powerful weapon it would be in the hands of his enemies, if they succeeded in making popular their accusation against him.

During this time Marceau vainly sought the embryo-dictator in all parts of the house, which was brilliantly lighted, the line of *baignoires* alone, owing to the projection of the galleries above, remaining in a sort of demi-obscurity. Fatigued with his useless search, his eyes at every moment fell upon the group in the orchestra, whose loud conversation drew upon them the undivided attention of the audience.

* It would be impossible to render poetical justice to the tame and spiritless conclusion, "*je n'ai pas d'autre avis!*"

"I saw our dictator to-day," said Danton. "They wished to reconcile us."

"Where did you meet?"

"At his own lodgings; I was obliged to climb to the third floor of *The Incorruptible.*" *

"And what didst thou say to him?"

"That I was aware of all the hatred entertained towards me by the committee, but that I feared them not. He answered that I was wrong, that they had no evil intentions against me, but that it was necessary to come to an explanation with them."

"An explanation, an explanation! It is well to explain with people of good faith, but——"

"It is just what I told him; upon which he bit his lips and frowned, and I continued—'No doubt the Royalists must be kept down; at the same time, no wanton, no useless severity should be exercised, the innocent ought not to be confounded with the guilty.'† 'Eh!' sharply interrupted Robespierre, 'and who says that one sole innocent person has been made to perish? What sayest thou to that?'—'Not a single innocent person perished!' exclaimed I to Hérault de Séchelles, who was with me,—and I left the room."

"And was Saint-Just there?"

"O yes."

"What did he say?"

"He passed his hand through his beautiful black hair, and now and then arranged the tie of his cravat after that of Robespierre's."

The neighbour of Marceau, whose head leant upon his two hands, started, and seemed to contain himself with difficulty. The general noticed his agitation but a moment, and continued his attention to what was passing between Danton and his friends.

"Le Muscadin," said Camille Desmoulins, alluding to Saint-Just, "he is so fond of himself that he carries his head on his shoulders with as much respect as a Saint-Sacrament."

Marceau's neighbour withdrew his hands, and he recognised the mild and handsome features of Saint-Just, pale with anger.

"And I," said the latter, rising up to his full height,—"and I, Desmoulins, will make thee carry thy head like a Saint-Denis."

He then turned round; the group made way for him, and he left the balcon.

"Who thought him so near," said Danton, laughing. "Well, the letter has arrived at its address."

"Apropos," observed Philippaux to Danton, "hast thou seen the pamphlet of Loya against thee?"

"What, Loya write pamphlets! Let him revise *L'ami des Lois;* I should be anxious to read it; that is the pamphlet well understood."

"Here it is;" and Philippaux gave him a copy.

"And he has signed it, pardieu! Why, does he not know that,

* "*The* Incorruptible." Robespierre was so called by his parasites.

† The "compunctious visitings" of Danton dated from the death of his friend Marat.

unless he hides himself in my cellar, they will cut off his head. But hist, hist, the curtain is rising."

The word hist was re-echoed by the audience entire; a young man, however, who did not belong to the conspiracy, continued a private conversation, although the actors were performing. Danton extended his arm, touched him on the shoulder with the tip of his finger, and, with a courtesy in which there was a slight semblance of irony, said,

"Citizen Arnault, let me hear the present piece as if they were performing *Marius à Minturnes.*"*

The young author had too much wit not to listen to a request made in such terms; he ceased talking, and the most perfect silence permitted the spectators to hear one of the worst pieces ever produced on the stage, *La Mort de César.* Notwithstanding this silence, it was evident that none of the members of the petty conspiracy just named lost sight of the object for which they came; "nods and winks," and other signs of intelligence, were exchanged between them, and became more frequent as by degrees the actors approached the passage meant to provoke the explosion. Danton, in an under tone, said to Camille, "It is in scene III.," and then repeated the verses at the same time with the actor, as if to hasten their recital; when the lines that immediately preceded came—

"César, nous attendions de ta clémence auguste
Un don plus precieux, une faveur plus juste,
Au-dessus des etats donnés par ta bonté.
César. Qu'oses tu demander, Cimber?
Cimber. La liberté.†"

three rounds of applause followed.

"That will do," said Danton, half rising from his seat.

Talma commenced,

"'Oui, que César soit grand, mais que Rome soit libre.'"

Danton rose up entirely, looking around him like the general of an army, wishing to assure himself that every one was at his post, when all at once his eyes became fixed upon a particular part of the salle; the lattice or screen of a private box had just fallen, and the sharp and livid features of Robespierre appeared in the shade of that splendid hall.

The eyes of the two enemies met, and, like two basilisks, remained rivetted on each other. For a while, neither had the power of withdrawing his deep-fixed gaze of hatred from his deadly rival. In that of Robespierre appeared all the irony of triumph, all the insolence of security. For the first time, Danton felt a cold sweat starting from every pore; he forgot the concerted signal; the verses passed without applause or disapprobation; Danton sunk on his seat; the screen of

* The celebrated dramatic author. He was included in the list of the thirty-eight who were banished from France by an ordonnance of Louis XVIII. in 1816.

† Cæsar, a nobler boon we sought from thee
Than conquered states.
Cæsar. What dare'st ask?
Cimber. Liberty!—*Translated off-hand by the Printer's Devil.*

the private box was drawn up, and all was done. The Guillotineurs overcame the Septembriseurs; '93 fascinated '92.

Marceau, who, owing to the state of his mind, had paid no heed to the tragedy, was, perhaps, the only person there present who beheld this real scene, which lasted but a few seconds, without comprehending it; he had, however, sufficient time to recognise Robespierre, and, hurrying from the balcon, he met him in the corridor.

Robespierre was cool and collected, as if nothing had happened, when Marceau accosted him, stating his name. Robespierre offered his hand, but, from a first and natural impulse, Marceau withdrew his. A bitter smile played upon the lips of Robespierre, who said,

"What is it thou requirest of me, then?"

"A few minutes' interview."

"Here, or at my dwelling?"

"At the latter."

"Come, then."

And these two men, agitated by emotions so different, walked side by side; Robespierre indifferent and calm, Marceau anxious and agitated.

This, then, was the man who held in his hands the fate of Blanche—the man he had heard so universally spoken of—whose incorruptibility alone was evident, but whose popularity could not but appear a problem! In truth, to acquire it, he had not made use of any of those means employed by his predecessors. He possessed neither the eloquence *entrainante* of Mirabeau, nor the paternal firmness of Bailly, nor the impetuous sublimity of Danton, nor the impure facility of Hébert; if he laboured for the people, it was without stooping to the crowd. In the midst of the general debasement, and uniformity of language and costume, he had preserved his polite diction and his elegant dress; in short, while others did all they could to confound themselves with the mob, he seemed to take as many pains to keep himself aloof, and distinct from the habits of the multitude; and, at first sight, it was easy to comprehend that this singular being could only be for the masses an idol or a victim;—he was both.

They arrived; a narrow staircase conducted to a chamber on the third floor; Robespierre opened it; a bust of Rousseau, a table on which were open "*Le Contrat Social*," and "*L'Emile*," a commode, and a few chairs, formed the entire furniture of this room, which, however, was remarkable for the neatness that reigned in it. Robespierre, remarking the effect produced on Marceau by the sight of his humble abode, smiling, said to him,

"Behold the palace of Cæsar; what hast thou to demand of the *Dictator?*"

"The pardon of my wife, condemned by Carrier."

"Thy wife, condemned by Carrier! the wife of Marceau! the republican of antique days! the soldier of Sparta! What is he doing, then, at Nantes?"

"Committing atrocities."

Marceau then related the horrible proceedings we have laid before the reader; during the recital of which Robespierre agitated himself upon his chair, but without interrupting the narration; at length Marceau ceased speaking.

"This, then, is the way in which I am always destined to be misunderstood!" exclaimed Robespierre, with a thick utterance, for the internal emotion he had just endured had sufficed to operate this change in his voice; "this, then, is the consequence, wherever my eye is not to overlook, and my hand to arrest useless slaughter! There is, however, blood enough which it is *indispensable* to shed, and we are not yet arrived at the end."

"Eh bien, donc, Robespierre, la grace de ma femme!"

Robespierre took a sheet of blank writing-paper, and said,

"Her maiden name?"

"Why?"

"It is necessary for me, to verify the identity."

"Blanche de Beaulieu."

The pen fell from the hand of Robespierre.

"The daughter of the Marquis de Beaulieu, the chief of the brigands?"

"Blanche de Beaulieu, the daughter of the Marquis de Beaulieu."

"And how is it that she is thy wife?"

Marceau told him all.

"Young madman! young insensate!" exclaimed Robespierre; "was it for thee to—" Marceau interrupted him—

"I want neither thy reproaches nor advice; all I want of thee is her pardon. Wilt thou grant it to me?"

"Marceau, the ties of family, the influence of love, will never prevail on thee to betray the republic?"

"Never!"

"If thou shouldst find thyself, with arms in thy hand, in presence of the Marquis de Beaulieu?"

"I would combat him, as I have already done."

"And, should he fall into thy power?"

Marceau reflected a moment.

"I will send him to thee, and thyself shall be his judge."

"And this thou wilt swear to do?"

"Upon my honour."

Robespierre again took up the pen.

"Marceau," said he, "thou hast been fortunate enough to preserve thyself pure in all eyes; I have long known thee; I have long desired to see thee."

Perceiving the impatience of Marceau, he wrote the first three letters of his name, and then stopped.

"Listen," said he. "In my turn," regarding the general fixedly, "I require of thee five minutes. I give thee an entire existence for those five minutes;—it is well paid."

Marceau made a sign that he was attentive, and Robespierre continued:—

"I have been calumniated in thy eyes, and, nevertheless, thou art one of those rare men by whom I desire to be known; for what signifies to me the judgment of those I esteem not? Listen, then. Three assemblies have, by turns, agitated the destinies of France, each summed up in one man, and have accomplished the mission designed them by the present age. The Constituent Assembly, represented by Mirabeau,

shook the throne; the Legislative Assembly, embodied in Danton, overthrew it. The labours allotted to the Convention are immense, since it must complete the work of destruction, and commence that of reconstructing. I have formed a grand design; it is to become the type of this epoch, as Mirabeau and Danton were the types of theirs. There will be, in the history of the French people, three men represented by three sets of figures—91, 92, 93. If the Supreme Being accords me time to achieve my work, my name will be exalted above all names; I shall have done more than Lycurgus for the Greeks, than Numa for Rome, than Washington for America," (!!!) "since each of them had but a young people to pacify, while I have an ancient and worn-out society to regenerate. If I fall—mon Dieu! let me not blaspheme Thee in my last moments—if I fall ere the time desired, having accomplished but half of what was to do, my name will retain the blood-spot which the remaining part would have effaced; the revolution will fall with me, and both will be calumniated. This is what I had to say to thee, Marceau, as, come what may, I would fain that some men should retain my name living and pure in their breasts, like the flame of the lamp in the tabernacle—and thou art one of those men."

He now wrote the remaining letters of his name.

"There," said he, "there is the pardon of thy wife. Thou canst now leave me—*without even giving me thy hand.*"

Marceau took his hand, and pressed it warmly; he essayed to speak, but his tears fell too fast; his heart was too full for words, and it was Robespierre who first spoke, and said,

"Come, it is time to set out; there is not an instant to lose; *au revoir.*"

Marceau rapidly descended the staircase, at the foot of which he met General Dumas.

"I have her pardon," cried he, throwing himself into the arms of his friend—"I have her pardon—Blanche is saved!"

"Congratulate me, in my turn," replied Dumas; "I have just been appointed general-in-chief of the army of the Alps, and I come to thank Robespierre."

They embraced, and parted. Marceau rushed into the street, ran to the Place du Palais Egalité, where his postchaise was waiting, ready to carry him back with the same speed with which he arrived.

Of what a weight his heart was lightened! What happiness was in store for him! How much joy after so much grief! His imagination plunged into the future; he pictured the moment when, from the dungeon's threshold, he should cry to his beloved, his wife, "Blanche, thou art free! I have obtained thy pardon! Come, Blanche, come, and bless me with thy love!"

Yet, there were moments when a vague inquietude flitted across his spirit, and anxious and fearful forebodings seized on his heart. If he should arrive too late; *too late!*—oh, God! the thought was horror, madness, annihilation! And then he excited the postilions, promising them gold, lavishing it on them, and promising still more. The wheels burnt the pavement,* the horses seemed to devour the distance, (*les*

* All the principal routes in France are paved.

chevaux dévorent le chemin,) and yet, to him they scarcely appeared to advance. Every where relays were ready, without a moment's delay; all seemed to share and sympathise in his agitation. In a few hours he had left behind him Versailles, Chartres, Le Mans; La Fléche, and Angers appeared before him. All at once he experienced a terrible, an astounding shock; the carriage was overturned, and shattered to pieces; bruised, wounded, and covered with blood, Marceau got up, with a single stroke of his sabre cut the harness of one of the horses, jumped on its back, gained the nearest post, took a *cheval de course,* and continued his route with greater rapidity than ever.

At length he has passed through Angers, perceives Ingrande, reaches Varades, and leaves Ancenis behind him, his horse streaming with foam and blood. He discovers Saint Donatien, and then Nantes—Nantes! which contains his life, his soul, his virgin wife! A few moments more, and he will be within its walls;—he has passed its gates;—his horse falls under him before the prison du Bouffays;—il est arrivé; qu' importe?

"Blanche! Blanche!"

"Two carts have just left the prison," replies the gaoler; "she is in the first."

"Malediction!" and Marceau rushes, on foot, through the people, pressing and hurrying to the great square, the place of execution. He attains the last of the two fatal carts; one of the condemned recognises him.

"General, save her! oh, save her! I tried to do so, but I could not, and I was taken. Long live the king and the good cause!"

It is the faithful Tinguy.

"Yes! yes!" And Marceau forces a passage through the dense and irritated crowd, by which, however, he is carried along to the great square. . . . . He is before the scaffold—he waves a paper in his uplifted hand, crying "Pardon! pardon!"

At this moment the executioner, seizing by its long flaxen tresses the head of the young maiden, presents the frightful spectacle to the people. The horror-stricken multitude avert their sight, for streams of blood seem flowing from the mouth. . . . Hark! that cry of rage—it is the full agony of human strength, exhausting itself in despair! Marceau had just recognised, between the teeth of that head, the *red rose* which he had given to the hapless Maid of La Vendee!

THE GARRISON BELLE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

She heeds not the handsome young doctor's soft sighs,
And the love-stricken lawyer reads scorn in her eyes,
None but red-coated heroes her heart can enthrall,
And her smiles, cut and dried, serve in turn for them all;
When one slide of her gay magic-lantern has past,
Another as brilliant succeeds to the last;
Each newly-come regiment succumbs to the spell,
For her name is renown'd as a Garrison Belle.

She need not, like many, bewilder her brain,
New music, new dresses, new arts to attain,
Securely and safely, to varying throngs,
She may play the same marches, and sing the same songs,
May turn faded dresses, worn trimmings restore,
Sport ogles and glances long sported before,
None stay of her former flirtations to tell,
And new beaux yet encircle the Garrison Belle.

She lives in the sunshine, she flees from the shade,
She is ever the first at review or parade,
There, flatters "the brave ones who guard our loved land,"
And steps in true time to the notes of the band;
No loud pealing vollies her start can provoke,
She glories in gunpowder, smiles amid smoke;
"The wife of a soldier all fear should repel"—
What a wife might he gain in the Garrison Belle!

But while daily her love-nets new captains engage,
She has never succeeded in making a cage;
One by one she beholds each gay favourite depart,
P. P. C. on his card, and "despair in his heart;"
Like Bruham's old song, which recounts the sad story
How Jane sighed for "love," and young Henry for "glory,"
Colonels, captains, and ensigns, all bow their farewell,
Breaking loose from the chains of the Garrison Belle.

Now Time on her face works his conquering sway,
Her ringlets are thickly besprinkled with gray;
Her movements are stiff in the waltz and quadrille,
Her nose has grown sharp, and her laugh has grown shrill,
Her brow is unconsciously knit in a frown,
Her voice sounds quite cracked in the "March through the Town;"
And juvenile fair ones exultingly tell,
That the day has gone by of the Garrison Belle!

Yet of courage and hope she displays not a lack,
But pours on new warriors her dreaded attack;
Strives some bald-headed veteran's heart to decoy,
Or wheedles with flattery some weak-minded boy:
They burst from her snares, and they go forth at large,
But true to her craft, she "returns to the charge;"
No coldness can distance, no rudeness repel,
The time-practised siege of the Garrison Belle.

Do you wish, gentle damsels, my moral to know?
Pray don't for the shadow the substance forego;
Keep mostly at home with your needle and book,
Don't run to the window at red-coats to look:
Avoid a bold stare, and a tone quick and pert,
On public parades never giggle and flirt;
And go in due time with good husbands to dwell,
Escaping the fate of the Garrison Belle.

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

CHAPTER XX.

Roche Kerouel—The Seabird.

Few were the dreams that haunted the long and deep slumbers of the captive maiden—who awoke not until the broad daylight, falling through the iron bars of a little square window high above, shone athwart her eyes. Then she looked around, and saw that the whole of the chamber wherein she lay, was fashioned out of the living rock—and truly there might have been a worse abode for the nonce; for the walls were dry, and sparkling here and there as they had been set with precious stones; whilst long sprays of heath and brambles, all in blossom, were waving through the bars of the grating overhead, moved by a soft warm wind, that brought with it the smell of such odorous herbs and flowers as love to spring amongst those wild places. But sweetest of all to the damosel seemed that holy calm and stillness of all around, after the noisy, unquiet life she had led of late—though it was not long ere the dull plashing of the water below, and the sound of more than one faint and far off whoop, recalled to her thoughts that she was yet in the neighbourhood of those fierce and fearful men; who, she now readily guessed, had their haunt in some one of those great and marvellous caverns amidst the islets and sea-cliffs, of which she had heard John Ashtoft make mention out of his books. But were it cavern, den, or fortalice, into which she had been brought, the worst of the whole was to her more welcome than the sea—whereon her hap, from first to last, had been so evil, that she heartily desired never again to set foot on shipboard. Moreover, now she had discovered that there was a woman in this robber's hold, (albeit somewhat of the rudest in look and speech,) she felt not so thoroughly lorn and hapless; trusting by aid of her fellowship, and the compassion of that old yellow-haired man, to fare better in her captivity than she had at first looked for.

But short space was it ere her thoughts strayed from herself toward one who had seldom been absent from them, now for many days past—that noble young count, her fellow-voyager; for whose mournful destiny she shed many a bitter tear, and above all, when she thought of the grief of the fair lady who had been deemed worthy the love and service of such bachelor. And so far was she from suspecting herself for blameworthy therein, that verily it seemed to her not to have sorrowed one-half so much as she was bound to do, in recompense of all his goodness and courtesy toward her.

At length, rousing herself from these and the like musings, she began to array and set her apparel in order as fairly as she could—but this she found no light emprize; for her garments were both worn and faded with her long travel, and she sorely lacked both means and

[1] Continued from vol. xxxix. p. 111.

skill to amend what was amiss—thanks to her poor loving Gille, who would never suffer her so much as to tie on her own girdle. Nevertheless, with necessity to speed, she came in time to the end of her task; and hardly was it finished, ere the old crone she had seen the overnight, thrust in her visage at the door, and without salutation or courtesy, bade her rise and follow in all haste; since it was even now high noon, and she was called for by those who did her but too much honour in such command.

The sight and errand of this ungentle messenger called back afresh all the terrors of the damosel, lest she had been summoned into the terrible presence of Sansloy himself; howbeit, having no choice, she arose to obey, adventuring but to ask, in all humbleness, if she were going into the presence of a lady.

"A lady, quotha!" cried the old shrew, turning sharply round upon her—"Ben'cite, minion! what have such as thee to do with ladies, I trow? Yea, a lady is she!—ay, and a brave lady to boot—and very queen and empress of all here!—worthy, by my crown, to have a dozen of higher degree than thee for her chamberers!"

And muttering and murmuring all the way as they went, about ladies, and wenches, and folk that were over proud and pert, the old crone led the damosel along divers galleries and stairs, all fashioned out of the rock, and lighted but by holes high up above their heads, until at length they came to an oaken door, strongly barred and plated with iron, whereupon the guide smote twice with her staff, and a voice within bade open.

"Now get thee in—and demean thee in reverent and fitting wise!" said the old wife—and without more ado, she drove May Avis with her crutch through the door, which she shut close behind her.

The place within was a low but spacious chamber, upborne in the centre on one huge thick pillar of mason's-work, whence there sprang out on every side broad round arches, leaning against the outer walls. These last were also of hewn stones, of work not less strong and stable than the rest, though hidden at this time with fair hangings everywhere spread before them—as was also the floor, by the fresh, sweet-smelling herbs and heather that were strewn over it. On the left side of that door whereby the damosel had entered, was there another, half hidden by the arras; and over against them one of those same holes for light and air that she had seen in her way thither, but larger and lower down, giving to those within a sight of both sea and land, for many a league away. And in the midst, beside the rude pillar that upheld the roof, there stood a young boy and girl—the last of the like age with May Avis, and of look and mien so proud and royal withal, that scantly could she forbear to kneel before her.

This maiden was of the middle stature, or somewhat higher, but so delicately shapen and slender of form and limb, that she looked meeter to flit along the moonlit heaths amidst dancing fairies, than to walk on the earth with mortals. Something strange and elfish, too, might some have fancied her hue—which was dusky and pale as that of the Moorish ladies of Belmarie and Grenada; though others again might deem this one defect but to enhance her face, by setting forth yet more clearly its perfect beauty of form and feature.

Her nose was long-shaped, but not over large—straight and even as a line; and her small mouth and lips were red as coral, despite the paleness of her cheeks—showing in their parting, though rarely wore they a smile, two rows of teeth like pearls. Her brows were haply somewhat of the lowest and straightest, but narrow and fine as two lines drawn by a pencil; and her deep eyes, of a dark gray colour, lay half veiled beneath long black eyelashes, that gave to them the rich hue of jet. Strangely pensive and thoughtful was the aspect of those beauteous eyes—yea, gentle and tender, also, whenever they were cast on the face of the child at her side—albeit at other times, and above all toward strangers, they were wont to wear a look so stern and scornful as was marvellous to see in so young and fair a creature.

The rock-maiden was clad, after a fashion of her own, in a close-fitting gown of velvet, in colour betwixt red and black, that was fastened from the neck to the ancle with studs of great pearls; and her girdle was also curiously inwrought with broidery of pearl and silver. The sleeves were long and large, gathered in at the hands, and there bordered, as was also the throat of the gown, with one single chain of great and costly pearls. On her head was a small round hat, of velvet like her other attire, with low flat crown, and brim rolled upward; and right in the front thereof, a rich jewel of diamonds, set about a carbuncle that sparkled like fire. Below this head gear might be espied a braid of blackish hair, laid behind her small ears, the rest of her tresses being bound up under the hat. For her dainty little feet, they were wholly bare below her gown, save what was hidden by low broidered slippers of black velvet.

The boy, who was of some ten years of age, stood close beside the girl, holding one of her hands, which he had twined round his neck; but there needed not that loving gesture to show them for brother and sister, so wholly alike were they in shape, hue, and feature, save where the difference of age must needs make distinction—and also that his eyes, though not less pensive than those of the maiden, yet lacked altogether those fiery glances she was wont to cast. Even in apparel was there a resemblance—the boy's attire being a short gown of the same stuff and fashion; and in his Flanders beaver, which he held in his hand, was set by way of brooch, a chrysolite of rare price.

The captive damosel, who had thought but to behold some comely, ruddy, boisterous wench, in the mate or daughter of the Sea-sweeper, was so utterly astounded (and somewhat daunted withal) at sight of this delicate and stately creature in such rude haunt, that she stood for some moments like one turned to stone—when the Sea-maiden, after surveying her stedfastly the while with eyes that seemed to look into her very thoughts, suddenly demanded, "Stranger, whence art thou?"

"From England, noble lady," answered May Avis, who could not for her life refrain from such reverent phrase toward one who seemed in outward show so worthy of all honour.

"Nay, keep thy titles for those that reck of such!" said the girl,

in a voice so sweet, and low, and sad, that May Avis thought she never could forget the sound. "Here we dream not of nobles or ladies. Sansloy, he that sweeps the seas, is my sire! and men call me Alcyone! Now, maiden, knowest thou all that befits the time, of me—answer truly and shortly to what I ask touching thyself. And first, what dost thou in these parts?"

"In good sooth," answered the maiden, "I was made captive out of a sinking ship beside Harfleur, and brought hither, by what means I scantly may divine, at the pleasure of those under whose hand I had fallen."

"Enow! that part of thy tale is better known to me than to thyself," said she of the rock, with a sigh that could scarce be heard. "And whither wert thou voyaging when this befel?"

"So please you, from Hampton to Harfleur."

"Yea, wert thou so—and no further? Wert born at Hampton, maiden?"

"Nay, surely; I spoke but of my voyage by sea. In sooth, I was born and bred far off in the midland parts of England, and thence came I little more than a fortnight agone.'

"Good! and in what fellowship? Your English damosels, roam they about alone, without guard or guide?" quoth the rock-maiden, with an eye so stern and stedfast, that May Avis shrank beneath it, in very shamefacedness.

"Nay, God forbid!" she said at last, fearfully. "Certes, I had the fellowship of the worthy woman that fostered me up, (God rest her soul if she have foully sped! for since our misadventure I have not seen her,) as also the countenance of a reverend friar and yeoman, sent with me to Hampton by a gracious prelate, who hath me in wardship."

The rock-maiden smiled, but it was in scorn.

"Yea, damosel," she said, "and this thy bowerwoman and thyself were voyaging over seas together, sayest thou, without so much as a varlet for service or succour? By my fay, the damosels of England should be right hardy and adventurous!"

Not for one moment, may you think, had May Avis forgotten either the gentle French knight, or his last behest to her, to tell her tale without delay; but by some strange chance it befel, that from the first of her entering this place and presence, a fear and shame had come over her, she knew not how, that forbade her to name him, and the longer she tarried, the harder grew the essay, as may commonly be seen with folk who unwisely delay what must needs be done in the end. Somewhat also was there in the eye and lip of that lordly maiden, as if she both perceived the cause of her silence and was angered thereat—and even the gentle boy looked marvellingly in her face—until at length, after vainly striving more than once to reply, she was fain to give up, and stood wholly silent, her eyes fast dropping with tears, and her cheeks deep dyed with blushes and confusion.

"Go thy way, maiden!" said Alcyone at last, yet more sternly than before. "It were idle talking further with such as thee. Guile and glozing may stead thee in the false world, but never in Roche Kerouel,

or with Alcyone! Here, as in heaven, thou must learn to speak the truth."

Therewith she clapped her small hands, and anon the door opened a hand's breadth, and the croaking note of the old crone was heard thereat; when May Avis, forgetting all else in the fear of what might betide her if sent hence, and gathering courage from very despair, cried out,

"Holy Mary, maiden, but you blame me unjustly! So help me heaven as I do truly desire to tell you of my whole voyage and company, were it but to obey the bidding of a noble gentleman, my stay and guardian therein; nor had I been thus long withheld, but by your own scornfulness of look and speech, which truly made me fear some ungentle construction, such as I met with erewhile in the ship."

There was somewhat so simple and honest in the words and looks of May Avis, as softened toward her the heart of even this wild and fierce young thing.

"Say on then!" she answered, so it be quickly — and thou, Malebecque, make fast the door, and abide without!"

Thereupon the English damosel began her tale—rehearsing, as shortly as she could, all that had befallen her from the day when the Lord Guy had come to her rescue from the thieves; neither kept she back aught, not even her own humble estate, nor the gracious condescension thereunto of the noble lord prior, for whose sake alone, she said, she had obtained on her journey such countenance and courtesy from the stranger as he had never otherwise vouchsafed her. Further she recounted after what manner he had saved both her and himself in their shipwreck—the ire and cruel intent of Sansloy, which had been hindered but by the instant pursuit made after them—her own prayer to the robber for mercy; and, also, as much of what afterward befel as was needful to make plain what the Lord Guy had counselled touching the service she was going to—which fair speeches of his, May Avis thought, might move the maiden in his favour, to aid him with her terrible sire.

Alcyone heard all full silently and attentively, showing her deem thereof but by her looks—one while gazing on her face as if she would read her very thoughts with those deep, earnest eyes; then casting them on the ground with a look so sad and hopeless, that, maugre all her pride and fierceness, May Avis grieved for her—until, towards the end of her tale, she could perceive the heavy tear-drops that hung on those long drooping lashes, though in the next moment they were shaken away, whilst she softly said, as to herself,

"Yea, fair and noble—in this, as in all beside!"

"Stranger," she said, in that low, sweet, mournful voice, from which she departed not even in her wrathful mood—"stranger, I have perchance wronged thee, in that, haply, thy fault hath not been guile, but only cowardice—which, sooth to say, shall profit thee here but little better than the other. Now would I fain know wherefore thou hast been thus slow to do the bidding of this noble bachelor, even until thy season for speech was well nigh lost to thee?"

"So hope I to prosper, maiden," cried May Avis, "as it was not that I lacked will, but—" and here she suddenly brake off her speech,

finding all at once a strange lack of words and phrases wherewith meetly to end it, whilst Alcyone once more fixed on her face those clear, piercing eyes, until she felt her cheeks waxing both red and hot beneath them.

"Damosel!" said at last the rock-maiden, but without moving her gaze, 'you love this knight!"

May Avis started.

"Alas, nay!" she said. "What love can there befal betwixt one of his degree and one of mine?"

"Love recks not of degrees," said the girl sorrowfully. "Maiden, again, you love the Lord of Beaucaire!"

"Now so help me our blessed lady," answered May Avis, "as you deem wrongfully of me, damosel! Such reverence as belongs to high place, and such love as we bear to those who have vouchsafed us grace and help, assuredly have I, as in duty bound, toward the noble lord you speak of."

"Such only, and no more?" asked Alcyone quickly.

"By my life, nay!—in as far as I may read my own heart," answered May Avis, blushing yet redder than before.

"Stranger!" said the rock maiden, "I have oft heard say, that they who, like thyself, are fostered up in hall and bower, by blazing chimney-nook and smoking meal-board, are easily betaught to look on all things with other eyes than are we, the free children of sea, and earth, and air, who blush not to confess at any time that which we shame not to think. Therefore, soothly blame I less thy nature than thy foolish training for this thy nicety, that escheweth to acknowledge in words the love which thy cheek and eye are telling in thine own despite. To these last, then, will I reply, and not to thy fair glozing speeches. Maiden, drive from thy heart, I counsel thee, this thy presumptuous affection. By my fay, this lord of Beaucaire is not for thee, nor such as thee!—nay, not if thou wouldst pluck out thy very heart, and lay it at his feet!"

May Avis was silent, for she saw that it should nought avail her to gainsay this wilful maiden; and somewhat also she began to doubt if those clear bright eyes had not discovered more of her mind than was yet known to herself; and whether what she had deemed and called reverence and thankfulness, had not, in sooth, well nigh proved the harbinger of a tenderer thought. Howbeit, her silence pleased not the stranger damosel any more than her speech, as seeming to her but the effect of stubbornness and unbelief.

"Wilt thou not leave thy folly?" she said. "Dost think Alcyone would deign to beguile or bemock such as thee? Or dreamest thou, silly creature, that thy gold (whereof doubtless thou hast store, else why this dainty care of monks and gentles over thee?)—that thy gold, I say, may buy for thee a noble spouse, whose riches equal not his lineage? If such thy fantasy, I tell thee thy hope is cast upon the winds. Yea, landless lord and feoffless count though he be, yet trust right well he is such an one as will not amend his fortune by aught that the pride of his high race miscalls a villainy! Gold—such mighty store as thou hast never seen!—ay, and more than gold, deep, earnest love, such as tame hearth-bred damosels know not of—all

these have been proffered—humbly proffered—and spurned! by reason that the blood of Beaucaire was over noble to mate with less than princely clay."

May Avis had small pains in guessing whence this goodly spousal had been proffered to the young count; neither doubted she that he had shown little will to ally himself for gold with the sea robber; but that so courteous and gentle a knight could ever have scorned the stedfast affection of such creature as that before her, was more, verily, than she could credit; and when she called to mind the free and heart-whole guise wherein he had spoken of all those fair ladies at the court, she rather deemed that, though more his high estate forbade, yet his love and service at least, were secretly vowed to this rare young beauty, whose anger at her imputed presumption seemed to her, in such deem, both just and reasonable.

"Truly, beauteous Alcyone," she said, "it may be, that what with his graciousness, what with his present danger, I have suffered my thoughts of late to be over busied with the remembrance of this noble lord. But for the folly wherewith you have charged me, so do I hope to live as such idle fantasy never yet entered my head—nor deemed I other than that so young and gay a bachelor had surely long since vowed his services to some fair and worthy lady in his own land."

"By my fay, now, stranger, that was well and fairly spoken, if very truth it be! Hast thou taken note of the favour he bears alway on his sleeve?"

"Yea, of a surety have I, and held it for no other than a token from his lady—haply, maiden, your own gift?"

"Mine, alas!" said the girl sadly. "Deemest thou the flower of French bachelerie should demean him to wear the livery of a robber's daughter, bred, like a seamew, betwext wave and storm, and lacking even a name to grace her? And truly, stranger, we reck not of such lover's gauds; they belong not to simple love and honesty, but to courts and idle pageants. Alcyone's token and free gift had been, not silken knot, but a true, constant heart!—but leave we this! That fluttering toy thou hast marked on his arm is in very deed, as thou hast guessed, his lady's favour; blue of Inde—meet symbol of his hope, high and lofty as the sky, and, haply, all as light and unattainable. Thou art bound, thou sayest, towards Auvergne; long time shalt thou not be there ere thou shalt, peradventure, discern my meaning."

"Yea, and heartily could I say God speed his suit, wheresoever it lie," answered May Avis, "but for your sake alone, fair Alcyone, whose high beauty should do honour to the service of the best knight in all Christendom."

"Out, stranger! Have I not even now told thee, flattery and smooth speech are as utterly wasted in this wild wonne as is the beauty whereof thou pratest? But if thou wouldst indeed make proof of thy goodwill toward me, and thy simple honest friendship to this knight, (as on my life I do at length believe thee true of word and intent,) I have work for thee, and that anon, that shall turn, in short space, to the profit alike of both. Wilt set thee to obey my bidding?"

May Avis replied not so readily to this question. Maugre the haughty mien and bearing of this maiden of the rock, there was in her destiny, as at whiles in her look, somewhat so sad, and hapless, and forlorn, that she would little less have begrudged pains or peril on her behalf than in the service of the Lord Guy; but how knew she after what strange manner this wild beautiful creature, who owned no law save her own will, might please to set her to work—even in some guise that sorted not with maidenly bashfulness or wariness!

"Damosel," said this last, who perceived that she studied for an answer, "Alcyone is not wont to ask twice! Say quickly, yea or nay!"

"Yea, then, maiden," answered the captive damosel. "All that I may to serve or pleasure you will I gladly do, in such matters as are lawful and seemly, and well becoming a discreet maiden to meddle therein."

The rock-maiden smiled, but in such wise that it brightened not her countenance.

"I take thee at thy word," she said—"thou hast yet to learn that virtue abideth not in vain customs. Howbeit, the use I would now make of thee is such, that the very monk who trained thee up should bid his benison on thy deed."

With that she again smote her hands together, a sign that the old crone obeyed without delay.

"Malebecque," she said, "begone! and take no further heed of the stranger maiden—she shall make abode here with us for the time to come."

The old crone, without reply or question, did as she was commanded; whereupon the rock-maiden herself drew forth a key, wherewith she locked the iron-studded door on the side next the chamber; shooting also divers bolts and bars for their greater security, like one well taught and long practised in such wariness; and this done, she set herself, with aid of the boy, to make purveyance in their dwelling for the lodging and entertainment of the new-comer.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Heath.—The Donjohn.

WHILST that fair boy and girl were busied elsewhere, May Avis, left for a space alone, surveyed more heedfully than she had yet done, the place; which she found, maugre its rude and prison-like aspect, lacked not aught that might serve, either for use or adornment. For not only were the walls dight with cloth of tapestry—red and white of quaint and curious work—and the floor spread with as fresh and fragrant herbs as a palace hall on a high festival day, but there were also standing about all sorts of rare and precious moveables, though, it might be, somewhat mismatched, and ill according the one with the other. Thus, on one hand, were there stools of rough hewn stone of Bretaigne bearing cushions of cloth of gold or rich stuffs of Damascus,

and over against these an oaken bench of carved work, overspread with a fair silken banner, curiously enwrought in broidery of silk and gold with the device of some noble knight or baron. Here might be seen goodly store of mail and plate from Milan, heaped on coffers of precious woods from the countries beyond Syria—and there, in the midst of fardels of English woollen cloth, lay carved ivories from Alexandria, and cunningly wrought toys of the goldsmith's craft of Venice. Overhead was hung a great lamp of silver, filled with sweet-smelling oil, that had been pillaged from some holy shrine in Galice; the whilst on the floor beneath, she perceived a fair table of Florentine work dashed all to shivers; and hard by, a half-dozen of vermilion lances from Toulouse, bound together with a rich cloth of estate that had been torn from the stall of an abbot in Jersey.

The damosel, after scanning all this gear, drew nigh the square-shaped hole that gave light and air to the chamber; the which, though unprovided with casement or lattice, stone-shafted window or skilfully wrought tracery work, was haply at such season a more pleasant sight than either—for in all the small cracks and chinks of the wall, which were here of wondrous strength and thickness, were growing wild plants and herbs—and fair flowers, such as she had never seen in England, were waving in thereat, and scenting the warm sunny air with their odours. But without was a sight more delectable than all the rest, especially to her, who had beheld little save the flat county of Huntingdon and Bedfordshire in her own land; for this window-place overlooked a fair prospect of heath and hill, forest and pasturage, for many a mile away; with a goodly town seen far off to the left hand, and on the right, the broad bright sea, rippling on the rocks, a hundred yards beneath, and stretching southward until she could discern it no longer from the clear blue sky.

"How liketh thee our bower, maiden?" said the voice of Alcyone close at her shoulder. "Which of those in tower or hall, down yonder in broad Bretaigne, are half so free, thinkest thou, as we, in our rude rock?"

"Soothly lady, you have a strong and lofty dwelling-place," answered the English damosel—"yet would you not at whiles desire to roam abroad amongst the flowers and shady woods in those fair valleys below?"

"An' if I did—Alcyone's will was never yet withstood!" said the rock maiden scornfully. "But I told thee erewhile, we love not here those gentle titles. Store of dames and ladies, plenty as peterels in a storm, mayest thou find down in the dwellings of yonder wretched crew of knights and burghers—but never another Alcyone. Now I bethink me thereof, thou, too, stranger, shouldst have a name, as I suppose—how may we call thee?"

"Avis Forde of Malthorpe, so please you," said the damosel.

"Avis alone shall suffice my need; we hold one name enow for one creature. And certes, thine liketh me well. Avis! methinks the name standeth for a bird in some tongue, as I have been told."

"In the Latin, soothly," replied the captive maiden.

"Yea, then, somewhat of the same nature should we be both," said the girl. "Since I myself am called from the bird that floats aye,

men say, on the waves; a fitting name for one doomed to dwell her life long amidst storm and strife, and that never must know home or friend on earth."

She spoke thus with a look so sad, yet withal so stern and stedfast, as one that foreknew her hap, yet set herself firmly to endure it, that the gentle English damosel could have wept for pity—and earnestly wished she, that the County Guy, if indeed he had been thus obdurate of heart, could have heard and seen her at this tide. But since she durst not proffer word of compassion or comfort to a maiden so high of heart, she could but show her sorrow by her silence; until the pretty boy crept softly to her side, saying, as he took her hand, "Maiden, have you skill in the Latin?"

"Not in such wise as have the clerks and scholars, my fair child," she answered, "though in verity know I therein some few words and phrases."

"Nay then, you should be a great clerk, in sooth, of a woman. Haply, know you somewhat of book lore also."

"In truth, I had once in my childhood a good and gentle friend, who of his kindness, betaught me somewhat out of books, both in French and English," said the maiden.

"Yea, say you? Sweet, gentle maiden, might it but please you, of your goodness, to give me some teaching therein? I have a hearty will to learn—but soothly our sweet sea-bird here loveth not such sad and tedious labour, though never forgetteth she rhyme or tale that is told her, and well liketh she to list such."

"That will I full joyfully, gentle boy! and hold me well content with a greater labour, to do thee good or pleasure," said the damosel, who had loved the innocent child, from the first look she had cast on his pale, pensive countenance.

Without another word the boy caught her by the gown, and drew her to the other side of the chamber, where stood a great chest of ebony, the lid whereof being heaved up between them, the damosel perceived that it was half full of books, both large and small.

"Now, then, dear Avis, thou shalt choose for us both, if it please thee," said the child, drawing out these, one after another; all save one, that was smaller than the rest, and curiously bound in red velvet, with clasps of gold, enchased in devices of flowers; which last May Avis, deeming he had overpast in his haste, put out her hand to take.

"Let be, let be, dear maiden!" he said, softly, withholding her the while. "Our sea bird brooketh not the sight of that book; which sooth to tell, was a gift from that young knight she speaks of, who was wont therefrom to teach us both awhile agone; and since he went, she will neither endure the sight thereof, nor to hear of book lore in anywise."

May Avis, on hearing this, withdrew her hand from the volume without further question; but here the sea maiden turned quickly toward them from the window, whence she had feigned to look earnestly out whilst they talked; and coming to their side, she bent down, and kissed the meek brow of the little page.

"Nay, my poor Basil," she said tenderly, "con thy lore, I pray,

in any book it liketh thee and thy kind mistress here—God wot, thou hast been all too much the sport of thy sister's wayward moods and fantasies. Maiden! Alcyone gives thee hearty thanks for thy compassion toward this poor child, who hath been ever longing to learn, with none, alas! to teach him. And now, Basil, since thou hast more profitable occupation, will I take thy place, and go deck our meal-board."

Therewith the maiden went her way, as one well pleased to have found some business elsewhere; neither returned she by the space of two hours and more, in which time the English maiden and the young Basil addressed them diligently to the little red velvet book, which she now found to be a goodly history of the wars between the old Counts of Provence, and the pagan folk of Afric and Alexandrie, written in rhyme by some old Provençal troubadour. Nor thought she her task toilsome or tedious; for apter or more willing learner was there never; over and above that the child had gained somewhat of such lore already—first, as he told her, by aid of an ancient man, that was wont long since to dwell there, and afterward, of the gentle young knight that made abode with them for a season, who soothly, he said, both he and his sea bird loved yet better than the former, albeit their sire bore him at heart a cruel despite.

May Avis could truly have found in her heart to inquire more straitly into the cause that first brought this courtly knight into such fellowship, as also into his discourse and behaviour the whilst he tarried amongst them; but she was an upright little maiden, and would have held it unseemly to gain from this simple unwitting child, that which his sister had been pleased to withhold. So they busied themselves with the book alone, until at length the sea maiden returning, speedily arrayed for them, in that pleasant place in the window, a supper meet for the fairies, of sallads and herbs, dried fruits and manchet bread; all laid on dishes of gold, and daintily decked out with early heath flowers and young tender leaves of the wild vine. For the boy and girl was set no liquor, save only clear water from the spring, which they drank from cups of gold—but when they had washed, (which they did in basins of silver, with fair napkins of broidered silk,) and were about to begin their meal, the maiden of the house drew forth from a buffet at hand, a small cup of wine, which she gave to the damosel her guest.

"Stranger," she said, "I am advised that such as are fostered up in cities and houses, must drink of many unsavoury liquors at the leech's hand, and of this one above all, to cure or prevent the sicknesses that spring out of so unnatural a way of life. Wherefore I pray thee, take of this medicine now, for thy health's sake, as truly thou canst not hope to become all at once hale and hardy like ourselves, who have been wont from infancy to breathe the pure air of rocks and heaths alone."

May Avis did as she was bidden, seeing she might not choose; and they supped all three together in courteous and friendly fashion, though little discourse or mirth was there amongst them; the sea-maiden partaking of their meal as sparingly and lightly as if she were in very deed from the land of Faerie, and seeming enwrapt the while

in grave and earnest thought, which her companions adventured not by speech to interrupt. But as soon as they had made an end of eating, Alcyone herself first broke the silence, bidding the little page be their sewer, and set all things in order; and the child obeyed, performing her hest as fairly and featly as if he had had his training in some princely hall.

"Now, stranger," said the robber's daughter when they were alone, "must thou learn yet another of our customs. We of the rock here are wont to hold such sorry things as food and slumber, for our slaves, and not our masters: to be called, not at set times and seasons, but at our own will. Thus, since our present business constraineth us to watch to-night, both late and early, need is, that we take our rest from this time until the moonrising. Wherefore lay thee down forthwith to sleep; and I will come and awaken thee so soon as they ring out the vesper chimes at the old chapel of Tanneguy, on the point over against us yonder."

Thus saying, she drew back the hangings from the door May Avis had espied, whereby both she and the boy had passed in and out of the chamber; and gave to view beyond a narrow passage, both walled and roofed with hewn stones; whence was there the entrance to a second and smaller chamber, also arched and vaulted with masonry, and at the far end thereof lay yet a third of the like size and fashion. Both of these were lighted by small and narrow windows toward the top; the walls hung with new serge, and the floors heedfully laid with warm skins of the wolf and the badger; whilst in one corner of either, stood there a close oaken bed after the Breton fashion, with a goodly heap of furs and coverlets within, spread over soft cushions. In the first chamber was there yet another bed, arrayed after the selfsame manner; but more worn and crazy, and standing withal as if it had been dragged from the inner place in haste, by the joint labour of those two young things, whose force sufficed not to hale it further. On this the captive maiden laid her down as commanded; and what with her own weariness, and the gloom and stillness of the place, she speedily slept likewise; nor awoke she, until at sound of her own name, she looked up, and beheld at her couch side Alcyone, with a lamp in her hand, and a heap of dark-looking gear on her arm.

"Rise, good Avis!" she said softly. "Array thee as quickly as thou mayst in this peasant's weeds, and come with me."

May Avis started up; and hastily apparelling herself by the lamp which the other had left there, followed her out upon the passage, wherein they had not made many more steps, ere they came upon a door at the end, and this being opened, let them into a small round space, like unto the shaft of a well. In front of them and on the right hand, lay two other doors, and up the side there wound a narrow stair, whereby they speedily gained the top; when, passing through a wicket, May Avis perceived by the chilly night-wind around, that they were now in the open air.

In as far as she could discern by the fitful lamplight, the place whereat they had come forth of those vaults and caverns, was the lowermost part of a half-fallen tower, that stood within a court encompassed by high walls—which last seemed as if hastily built up again

with such disjointed materials as had first come to hand from the ruins nigh. These lay so many and thick on every side, that it was plain this had been in former time no less than the stout castle of some Breton lord or knight, though now there remained nought thereof entire save the vaults and dungeons, together with an ancient round tower, on the same side of the court with the one they had left. Nor were such ruins in anywise scarce in those days along the wild and rocky shores of Cornouaille and the Morbihan, where they had been built in old time for defence against the Danish and Norman pirates; but being mostly in lone and dreary nooks, hard to be come at from the land, had been left in their decay to be the haunts of thieves and misdoers of all kinds; who lived there as securely as if they had been good men and true, by sufferance of that crafty prince, Duke John of Bretaigne—he having oftimes need of such allies in his debates with the Constable and others.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, 23rd DECEMBER, 1842, AFTER MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE'S LAST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

A ROSE, that falleth ere its petals lose
  One vermeil tint, one breath of sweetness rare—
  A nightingale, that vanisheth in air
Ere its rich melodies are quenched by dews
  Of sickness or decay—*so* hast thou passed
Away from us, bright-glittering with the hues
  Of laurel garlands twisted in thy hair
  By lauding millions, ere one chord was cast
By time, or change, upon thy glory!—Sweet,
As swans' foregoing songs, upon mine ear
  Still falls the moving pathos of thy voice;
And still thine intellectual eyes appear
  To flash around me—making earth rejoice
That thou art with us still, though mute unto us *here!*

THE PAINTER AND HIS PUPIL.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

"NEVER! Francesco Ribalta, never!" exclaimed the old Spanish painter to his pupil. "What! give my girl, my daughter, to thee! to thee!"

"And why not, good master mine?" responded the youth; "am I not of fair parentage?"

"Parentage! folly, thinkest thou that I heed thy parentage."

"Have I not the blood of hidalgos flowing in these veins?"

"Thou mayest have the blood of Ferdinand and Isabella for aught that it concerns me or mine."

"And doth not a fair heritage hang over my coming years?"

"Thou mayest have all the broad lands of Arragon and Castile, but thou shalt have no daughter of mine."

"And gold enough for contentment——"

"Thou mayest have all the gold that that marvel of a man, Columbus, ever found in the mines of Mexico, the new land where the rain-drops turn to pearl, where the waters, running over sands of gold, are changed into ruby and sapphire, and the morning vapours condense into diamonds,—thou mayest have all the riches of the New World, but no daughter of mine."

"I am young——"

"Wert thou older thou mightest be wiser."

"Time then will do both for me."

"And being older, and therefore wiser, thou wouldst not desire my daughter."

"Nay, dear master, you but dally with me. I am what I am, and being such, wilt thou not bestow upon me the happiness of my life?"

"Boy, let thy life be full of happiness—eat—drink—laugh—enjoy thy goods—measure thy land—count thy gold—don thy best attire—parade it—brave it—carry thyself gallantly—string thy jewels into a chain and hang them around thy neck—let thy cloak be of velvet with a garniture of golden embroidery—plume thy cap—rustle it gallantly—hold thy head aloft—clatter thy sabre—elbow thy neighbour—be worldly happy to thy heart's contentment—that is the happiness which best befits thee, but let every other species of happiness alone."

"What mean you, good master?"

"That all mortal men, and thou amongst them, have an atmosphere of their own—thou couldst not exist in another; this world is divided into circles—men walk in their own orbits round and round, but they cannot overstep the line of their circuit—seek not thou to pass beyond it. Our Moorish neighbours—blessed be the memory of Ferdinand and Isabella, that broke the bondslave's yoke from off the neck of gallant Spain—might teach thee a lesson out of the book of their dark sayings. Verily the Prophet was a shrewd man, or else as the blind groping for pebbles may grasp jewels in the dark, he may unwittingly

have stumbled on beams of truth. Dost remember thee of the silken bridge, fine as a hair, over which the true believer walked safely into Paradise, whilst they of mundane and grovelling material fell into the bottomless pit beneath? Bethink thee and take warning."

"Master, thou speakest in parables. Expound, I pray thee."

"Expound, sayest thou? Nay, nay. There be some riddles best left unriddled, and though light be good and much to be desired when it falleth upon pleasant objects, yet when it cloaketh what we love not to look upon, darkness is better."

"What mean you, kind—good—dear master? I do desire most heartily to stand well in your fair opinion, for in your hands rests the arbitration of my life's happiness or misery. I pray of you not to leave me in this evil plight, wherein I know not in what I may have displeased you. Since the time when I first entered your studio, I have not wearied in listening to your instructions or practising your precepts. Early and late—from sunrise till sunset—from cock-crow to roosting time—am I not at your feet hearkening to your instruction?"

"Ay, ay, early and late. Early and late. True to thy post—like a post," added the painter, mutteringly.

"And yet though I be true to the time, like the priest at matins or vespers, or like the shadow of our old cathedral cast upon the ground——"

"Ay, thou sayest true, thou art like a shadow on the ground," in a low voice added the old painter.

"Though I be at thy elbow from sunrise to sunset, listening to thy doctrinal discourses on light and shade, and the beauty of form and the soul of colouring; though while thou art discoursing thou mayest ever see that I alone of all our studio give thee full heed and whole and sole attention, whilst it may be that the others but jest and follow their own sport—while they be but ill-bred varlets of low estate, I being the while as I hope of courtlier breeding as well as of a goodlier heritage—yet still it seemeth to me that we change places in thy favour. I desire not to begrudge another thy fair aspect, nor to speak dispraisingly of my fellow students, but there is Lopez——"

"Ay, ay," said the old painter, with a brightening look, "there is Lopez—he is, O yes, that he is—an arrant knave."

"He spends the flower of his days gallanting through the streets of the city. Not a strolling fellow doth he meet but it is 'Hail, good fellow.' Not a peasant girl doth he find strolling through the fields, not a fish-wife nor a water-carrier, but he chucks under the chin with a jest and a jeer. In sooth, he is thought no more of by the sober part of the city, the staid and the creditable, than as a mere profligate youth, a never do well, a rattlepate, racketty roisterer, noisy over his wine-cup,—and in short, a disgrace to thy studio, dear master."

"A disgrace to my studio, Francesco, saidst thou that the wiseacres pronounce that varlet Lopez? All the rest true to the balance of a hair, but *that* false—false."

"I would scorn to repeat this gossip were it not matter of public notoriety, known to thee as well as to me, master mine. Yet though

Lopez roll into thy studio reeking from his wine-cups, and with the coarse breath of his boon companions yet redolent upon him, at some unseemly hour, whilst I have been labouring at my easel at my task of copying since sunrise, and if he but take in his staggering hand a morsel of chalk from the floor and dash off a few coarse heedless lines, instead of reproving him for his profligate life, and bidding him assort himself with more creditable companions, thine eyes glisten and thy words of reproof seem I know not how to turn into words of applause, and straightway with thy back turned to the labour of my long industry, though haply to win thy favour I have denied myself rest and food, and have striven till my wearied frame is well nigh sinking to the earth, yet all that I win from thee is but this at best, 'Well, thou art an industrious youth. I gainsay not that.' Whilst when thine eyes turn to his easel, with but the work of a moment dashed off upon it, they flash and sparkle, and instead of saying gravely, 'Profligate, amend thy ways,' thou dost even encourage him in his wickedness with such words as 'Oh, brave Lopez! Ah, what spirit!' and so he is made ten times worse than before, whilst I, labouring like a galley-slave—but I mean not to anger thee."

"Thou dost not anger me even though thou accusest me of partiality—but now I will be plain with thee, even though I grieve thee. It would be better if all men were so to each other. An honest blow at first might spare much after pain, even as the craft of surgery may seem cruel though its object be to heal—so will I now probe thee, my son Francesco, not in anger, though thou hast accused me of injustice, that be far from me. Now, however, my son Francesco, gird the loins of thy spirit to enable thee to hear the truth, for now will I speak the truth to thee, and nothing but the truth."

Notwithstanding the old painter's declaration that he was not in anger with Francesco for the charges against his impartiality which the bold youth had brought against him, Francesco leant against the walls of the studio with a feeling very nearly akin to despair. He was more alarmed at the deep fire burning in the eye of his old master than he could have been at any of its hasty flashes.

"Now listen, Francesco my son, and tell me from the deep well of truth that lies in the bottom of all our hearts, however seldom its depths may be sounded, tell me, nay, tell thyself, whether it was love of our divine art, or love of my daughter, the girl Isidora, that brought thee a pupil some two years agone into my studio."

"I will speak fair truth to thee, dear master, as I hope to profit by thy good opinion, and desire from my heart thy favour. Is it not more worthy of our hearts and minds, of our reason as well as of our feelings, to occupy them rather with so divine an image as Isidora, she the waving of whose garment has in it more real grace than could be imparted to chalk and canvass though we were to labour to old age and decrepitude,—she in whose soft undulating movements the fine effects of light and shade are continually diffusing around her, so as to mock the mimicry of paint and pigment,—and above all, she who, in addition to the breathing beauties of the shrine which it inhabits, possesses a soul full of responsiveness to the high thoughts which it

inspires in her adorers;—is it not, I say, a more worthy thing to offer our homage at the shrine of vital divinity like this, than to waste our zeal on chalks and canvass, and paints and pigments?"

"So then thou acknowledgest thy heresy! but I will be calm. Thou seest then no more in those perceptions, transcripts, realizations of divine intellect and beauty, in the creation of which our honoured masters have lavished not only life but their own souls, pouring out the fullness of their faculties in the delineation of an ideal, which corporeal eyes see not, and the children of this world feel not,—thou seest in these divine effulgences no more than their own humble medium of production—nothing save the chalk and the canvass, and the paints and the pigments! And thou avowest this! Openly, shamelessly avowest this!"

"If it be debasement to prefer a reality to a copy—the soul-full beauty to its inane counterpart—my Isidora to a painted picture—why then I must confess it—must glory in it!"

"Ay, as I thought! as I thought!" ejaculated the old painter; "and now needs must I deal plainly with thee, Francesco Ribalta. Leave thou my studio—give up thy paints and thy pencils—the spirit of genius has not breathed upon thee! Thou art not of the children of our divine mother Nature! Thou seest none but corporeal substances with those eyes of thine; they be made but for the vulgar uses of this ordinary life. Eat and drink, Francesco Ribalta, take thy pleasure, stint not thyself. The world is full of toys well fitted for such as thee! Every day may be a holiday to thee, therefore waste no more of thy time in industrious labours at thy easel. Think not that soul can be won by body, that spirit can be snatched at by matter. That daubing for so many hours a-day——"

"Daubing!" interrupted Francesco, in accents of indignant mortification.

"Ay, daubing," repeated the old painter. "I would I had dealt candidly with thee sooner, but now thou shalt have my words without mincing or stopping on my way to choose thee dainty ones. I would I had told thee long agone that vain is all thy labour of early rising and late taking rest, for thou hast at best but a plodding soul—a low and grovelling spirit—a vulgar appreciation of the divinity of genius—look now at the saint thou hast been labouring at these months past—I vow thou hast given Isidora's rosy lip and sparkling eye—and her saintship's gaze is upon thee rather than upraised in beatific vision. Pah! what perception of the *ideal* is here—it is not only the *actual*, but the vulgar. Again, look at these upturned hands—why they have the hardness of stone, and, nevertheless, so badly constructed, that one is fain to ask for mallet and chisel to knock them away! and look, yonder is a sunlight like red flames, here water like a pool of melted lead, clouds like masses of floating stone. Here, again, is a Madonna like a fish-wife! a Mary Magdalen like a Flemish dairy-maid! a Saint Cecilia like an opera singer! a Saint Paul like Goliath! a Judith like a butcher's frow! and a Solomon like an ass! Ah, pah! pah! pah! How hast thou dishonoured my poor instruction, and why have I borne with thee so long but from the weak tender mercy

of my nature? For surely art thou a craven! made to be happy in this world and in this world's ways, but altogether out of keeping with spiritual intelligences. And thou, too, mundane and earthly as thou art, to presume to cavil at the flights of my son Lopez! Why, boy, I tell thee that when he frolics with the peasant and the mendicant—when he rambles amid the mountains, the fields, and the woods—when he frequents the scenes of bacchanals and partakes of their wine-cups—nay, when he runs the wildest of his riots—he is but courting Nature in her own hallowed haunts, seeking with religious zeal intimations of her presence, catching her lustrous hues, tracing her gracious presence, imitating her graceful lines. Boy, what are thy years of slavish industry, passed with thine eye for ever dwelling on thy copying labour, and never raised on high to catch a spark of the divinity above, but cast low and grovelling on the earth, as abased as thine own ideas, as abject as thine own soul—what, I say, is the result of all this, compared with the Ithuriel-like touch of him whom thou contemnest!" and the old painter turned with a gesture of disgust from the long line of paintings which the unfortunate Francesco had ostentatiously arranged around the room, hoping to receive some approbation for his industry, and to propitiate the great guerdon for which he had so unremittingly striven. "Pah, what are they in comparison with the few lines which the hand of genius has traced," and he gazed admiringly, ecstatically, upon sundry scrawls in white chalk, which his pupil Lopez had heedlessly left upon a black ground. "Youth, youth, thy labours will all perish, or but cumber the earth as useless lumber, but a touch from the hand of Lopez, though it be but in the play of the moment's idleness, shall live for ever. Go thy way, then, and be happy in thine own way. There be many harvests in this world that may be reaped by industry—thy slavery of nature may profit thee something. As for my Isidora, I would willingly have given her to thee hadst thou possessed a soul—but that thou lackest. Therefore, go thy way—eat, drink, and be merry, but trouble me and mine no more. And so farewell."

People may talk about massacres, but we are perfectly sure that neither Saint Bartholomew nor Saint Any-body-else ever witnessed such a massacre as that which the barbarous old painter had perpetrated upon all the component parts of our poor hero Francesco. Cutting and hacking a body with all its bones and sinews, its nerves and arteries, seems nothing to that mangling and torturing of the thousand ethereal spirits which make up the soul. All those fine and subtile intelligences which inhabit the chambers of the intellect, all those troops of delicate perceptions invisible, yet full of the plenitude of most acute sensations—perceptions, the delicacy of whose aerial nature makes them almost intangible, and incapable of definition—all these had the old painter massacred without mercy. The thousand fibres of self-love, that, like the sensitive plant, shrink at a touch, he had wrenched up by the roots with the rudest and roughest hand. Love, hope, and ambition, he had murdered like a ruffian. Young

Francesco stood where he had left him, leaning against the wall of the painter's studio, crushed and astounded. Like one who had been disporting in pleasant dreams on a couch of fragrant flowers, and is awoke by precipitation from his joyous slumber and his delicious pillowing down some monstrous precipice. For two long years had Francesco toiled at his easel, a glance from the bright eyes of Isidora at once his inspiration and his reward. Those eyes might well inspire love—but could they inspire genius? Unquestionably they had taught him indefatigable industry—witness the long display of paintings which poor Francesco had so pompously marshalled around that studio as pleaders and witnesses for him. Never had mortal youth done more—but had he done it well? The old painter had declared that he would give his child only to one who should prove himself a worthy disciple of his noble art, and to render himself thus qualified had Francesco toiled for two long years. In that very room he had assembled all that he had accomplished, and thither he had led his master to witness the congregated pleaders for his favour, and to ask for his guerdon. But from this pinnacle of hope the old painter had remorselessly dashed him down into the deepest abyss of despair. He had scorned his pretensions, outraged his self-love, condemned him to association with the vulgar and the sensual-minded, declared his inability for even the reception of lofty aspirations, spoken with scorn of that most useful quality of industry, reviled its painstaking product, preferred a scrawl from the hand of the idle and profligate Lopez, and—utterly and hopelessly—denied him Isidora!

Poor Francesco stood leaning against that wall, in the scene of all his hopes and all his toils, surrounded by the numerous progeny of his labours, which seemed, with changed visages, to be glaring upon him from their canvass, reproaching him with their deformed creation, and asking him why he had dared to call into being their monstrous ugliness. The saints now looked like demons, and the holy men and martyrs as though they were under the influence of Satanic possession. Angels scowled upon him with malignant brows, and apostles mocked him. Even seraphic intelligences gibed and jeered him. Gradually the congregated multitude around, as if weary of longer tame endurance of their own injurious deformity, seemed to warm into life. Eyes rolled, fingers pointed, lips flouted, until, seeming to gain energy from impunity, the whole troop united in a whirling dance around him, mocking, pointing, gibing, jeering, practising every possible derisive contortion, all under the apparent influence of malignant demoniacal possession.

Poor Francesco's brain rocked and reeled, his eyes burned in their sockets, his lip writhed, his limbs quaked, his very soul trembled. Suddenly starting from his leaning position, he passionately doubled his fist in the face of St. Peter, and aimed a blow at the reverend bald head. It seemed to him, however, that the saint gave him a heavy return with his massive keys, which sent him headlong backwards into a caldron of boiling oil in which St. John was being immersed, who feeling the additional weight thus heaped upon him, and apparently indignant at the intrusion, threw him off with an energy that impaled him upon the spear of the archangel Michael, who, in his turn, re-

pulsed him by suddenly raising the unhappy artist on its point, and, having swung him leisurely round so as to make the circuit of his gibing audience, hurled him, with most unangel-like precipitation, to the ground, where as he lay, some dozen little rosy hours, headed by a malignant urchin of a Cupid, seemed to separate themselves from the canvass where he had painted them, the latter remorselessly pinching, piercing, and wounding him with his arrows, as though it were delectable amusement, the former industriously gathering a whole forest of thorns from among their own flowery fetters, and sticking them into his hapless body just as if he had been a pincushion. These prickings aroused the miserable and much-abused Francesco, and he raised himself from the floor, where doubtless he was lying glaring in his turn on the motley assemblage, who, apparently forgetful of their own heavenly nature, were still mocking, mowing, and gibing around him.

"Not angels, but fiends!" exclaimed Francesco, as, starting upon his feet in a frenzy of spirit, he glared around him—"not angels and saints, but fiends!—fiends!" he frenziedly exclaimed. "Yet think not I will brook your malignancy! Ah ha, spirits though ye be, I am your master spirit still. There's for you, Saint Peter, and now gibe at me again—not if you dare, but if you *can!*" and the painter, dipping a large brush into a can of paint, furiously dashed it into the very eyes of the apostolic resemblance. "And thou, Saint John! There! there! Take that, mocking bravoes! and that! and that! There, thou Saint Michael, take that for thy sneer! And thou, Dan Cupid, that for thy goading! And thou, Holy Mary—nay, but thou dost look piteously upon me! Thou seest how I am crushed with this grief! how I am derided by these mocking spirits! Thou dost look upon me with the eyes of my Isidora, and those dear eyes fill with tears. O Holy Mary, mother, dost thou weep for me?—for me, wretch that I am! Ah, see, the tears in thine eyes have brought wet drops to mine!"

And tears came to the impassioned and infuriated painter's relief, and once again, prostrate on the floor, that dew which cools the parched and burning brain fell gently from his burning eyes. He looked around on the work of devastation which he had wrought in the paroxysm of his insanity. He had defaced the products of his whole course of labours. The blotched masses which now met his gaze were all that remained of his previous years of patient industry—that industry which had cost him so much, yet which had been counted rather as a proof of incapacity than as a merit by his master, himself erroneously conceiving that patient labour could not be the concomitant of genius. There met his eye, at every turn, the ruin and the relics of his past drudging, delving years. Hideous, distorted, foul, valueless masses of blotched and bloated canvass, revolted him at every revolution of his own orbs of vision, till, returning to the sole untouched image, the melting eyes of Isidora again beamed upon him from the benign, placid, and pitying countenance of the Virgin Mother, and again he melted and wept beneath their influence.

"Francesco!" said a soft voice at his elbow, as thus reclining he lay in the scene of his self-wrought desolation. "Francesco! what grief possesses thee? What madness hath been working here? My soul

is oppressed with fear, with apprehension! Speak, and tell me what evil hath befallen thee? what mischance hath happened?"

"The greatest," replied Francesco—"that which none other can remead! Thou knowest how I have laboured to win thee; thou knowest that when thy father avouched that he would give thee to none but such as might excel in his own high art, how at once, thinking no toil too great, no sacrifice of my young life to olong, I devoted myself to the acquisition of that skill and talent for which he deemeth that the world was chiefly made; thou knowest how I toiled early and late, as happy in my hopes as I am now wretched in my despair, till I had acquired, as I fondly counted, some ground for my pretensions to thine own dear hand—when, this very morning, I brought hither the fruit of all my years of probationship, arranging them around, as I imagined, with a just discrimination of their effects, and thinking, perhaps, too highly of myself in my presumption, and, it may be, overvaluing these the sunniest of my years, spent in this labour of love—I arranged these products of my craft around, and, bringing in thy cruel parent, I fondly asked him to behold the product of this time thus devoted, and if I might presume to ask thy dear self of him as my guerdon, when lo!—but I cannot tell even thee! Perhaps thou mayest believe it! Alas, it may be true—too true!"

"Thy griefs are mine," responded Isidora. "If thou art wounded, I suffer too! What said he?"

"He told me what, alas! I knew too well before, that I was unworthy of thee, but he told me also that I was unworthy of his noble art, that he would give thee to none who was not great therein, to none who could not achieve themselves a name in this nobility, which he accounteth higher than that of princes. He reproached me with ignobleness of soul, with poverty of talent—bade me seek my pleasures among the herd of the sensual and the vapid—bade me content myself with gauds and toys—spurned, despised, contemned, reviled me—and ah! worse than all, banished me thy presence and his own for ever!"

"Could he do this! What! is he so blind to thy surpassing merit? Thou who hast toiled from morning until eventide!"

"Ay, there lies the sting! Had I, instead of wearying myself with so painstaking an industry, but disported myself like that profligate Lopez, I should the better have gained his favour. But he counteth more of one scrawl from the hand of Lopez, than of the product of my patient years."

"Yet what hath Lopez done in comparison with thee! Ah, Francesco, what barbarous hand hath been busy here? Who hath thus destroyed thy glorious labour? Blessed saints, where was your own guardianship! Oh, Francesco, who hath thus despoiled these beatific forms, on whom mine eyes loved to dwell? Ah, what grievous loss to the world! Who can supply what has thus perished! Who hath thy matchless hand, thine own rich imagination?"

"Ah, dearest Isidora, dost thou indeed so account of my poor talents," responded the youth, in no slight degree comforted by the balm of admiration administered by his fair ladye-love. "Thou dost not then reckon me a vain pretender to the high honour of this noble art?"

"Francesco, I know that future ages will be filled with the fame of thy glory!"

"Dearest, I will believe thy prophecy, for I feel that within me which seems to say that I was born for high achievements. Were I indeed that ignoble spirit which thy father accounteth, the faint spark which hath hitherto invigorated might be now extinguished beneath his crushing foot; but instead of this, I feel it rather awakening, reviving, glowing—flaming within me! Isidora, my beloved, I bid thee farewell for a season. I need not bid thee be faithful to my remembrance, because I know that our love is but as one life sustaining our separate existences, and that therefore life or death must be simultaneous. I bid thee only be careful of thyself for a season. I will return to claim thee on thy father's own terms. I will win name and eminence! I will compel him to say, 'Well done, my son Francesco! thou art worthy of my Isidora!' I feel it all within me! Adieu, for a season, my heart's treasure, my well-beloved! Each moment that I dally with thee defers my return. My soul is on fire with its purpose! Adieu! adieu!"

"Nay stay, Francesco," in piteous accents exclaimed the painter's daughter. "Where—whither—" but Francesco had gone.

Well, Francesco had gone, and all things looked the same, however differently they might be felt. Isidora lived on a remembrance. She existed not in the actual but the ideal. The chambers of the memory are so many treasure-houses to those who love. As the miser counts his gold, so does the loving heart number up every expression of affection, every glance of tenderness, every pure sentiment, every elevated idea, every holy aspiration. Nay, it often happens that the trifles which form so large a part of the transactions of daily life, as well with heroes as lovers, like the meaner metals, undergo the transmutation of alchemy, and are converted into gold. Thus a gesture, a look, a tone, elicited in the necessities of ordinary intercourse, become matter of commemorative importance, and the heart is furnished with ample material for contemplation. Isidora dwelt in this garner-house of the past. She roved through its recesses, counting up and magnifying her treasures. And yet Isidora thought herself unhappy. Strange that we can dwell in conditions of happiness or misery, and yet be ignorant of our own positions, only knowing what we have been by an after consideration. Isidora's misery was but the dreamy shadow of her joy. What though she was divided in body from him she loved, she was united in soul. She could dream and dote. That blight which withers every fair flower of this creation, had not yet breathed over and around her. She had not trusted for years and been deceived at last! She had not seen the hideous features which this world wears when the veil drops from it. Very certain we are, that whatever her sufferings, and whatever her privations, no girl of twenty was ever really miserable—no, nor perhaps for some ten years afterwards.

But perhaps disagreeable things are best not talked about. Dear

reader, we would rather paint to your eye the world of romance than the world of reality, and very much indeed is it the happiest world to live in. In its fairy mansions we once dwelt, but we got notice to quit, and all that we can now do is to draw from memory, to linger over its recollections, and to do what we can to keep you in it as long as possible. In this world Isidora still dwelt, and sooth to say, a very idle sort of a life she led—that is to say, she led just such an idle life as girls in love generally lead—that is to say, she braided her long silken hair, she arranged the flow of her veil, doing both with studious care, though thinking all the while that she cared nothing about it; she read a few stanzas of poetry, culled a great quantity of flowers, used an extraordinary amount of scents, bought a great deal of new music, played an immensity of disjointed trolls upon her guitar, and loitered a great deal in the garden. This is the usual routine for patients in such a state, and Isidora followed it with great orthodoxy.

The old painter, meanwhile, painted with a zeal that absorbed every faculty. With him his art was the sole object of his life. There are men to whom their pursuit, be it what it may, is a religion. The old painter was one of them.

And Francesco? Francesco had entered on a new existence. Severity of condemnation is as a fiery ordeal to the soul. The ignoble it at once crushes into its native earth. The noble it stimulates to high emprize. The one it utterly disables, the other it invigorates. That test had been applied to Francesco. Up to that moment he had trusted to untiring industry, but now the soul assumed its befitting mastery. Yet had that patient labour been well applied. Without it Francesco Ribalta could never have become that great master of his art which the world has attested him. With it he at once entered on a new phaze of being, the enlargement of his soul's conceptions being attended, and consequently left free and unshackled by ready manipulation of his hand. Francesco travelled into Italy, and there devoted himself to the study of the glorious works of Raphael and the Carracci. He wooed nature also as a lover. Drudgery had given place to enfranchisement. The hand ready trained to execute was now the able coadjutor of the spirit that could conceive. The old painter, in denying his pupil the possession of genius, had assuredly undervalued the inspiration of love. Was he ignorant that *love*, in its purest and most elevated essence, was the pervading spirit of the universe? So it would seem, since he installed *genius* above it. The spirit of Francesco Ribalta had, however, now drunk of that fountain of life; and after executing works which have handed his name with honour down to posterity, he turned his face once more towards Spain and his mistress.

It was on the evening of a sunny summer's day that Francesco approached the scenes of his early loves and labours. His heart beat quickly as he approached the spot, for inanimate things assuredly speak to us with voices of the past—awaken long reverberating echoes in the soul. Francesco could not bring himself to enter with the form and announcement of a stranger, so he wound his way towards the

garden which environed the back of the dwelling, and climbing its wall, soon found himself in the midst of those rosy labyrinths which he had so often wandered through with Isidora. In this garden was the old painter's studio. He listened—all was silent. He entered—all was desolate, at least as far as regarded human occupation. His master's easel was standing with an imperfect design partially chalked in. Francesco gazed upon it. His cultivated eye *now* detected errors in those lines. He felt that the pupil had exchanged positions with the master. He saw at once openings for improvements such as would inspire a new soul and a fresh spirit into that conception. He was thus gazing, when an old servant of the painter's entered. Sancho was communicative in his joy at beholding him again. The old painter had been ill, but was now partially recovering. Isidora passed her time attending to him—it might still be weeks before he again entered his studio. Lopez, more idle and profligate than ever, availing himself of this relief from the slightest of all restrictions, was running wild riot abroad, and but little likely to trouble home with his presence. Sancho willingly entered into all Francisco's plans. He promised to guarantee him undisturbed possession of the studio—to keep watch and ward, and warn him of any approach; to supply him with useful food—to acquaint him constantly of the state of the old painter—and to bring him hourly bulletins of all that Isidora said, or did, or looked.

O with what zeal and energy did Francesco Ribalta betake himself to the easel of his master, and pour out his very soul on the completion and perfection of his crude design. He laboured like one before whom danced love, and hope, and happiness, and fame. He was possessed by two ideas, and he knew not which preponderated—which was primary and which subordinate—the winning Isidora, or the establishment of his talents in his old master's estimation. Conjointly these motives were all powerful. He worked with intensity of ardour. His imagination was on fire, and now most valuably came in the aptness of manipulation which his old habits of industry had ensured. The canvass glowed beneath his touch. During that self-imposed term of solitude, his very imagination was sublimed. The hours knew no weariness. In the same spot where he had felt so many hopes and fears, so much anguish and disappointment, there was he striving to redeem both love and fame. There, on the spot which Isidora had hallowed by her daily presence, the spot which had witnessed his protestations. The same trees hung their verdant branches, the same flowers cast their radiance, the same perfumes hung upon the air; and as Francesco painted, he could still, as he had been wont, cast his eye from his easel to that latticed window where he knew that Isidora's shadow must often pass. More than once, too, she entered the garden, paused over a flower, loitered near him, nay, he even heard her foot ascending the few steps which conducted into the studio—how did his wild heart beat and throb; her hand was upon the handle, but no, she did not turn it—she descended again: he could hear her traversing the pathway—he could see the white wave of her mantilla—and now she was gone; whilst he turned again to his easel, and con-

soled himself for the disappointment of the present by anticipations of the future—the bright, the sunny, the all-satisfying and hope-gilded future.

The morning was balmy, the air refreshing, all nature cheering, when the old painter, with Isidora by his side, wended slowly up the steps of his long vacated studio, with Sancho following after, his dark face full of unwonted meaning, his eyes glistening, his mouth distended so as to display a phalanx of the whitest teeth in the world, and evidently full of the importance of the most highly valued secret; thus moved the little troop along, until the old painter stood before his easel—on that moment depended the fate of Francesco.

"What!" exclaimed the old painter, with a start of surprise. "What is it that I see! I left but a slight half-conceived design upon my canvass, and now I behold a finished painting! And what a painting! What great and worthy master hath been here! Have the saints aided him! Is it magic! Mine own design, yet how improved, how corrected, how perfected! Ah, what accuracy of touch, what breadth and richness of colouring, what a power of light, what a depth of shade! Who hath been here? Who hath wrought this miracle? Speak, Sancho, speak, for I see thou art in the secret. Sancho, I burn with curiosity! Satisfy me speedily."

"Think you, master, it may have been the work of your pupil, Lopez," said Sancho.

"Not he! Not he! He is incapable! The idle varlet. Ah, Isidora, that youth hath taught me a lesson. Had that boy had industry, he would have been a great master, but lacking it, he is less than naught. Ay, ay, true enough it is that the richest fields need the most careful husbandry, else do nothing but weeds spring up. No, no. Lopez could not even have painted that shoe latchet. There is the hand of the master."

"Master," resumed Sancho, his dark face gleaming with delight, "doth there exist any possibility that thine other pupil, the kind and good Francesco Ribalta, whom thou didst dismiss for want of talent, may have been here?"

"Nay! nay! This noble painting is as much above that poor incapable Francesco Ribalta in power of conception, as it is beyond the vagrant Lopez in skill of execution. Ah, I was grievously unfortunate in my two pupils: the one had genius, but no industry; the other was a grinding spirit without soul. Their different faculties united would have made a great man—divided, each is naught. O, Isidora, what a difference is there between the man who could produce so noble a work as this, and that ignoble youth who, in his self-sufficient ignorance, dared to aspire to thy hand. I would willingly give thee to the man who has so skilfully executed that, but not to the miserable Ribalta, of whom you are always thinking."

"Dear master, I claim thy word," said Francesco, stepping from behind the easel. "Not the miserable but the happy Ribalta hath indeed had the glory of completing thy labour to thine own contentment. Dear master, let me owe thee everything! Already am I

indebted to thee, first for the mastery of the handicraft of our noble art, and secondly for that honest severity which tore the veil of my own self-security and satisfaction from my eyes, and taught me, that instead of having already attained, all still remained for me to do. Dear master, once again I thank thee for that honest and wholesome severity. If I have done well, I owe it to thee in every sense; and now, hast thou not said thou wouldst bestow the crowning blessing of my Isidora's hand upon him who had completed thy painting? Fulfil thy words, and complete my happiness."

"Take her, she is thine," said the old painter. And so ends our history.

LINES.

[Between Cracq and Carnac, (Morbihan,) by the side of the sea-beaten path, is erected a Granite Cross, with the inscription, "Ici fu tué Monsr. le Baron, Recteur; l'an. 1800." A very old woman told us — "Monsr. le Baron etait Recteur de Carnac; il y a quarante ans qu'il il fut assassiné ici, par les *Bleus*."

'Twixt Cracq and Carnac as we walked at morn,
Treading the stony path whose lines were worn
By the nailed feet of peasants, while around
The ocean's murmur was the only sound
Which met our ears, we came to where a heap
Of granite crags, like sea-kings fall'n asleep,
Half-closed the pass: and there, against the sky,
Rose a rude cross, whose inarticulate cry
Spoke both of life and death; beneath the shade
By its mis-shapen arms a moment made,
Sate, with dull, wandering eyes, an aged crone,
As moveless as the rocks about her strown:
Who questioned, told us in few words, a tale
Of holy man, slain in that sea-girt vale;—
Then fell again to silence, and a dread
Unnatural stillness on her flinty bed.
We giving, left her, and pursued our track
Yet sometimes pensive, turned, and looking back,
We thought that there the shadowy links which bind
The living and the dead were well defined.
We, in our strength; she in her slow decay;
Beneath our feet the dust of what had lived, and passed away.

H. M.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY, 1844.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

History of the Conquest of Mexico, with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortés. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

WITH all the vast advantages which progressing intellect and highly cultivated science invest the denizen of modern days, advantages which are every hour accumulating round him in the multitudinous forms of corporeal benefits and intellectual revelations, there are still some objects of magnificent interest, which man, marching on with time, must necessarily leave behind him. This globe of ours is now too well ransacked and mapped out by the active and pervading spirit of our race, aided so largely by all modern appliances, for us to entertain a hope of again finding new cities teeming with swarming populations, who have advanced to opulence and luxury by paths altogether dissimilar from our own; of nations who present us with the imposing spectacle of greatness in other forms, and whose impressions have been derived from altogether different sources.

Mexico in past days, and China in our own, are the rare instances of the splendid novelties worthy of a world's curiosity. The veil drawn aside from these nations, shows us in what forms the intellect of our race has shaped itself. The imposing spectacle of vast countries abounding in wealth and luxury, may, indeed, dazzle the imagination, but after the eye has grown somewhat familiarised with the unwonted exhibition, the mind must needs enter into a curious speculation. We look upon the brother of our mortality, the being made up of like passions with ourselves, both physically and mentally the same, and we trace our parallel conditions. In what extent and degree are

our wants the requisitions of nature, and in our separate conditions how similarly have they been supplied? If our necessities are arbitrary, has the compulsion operating for their supply evidenced itself in correspondent labours? Are luxuries so far the gratifications of internal wants as to produce like counterparts for their gratification? Have the Muses really that divinity of origin as to be an inspiration rather than the following of an upheld exemplar? Are painting, poetry, sculpture, reflections *of* the mind or *on* the mind? To what extent are our ideas of good and evil flowing from an implanted source or derivable from education? Such are but iotas in the vast expanse of speculation which opens on the mind when we survey Mexico as it was, or China as it is.

The vigilant policy of the Celestial Empire has hitherto kept its portals jealously closed against interest and curiosity. Whether or not a war that seems to require justification, will have an efficacy in relaxing the bolts and bars of the country, remains to be seen. So far are we parallel, that it was also the injury of arms that opened Mexico. For the credit of our national honesty, we trust that the similitude may not be extended. Hernando Cortés entered Mexico ravening for gold. This whole world of ours, in all its sections, has an idolatry for courage. The homage is so universal that it must be innate. It cannot, therefore, be so much an invention as the truth perverted. Moral courage is that noble attribute which is thus cheated of its rights. Man's original and purer nature doing no evil, feared no evil. Courage walks ever before innocence, just as cowardice is the very shadow of guilt. In losing the higher faculty, blindness in part has so far fallen upon us, that we are content to substitute physical for moral courage, and on this estimation, doubtless, Cortés was a hero. But however the world may misapply terms, he who steals largely must needs be the greater thief, and he who sheds most blood the greatest murderer. Allowing Rome the fullest honour of an apostolic church, her vaunted claim to dispense nations is one that common honesty utterly repudiates. That the Pope should arrogate to himself the right of robbing Montezuma of his crown and kingdom, reducing the son of the soil to a state of vassalage, sanctifying the pillage of his coffers, sanctioning the carnage of his people, blasting the land with rapine and butchery, and so transferring it from the legitimate holder to another and a stranger, and doing these things in the name of his Master,—all this only shows us to what depths of blindness they who lead the blind may be subjected. Little can be said against Mahometanism being a religion of the sword, whilst the representative of St. Peter brought upon Christianity the same obloquy. That fearfully misapplied text, "*compel them to come in*," has been preached upon by actions wherever the word of command could be echoed, but where has the reverberation been followed by such plaints of woe as from the wasted fields and ruined homes of Mexico?

In the three copious and handsome volumes before us, which have given rise to our observations, Mr. Prescott has supplied us with a history and description of that deeply interesting country, of which it would be difficult to speak in too approving terms. With more than the splendour of romance, and with all the solid interest of truth, the

charm and the merit keep an equal pace. His research is amply testified by its fruits, for he has undoubtedly explored every available resource with a most beneficial result. In a rapid though lucid summary, he has gone over the early history of Mexico, so that the reader may be better able to accompany him in his really felicitous account of the Conquest. His descriptions of the country and the native character, the policy and institutions of the people, their mode of government and monarchy, the resources of the empire, its wealth, its splendour, its degree of civilization and refinement, are all the embodiment of a fine picture, which is the scene of actions equalling the highest flights of either romance or chivalry. True, we have been familiar with the theme from our childhood. The gentle, generous, suffering, superstitious Montezuma, and the brave, firm, pitiless Conqueror, are among our mental-memoried friends: but we have them nowhere painted with such an energy and power as in Mr. Prescott's pages. The land is like the fairy lands of our memories, where the gold dust is as plentiful as the sands, and jewels are scattered about like pebbles; where the flowers fall like showers from heaven, rather than develope themselves like children of the earth; and where the warriors wear the resplendent mail formed from the plumage of myriads of glowing and glittering birds.

We present to our readers Mr. Prescott's description of the meeting between the hopeless Montezuma and his Conqueror, only adding that its deep research and sound impartiality equal its attractive merits.

"In the midst of these unpleasant reflections they beheld the glittering retinue of the Emperor emerging from the great street, which led then, as it still does, through the heart of the city. Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state, bearing golden wands, they saw the royal palanquin, blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy feather-work, powdered with jewels, and fringed with silver, was supported by four attendants of the same rank. They were barefooted, and walked with a slow, measured pace, and with eyes bent down on the ground. When the train had come within a convenient distance, it halted, and Montezuma, descending from his litter, came forward, leaning on the arms of the lords of Tezcuco and Iztapalapan, his nephew and brother, both of whom, as we have seen, had already been made known to the Spaniards. As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strewed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil. His subjects, of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward, with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the humbler class prostrated themselves before him. Such was the homage paid to the Indian despot, showing that the slavish forms of oriental adulation were to be found among the rude inhabitants of the western world.

"Montezuma wore the girdle and ample square cloak, *tilmatli*, of his nation. It was made of the finest cotton, with the embroidered ends gathered in a knot round his neck. His feet were defended by sandals having soles of gold, and the leathern thongs which bound them to his ancles were embossed with the same metal. Both the cloak and sandals were sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, among which the emerald and the *chalchiortl*—a green stone, of higher estimation than any other among the Aztecs—were conspicuous. On his head he wore no other ornament than a *panache* of plumes of the royal green, which floated down his back, the badge of military rather than of regal rank.

"He was at this time about forty years of age. His person was tall and thin, but not ill made. His hair, which was black and straight, was not very long; to wear it short was considered unbecoming persons of rank. His beard was thin; his complexion somewhat paler than is often found in his dusky, or rather copper-coloured race. His features, though serious in their expression, did not wear the look of melancholy, indeed of dejection, which characterizes his portrait: and which may well have settled on them at a later period. He moved with dignity, and his whole demeanour, tempered by an expression of benignity not to have been anticipated from the reports circulated of his character, was worthy of a great prince.—Such is the portrait left to us of the celebrated Indian emperor, in this his first interview with the white men.

"The army halted as he drew near. Cortés, dismounting, threw his reins to a page, and, supported by a few of the principal cavaliers, advanced to meet him. The interview must have been one of uncommon interest to both. In Montezuma, Cortés beheld the lord of the broad realms he had traversed, whose magnificence and power had been the burden of every tongue. In the Spaniard, on the other hand, the Aztec prince saw the strange being whose history seemed to be so mysteriously connected with his own; the predicted one of his oracles; whose achievements proclaimed him something more than human. But whatever may have been the monarch's feelings, he so far suppressed them as to receive his guest with princely courtesy, and to express his satisfaction at personally seeing him in his capital.

"After the interchange of these civilities, Montezuma appointed his brother to conduct the Spaniards to their residence in the capital, and again entering his litter, was borne off amidst prostrate crowds, in the same state in which he had come. The Spaniards quickly followed, and made their entrance into the southern quarter of Tenochtitlan.

"Here again they found fresh cause for admiration in the splendour of the city, and the superior style of its architecture. The dwellings of the poorer class were, indeed, chiefly of reeds and mud. But the great avenue through which they were now marching was lined with the houses of the nobles, who were encouraged by the emperor to make the capital their residence. They were built of a red porous stone, drawn from quarries in the neighbourhood, and though they rarely rose to a second story, often covered a large space of ground. The flat roofs, *azoteas*, were protected by stone parapets, so that every house was a fortress. Sometimes these roofs resembled parterres of flowers, so thickly were they covered with them, but more frequently these were cultivated in broad terraced gardens, laid out between the edifices. Occasionally a great square or market-place intervened, surrounded by its porticos of stone and stucco; or a pyramidal temple reared its colossal bulk, crowned with its tapering sanctuaries, and altars blazing with inextinguishable fires. The great street facing the southern causeway, unlike most others in the place, was wide, and extended some miles in nearly a straight line, as before noticed, through the centre of the city. A spectator standing at one end of it, as his eye ranged along the deep vista of temples, terraces, and gardens, might clearly discern the other, with the blue mountains in the distance, which, in the transparent atmosphere of the table-land, seemed almost in contact with the buildings.

"But what most impressed the Spaniards was the throngs of people who swarmed through the streets and on the canals, filling every doorway and window, and clustering on the roofs of the buildings. 'I well remember the spectacle,' exclaims Bernal Diaz; 'it seems now, after so many years, as present to my mind as if it were but yesterday.' But what must have been the sensations of the Aztecs themselves, as they looked on the portentous pageant! as they heard now, for the first time, the well-cemented pavement ring under the iron tramp of the horses—the

strange animals which fear had clothed in such supernatural terrors; as they gazed on the children of the East, revealing their celestial origin in their fair complexions; saw the bright falchions and bonnets of steel, a metal to them unknown, glancing like meteors in the sun, while sounds of unearthly music—at least, such as their rude instruments had never wakened—floated in the air! But every other emotion was lost in that of deadly hatred when they beheld their detested enemy the Hascalan, stalking, in defiance, as it were, through their streets, and staring around with looks of ferocity and wonder, like some wild animal of the forest, who had strayed by chance from his native fastnesses into the haunts of civilization.

"As they passed down the spacious street, the troops repeatedly traversed bridges suspended above canals, along which they saw Indian barks gliding swiftly with their little cargoes of fruits and vegetables for the markets of Tenochtitlan. At length they halted before a broad area near the centre of the city, where rose the huge pyramidal pile dedicated to the patron war-god of the Aztecs, second only, in size, as well as sanctity, to the temple of Cholula, and covering the same ground now in part occupied by the great cathedral of Mexico.

"Facing the western gate of the enclosure of the temple stood a low range of stone buildings, spreading over a wide extent of ground, the palace of Axayacath, Montezuma's father, built by that monarch about fifty years before. It was appropriated to the barracks of the Spaniards. The emperor himself was in the court-yard, waiting to receive them. Approaching Cortés, he took from a vase of flowers, borne by one of his slaves, a massy collar, in which the shell of a species of craw-fish, much prized by the Indians, was set in gold, and connected by heavy links of the same metal. From this chain depended eight ornaments, also of gold, made in resemblance of the same shell-fish, a span in length each, and of delicate workmanship; for the Aztec goldsmiths were confessed to have shown skill in their craft not inferior to their brethren of Europe. Montezuma, as he hung the gorgeous collar round the general's neck, said, 'This palace belongs to you, Malinche,' (the epithet by which he always addressed him,) 'and your brethren. Rest after your fatigues, for you must need to do so, and in a little while I will visit you again.' So saying, he withdrew with his attendants, evincing, in this act, a delicate consideration not to have been expected in a barbarian."

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III. To which are added, Remarks on the French Revolution. Third Series. By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM.

We have here the third volume of Lord Brougham's labours, opening with a consideration of the causes which led to the French revolution, and chiefly occupied by a consideration of the characters of its morally branded heroes.

Reputation, however it may gratify the human heart to have attained it, does, after all, but place its possessor in a point of elevation in which he is exposed to constant scrutiny, and entails upon him the necessity of ever-renewed exertions to retain his position. The little hillocks of sand on which he fancies that he has so firmly planted his feet, slide, and shift, and moulder away beneath them, and if he be not content to stand again on the ordinary level of ordinary men, he must labour unceasingly up the crumbling pyramid. If he pause or

rest, he is at the base again in a mere breathing time. We say not but that there are reputations built upon the rock. Time has accumulated round us many of these glorious monuments; but these granite pedestals are chiefly occupied by those who have been installed by a world, and have not climbed there themselves; who have striven for the substance and not for the shadow; who have aimed at true greatness rather than reputation. Like the saints of the Roman Church, they are elected to their honours long after they have ceased to exist, and when the human passions that might have been gratified have all perished in the grave.

Whether or not Lord Brougham's reputation be built upon the granite or the sand, remains for future ages to determine. That he is now one of those marked public men on whom the eyes of that vast audience, the world, are rivetted as a leader in the troop of illustrious actors who are as a pageant to the humbler gazers, is certain. We have, therefore, a right to look for great things from him. There is deep interest, also, in noting the view of one statesman of another—if indeed, as far as regards the sanguinary leaders of the French revolution, the association be not injurious to Lord Brougham. The oceans of blood sometimes threw up on the crest of their turbulent waves some demon, thus elevated for a moment, and then swallowed in the vortex, whilst others waded to posts of power by dint of mere brute energy. In our estimation, neither of these classes deserve the name of "Statesmen."

Lord Brougham's view of the condition of France previous to the catastrophe of the revolution is unmarked by any peculiar feature. We know that we have no right to expect the new when the old has been ransacked, nevertheless, we think that Lord Brougham has passed over with too casual observation the long-nursed embryos of infidelity, planted and watered so industriously by its apostles until the roots of the Upas had matted themselves throughout the length and breadth of the land. Lord Brougham admits that the fearful disruption of the kingdom sprang not from a sudden earthquake, but that it was the working of that fatal poison which had been for so long a time running through the very veins and arteries of society; but, in doing this, he passes over the working causes too cursorily. We pause over this point, because it comes to us in the solemn warning voice of history—a voice that should be listened to by every age and country. The experience of an individual is a good thing; the experience of a nation is a great thing. All events are either warnings or examples. It is important, then, that powerful influences should be placed in just lights. We think Lord Brougham has left this matter in the shade.

But, passing from his preliminary sketch to his considerations of the characters of those who acted in the great national tragedy, we cannot be blind to the leaning of a somewhat too merciful judgment. Keeping in our thoughts that scriptural text, "By their fruits ye shall know them," we have always found it impossible to extenuate, on any supposable motive, the dark actions of robbery, murder, regicide. We look in vain for mercy of mind whilst the hands are reeking with blood. We take Danton as an example. Lord Brougham supposes

him to have been endowed with some compassionateness of nature. True, he had education and eloquence. Yet it was he who moved the populace to call for the dethronement of the king; he who threatened the representatives with the insurrection of the people if they hesitated to tear from the unhappy monarch all show of authority, and declare the throne vacant; he who, under the mockery of the name "Minister of Justice," perpetrated atrocities which might well make humanity blush to hold him in relationship; he who accustomed the ears of the people to look for, and taught and trained their hearts to desire, the murder of their king; and he who filled up the measure of his crimes by voting for his decapitation!

And here a reason suggests itself why Lord Brougham has chosen to confine himself to considerations of the characters, rather than giving biographies of the men, for certainly the bare recital of facts, without a commenting word, would be the most crushing of condemnations. We do not mean to say that Lord Brougham always either eulogises or extenuates; that would be impossible; but there are cases in which we may possibly be severe upon ourselves by simply not being severe upon others.

Recurring again to Danton, who, like most of the revolutionary heroes, received the honour of unwilling martyrdom in their own cause, we notice that Lord Brougham attaches little weight to Danton's double treason—that of plotting with the Duke of Orleans and some other disaffected republicans—though it was for this treachery against his colleagues that his own doom fell upon him. Whether or not it was because St. Just denounced him as a traitor, or Robespierre hated him as a rival, matters little, however, in the vast partnership of crime. Death came to cure him of infidelity.

Having most referred to Danton, our extract shall exhibit Lord Brougham's view of him.

"There can hardly a greater contrast be found between two individuals than that which this remarkable person presented in all respects to Robespierre. His nature was dauntless; his temper mild and frank; his disposition sociable; naturally rather kind and merciful, his feelings were only blunted to scenes of cruelty by his enthusiasm, which was easily kindled in favour of any great object; and even when he had plunged into bloodshed, none of the chiefs who directed those sad proceedings ever saved so many victims from the tempest of destruction which their machinations had let loose. Nor was there anything paltry and mean in his conduct on these occasions, either as to the slaughters which he encouraged or the lives which he saved. No one has ever charged him with sacrificing any to personal animosity, like Robespierre and Collot d'Herbois, whose adversaries fell before the revolutionary tribunal, or those against whom offended vanity made them bear a spite; and it is certain that he used his influence in procuring the escape of many who had proved his personal enemies. His retreat to Arcis-sur-Aube, after his refusal to enter the Committee of Public Safety, and finally his self-sacrifice, by protesting against the sanguinary course of that terrible power, leave no doubt whatever resting upon his general superiority in character and feelings to almost all the other chiefs.

"His natural endowments were great for any part in public life, whether at the bar or in the senate, or even in war; for the part of a revolutionary leader they were of the highest order. A courage which nothing could quell; a quickness of perception at once and clearly to perceive his

own opportunity, and his adversary's error; singular fertility of resources, with the power of sudden change in his course, and adaptation to varied circumstances; a natural eloquence, springing from the true source of all eloquence—warm feelings, fruitful imagination, powerful reason, the qualities that distinguish it from the mere rhetorician's art,—but an eloquence hardy, caustic, masculine; a mighty frame of body; a voice overpowering all resistance. These were the grand qualities which Danton brought to the prodigious struggle in which he was engaged; and ambition and enthusiasm could for the moment deaden within him those kindlier feelings which would have impeded or encumbered his progress to eminence and to power. That he was extremely zealous for the great change which he so essentially promoted, can admit of no doubt; and there is no reason whatever for asserting that his ambition, or any personal motive, overtopped his honest though exaggerated enthusiasm. The zeal of St. Just and Camille Desmoulins was in all probability as sincere as Danton's; but they, especially St. Just, suffered personal feelings to interfere with it, and control their conduct to a very much greater extent; and their memory, especially St Just's, is exposed to far more reproach for their conduct in the bloody scenes to which the revolution gave birth.

"The speeches of Danton were marked by a fire, an animation, very different from anything that we find in those of Robespierre, and the other leaders of the revolution, except perhaps Isnard, the most ardent of them all. In Danton's eloquence there appears no preparation, no study, nothing got up for mere effect. We have the whole heart of the man poured forth; and accordingly he rises upon incidental interruption, and is never confounded by any tumult or any attack. In one particular, as might be expected from his nature, he stands single among the great speakers of either France or England—the shortness of his speeches. They are, indeed, harangues prompted by the occasion; and we never lose the man of action in the oration. If we were to look for a specimen of his manner, perhaps none would be found better or more characteristic than his reply to the attack made upon him by Lasource, whom the Gironde put forward to charge him with his known partiality for Dumouriez. Danton was then the recognised leader of the Mountain; and the fierce struggle between that party and the Gironde having begun, the latter deemed it a great advantage to connect their adversaries, through him, with Dumouriez, whose treason was now avowed. The success of Danton's defence was complete, and paved the way for the subsequent denunciation of the Gironde. The speech is full of extempore bursts, which have great merit, and produced an extraordinary impression. It may suffice to give the passage in which he denounced the Gironde. It follows his sudden retort on the cry that he was playing with Dumouriez the part of Cromwell. The success of that retort appears to have suggested and sustained the denunciation."

Lord Brougham's eloquence of pen needs no commendation from us. Fine writing is always agreeable reading. Doubtless his lordship's opinions are entitled to respect—we pay him that of differing from them. The volume possesses some fine portraits, though we are tempted to charge upon them the artistical flattery of some extenuation of the admitted ugliness of some whom they represent; at least in one or two instances. If, in conclusion, we say, that Lord Brougham's reputation will not be enhanced by this third volume of "Statesmen," we are only admitting that it was great before.

Ned Myers, or a Life before the Mast. Edited by J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

We are right sorry to say that this is another of Cooper's mistakes. On first catching the title, we were in hopes that he had returned to an element over which he has so often extended his wand both to raise storms and to allay them; but we had not long entered on a voyage which we gladly undertook in his company, before we grew dispirited and disappointed. The magician's wand was broken, and we are fain to confess that we have had nothing but a most tedious passage.

Now we are obliged to acknowledge that we have all our life long had a very Thomas-like sort of unbelief of all those worn-out pretences with which authors introduce their works to the world, and excuse themselves for doing so. Formerly, manuscripts were wont to be found in impossible places, in never-opened bureaux, in undiscoverable panelled recesses, or deep in the depths of some dungeon's floor; the more modern fashion is for an author to usher in a work under his own name as editor, which he may very well do, it seldom happening that anybody else has half so good a title. However the editor may disdain the sins of the author, he is usually doomed to take the credit. We, however, compliment Cooper in departing from our general rule of disbelief. We entirely acquit him of any share in the concoction of the plot of this history—the greater, however, the mistake of giving it currency on the responsibility of his own name. Cooper is certainly committing suicide on his own reputation by a slow process of poisoning. Better had it been for himself had he thrown his pen into the cataract of his own Niagara, when first it had achieved him a worthy fame, than thus to hoard it for the sake of writing evil things against himself. It is difficult to imagine how the narration of a life so destitute of general interest could have satisfied either the judgment or the imagination of one who has so fully proved himself capable of better things. We have no pleasure in censure, especially when our sense of justice compels us to apply it to an author whom we have been wont to praise. All that we can suppose is, that some awakened reminiscences of happy youth have operated on the mind of the novelist with the power of a spell, and finding an interest in Ned Myers, because he was for a while the shipmate of his youth, he has fallen into the mistake of supposing that his own feelings must be common to all the world.

The two volumes thus ushered into publication under the sanction of Cooper's name, are occupied with the history of an American sailor —a man before the mast. While both in their novitiate, they served in the same vessel for a short time, but being soon divided by the ordinary course of events, had no communication with each other until a recent period, when the once cabin-boy being curious to learn whether the well-known author, Cooper, could by possibility be his own shipmate, asked the straightforward question of him who was best able to answer it, and being, much to his satisfaction, replied to in the affirmative, there thereupon ensued communication and conversation: old yarns were spun; and listening to them, probably Cooper imagined that the world would feel his own interest in them. We doubt not that they were adorned by nautical phrases, embellished with techni-

cal allusions, seasoned with sea flavour, realized by the actual presence of the actor and narrator; and above all, brought back the pleasant memory of long passed days. These charms are, however, wanting to the reader. The work is dull and dry, and being such, we dismiss it without further comment.

On Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery. By THOMAS JOSEPH PETTIGREW, F.R.S., F.S.A., Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Göttingen, Surgeon to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, to the Asylum for Female Orphans, &c. &c. &c.

When the moralist and philosopher of the nineteenth century, occupying an elevation of time, if we may be allowed the expression, which enables him to survey the expanse of ages which his race has travelled over, looks back upon the past, his mind is at once involved in the most engrossing meditations. The mists of ignorance and superstition seem to rise from the clouded intellect of society, and the sun of truth to be ever struggling to pierce and dispel the obscurity. Vague aspirations after the veritable have led men to follow every ignis fatuus that flitted across their path. Superstition is a true belief in a delusion. It is *faith* in the *false*. The feeling is right; the application is wrong. Like insanity, it reasons rightly on false premises. Being one of the forms of truth perverted, hence its ardour, its indomitability, its intenseness. Faith, strong enough to win heaven, may well, in the shape of superstition, be powerful enough to withstand everything upon earth. Thus again it comes that faith, which has for its aim immortality of existence and happiness to the soul, is shadowed in its shape of superstition by a most anxious desire for the health, the life, the advantages of the body. Hence all its ramifications of quackery, empiricism, charms, talismans, magnetism. Hence all the practice of those mystic sciences which manifest the belief that the line may be stepped over which separates the corporeal from the spiritual without passing through the portal of the grave. Thus alchemy and astrology have had devotees numerous and profound through all ages of civilization, and through the labyrinthine mazes of their subtleties they have yet been able to fasten on the true sciences of chemistry and astronomy. Faint beams of truth have struggled through the denseness of ignorance and superstition, and grains of gold have been discovered in piling the pyramids of sand.

Mr. Pettigrew's work is a curious investigation into the various forms of superstition in any way connected with the history and practice of medicine and surgery. He has expended much research upon it, and has accumulated a great number of most interesting facts. His deductions are clear and rational, the result of science and intellect. His exposition of the influence of the mind upon the body is an essay which, if it were carefully followed out, might well disabuse credulity. The power of the mind over the body has not in past ages been sufficiently estimated, and yet it is the key to much which has been accounted marvellous. It is on this ground alone that most of those extraordinary cures, too well attested to be utterly repudiated, can be

explained. *The mind is the true worker of miracles.* Thus the mind, and not Prince Hohenlohe, but faith in him, made the lame walk; and the mind, not the royal touch of our sovereigns, had the gift of healing; and thus the mind, and not the quack, has performed hosts of cures, which genuine medical science, unsupported by vaunting pretensions, had in vain attempted.

But we pass on to an extract, and give some curious specimens of belief in planetary influence.

"Talismans, or the doctrine of signatures, may therefore be said to have taken their origin from a belief that medicinal substances bore upon their external surfaces the properties or virtues they possessed, impressed upon them by planetary influence. The connexion of the properties of substances with their colour is also an opinion of great antiquity: white was regarded as refrigerant, red as hot—hence cold and hot qualities were attributed to different medicines. This opinion led to serious errors in practice. Red flowers were given for disorders of the sanguiferous system, yellow ones for those of the biliary secretion, &c. We find that in smallpox red bed-coverings were employed, with the view of bringing the pustules to the surface of the body. The bed-furniture and hangings were very commonly of a red colour—red substances were to be looked upon by the patient. Burnt purple, pomegranate seeds, mulberries, or other red ingredients were dissolved in their drink. In short, as Avicenna contended that red bodies moved the blood, everything of a red colour was employed in these cases. John of Gaddesden, physician to Edward II., directs his patients to be wrapped up in scarlet dresses; and he says that 'when the son of the renowned king of England (Edw. II.) lay sick of the smallpox, I took care that everything around the bed should be of a red colour; which succeeded so completely that the prince was restored to perfect health, without a vestige of a pustule remaining.' Wraxall, in his 'Memoirs,' says that the Emperor Francis I., when infected with the smallpox, was rolled up in a scarlet cloth, by order of his physician, so late as 1765, when he died. Kæmpfer (History of Japan) says that 'when any of the emperor's children are attacked with the smallpox, not only the chamber and bed are covered with red hangings, but all persons who approach the sick prince must be clad in scarlet gowns.' Flannel dyed nine times in blue was held to be efficacious in the removal of glandular swellings."

We give our author's view of the early rise of the science of medicine.

"The Egyptian Æsculapius must not be confounded with that of the Greeks. The mythological veil under which all traces of the history of the Egyptian medicine are to be found, serves only to demonstrate that the whole is to be looked on as allegorical, as far as relates to the personages mentioned. The whole matter, as I have elsewhere shown, reduces itself to fabulous history. Medicine, however, took its rise in the East, passed into Egypt, thence into Greece, and so was disseminated throughout the civilized world. All knowledge being in the earliest times confined to the priests, and the art of healing being traced to a celestial origin, it is easy to comprehend its connexion with the ceremonials of religion, and in what manner, therefore, the superstitions, in relation to it, were cherished and monopolized by the priesthood. To their class application was of course made to invoke celestial aid, to appease the offended divinities, and to insure the restoration of health. Magic and divination were indeed looked upon as belonging to their sacred function, and regarded as the highest branches of the medical profession. 'Magic,

according to the Greeks,' says Psellus, 'is a thing of a very powerful nature. They say that this forms the last part of the sacerdotal science. Magic, indeed, investigates the nature, power, and quality of everything sublunary; viz., of the elements and their parts, of animals, all various plants and their fruits, of stones, and herbs; and, in short, it explores the essence and power of everything. From hence, therefore, it produces its effects. And it forms statues which procure health, makes all various figures, and things which become the instruments of disease. It asserts, too, that eagles and dragons contribute to health; but that cats, dogs, and cows are symbols of vigilance, to which, therefore, they contribute. But for the fashioning of certain parts, wax and clay are used. Often, too, celestial fire is made to appear through magic; and these statues laugh, and lamps are spontaneously enkindled.' The Council of Laodicea, A.D. 366, wisely forbade the priesthood the study and practice of enchantment, mathematics, astrology, and the binding of the soul by amulets.

"There is reason to fear that the purposes of medicine were converted by the monks to the basest uses, and that the authority of the physician superadded to the terrors of the church, exercised over those in whom the mind was enfeebled by disease, and incapable of exerting its power, were employed in the extortion of money and the indulgence of rapacity. Want of knowledge was supplied by mystery, and faith usurped the place of effectual prescription. Hence arose the employment of charms, amulets, relics, &c. The ignorance and the cupidity of the monks caused the Lateran Council, under the pontificate of Calistus II., A.D. 1123, to forbid the attendance of the priests and monks at the bedside of the sick, otherwise than as ministers of religion. Still, however, it was secretly followed, and Pope Innocent II., in a council at Rheims, A.D. 1131, enforced the decree prohibiting the monks frequenting schools of medicine, and directed them to confine their practice to the limits of their own monastery. Some, however, continued to pursue it, and some of the secular clergy practised it as generally as before, so that the decrees were found inefficient in the accomplishment of their object; and a Lateran Council, in A.D. 1139, threatened all who neglected its orders with the severest penalties, and suspension from the exercise of all ecclesiastical functions; denouncing such practices as a neglect of the sacred objects of their profession in exchange for ungodly lucre. 'Ordinis sui propositum nullatenus attendentes, pro *detestanda pecunia sanitatem pollicentes.*'

"When the priests ascertained that they could no longer confine the practice of medicine to themselves, it was stigmatized and denounced. At the Council of Tours, held in 1163, by Pope Alexander III., it was maintained that the devil, to seduce the priesthood from the duties of the altar, involved them in mundane occupations, which, under the plea of humanity, exposed them to constant and perilous temptations. They were accordingly prohibited the study of medicine, and that of the law, and every ecclesiastic who should infringe the decree was threatened with excommunication. In 1215, Pope Innocent III. fulminated an anathema specially directed against surgery, by ordaining, that as the church abhorred all cruel or sanguinary practices, no priest should be permitted to follow surgery, or to perform any operations in which either instruments of steel or fire were employed; and that they should refuse their benediction to all who professed and pursued it.

"Stringent as these measures were, they were found inadequate to effect the purpose intended, and it was only at length accomplished by a special bull procured from the Pope, which, by permitting physicians to marry, effectually divorced medicine from theology."

Perhaps many of our readers are not aware that the very tips of their different fingers are under the guardianship of different saints.

"Melton says, 'the saints of the Romanists have usurped the place of

the zodiacal constellations in their governance of the parts of man's body, and that 'for every limbe they have a saint.' Thus, St. Otilia keepes the head instead of Aries; St. Blasius is appointed to governe the necke instead of Taurus; St. Lawrence keepes the backe and shoulders instead of Gemini, Cancer, and Leo; St. Erasmus rules the belly with the entrayles, in the place of Libra and Scorpius; in the stead of Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces, the holy church of Rome hath elected St. Burgarde, St. Rochus, St. Quirinus, St. John, and many others, which governe the thighes, feet, shinnes, and knees.'

"This supposed influence of the Romish saints is more minutely exhibited, according to Hone, in two very old prints, from engravings on wood, in the collection of the British Museum. *Right hand:* the top joint of the thumb is dedicated to God, the second joint to the Virgin; the top joint of the fore-finger to St. Barnabas, the second joint to St. John, the third to St. Paul; the top joint of the second finger to Simon Cleophas, the second joint to Tathideo, the third to Joseph; the top joint of the third finger to Zaccheus, the second to Stephen, the third to the evangelist Luke; the top joint of the little finger to Leatus, the second to Mark, the third to Nicodemus. *Left hand:* the top joint of the thumb is dedicated to Christ, the second joint to the virgin; the top joint of the fore-finger to St. James, the second to St. John the Evangelist, the third to St. Peter; the first joint of the second finger to St. Simon, the second joint to St. Matthew, the third to St. James the great; the top joint of the third finger to St. Jude, the second joint to St. Bartholomew, the third to St. Andrew; the top joint of the little finger to St. Matthias, the second joint to St. Thomas, the third joint to St. Philip.'

Though not of copious form, this volume of Mr. Pettigrew's will be found replete with matter of really curious speculation. There can be no higher subject of interest for philosophy and science than the inquiry into the physical and mental constitution of the human race.

Memoirs of Admiral the Right Hon. Earl of St. Vincent, G. C. B., &c. By JEDEDIAH STEPHENS TUCKER, Esq.

The interest with which we approach the consideration of the lives of great public men is twofold. In the first place, the contemplation of the individual illustrious from his actions is full of charm to the mind; and in the second, those actions being interwoven in the history of the country to which he belongs, the details necessarily develope much of national and political importance.

On both these grounds these Memoirs of the Earl of St. Vincent present strong claims upon our notice. He was a man of marked character, and he lived in turbulent times.

And yet the Earl of St. Vincent ought not to be considered so much in connexion with his era as separate from it. Some men are the creatures of circumstances. That which the world calls greatness is frequently little more than the accident of position. The form of events is often but the mould which casts the character to fill it. The ever-working effervescence of contending actions, while they overwhelm some, bring others to the surface, and these may therefore be called great without possessing a single particle of greatness. It is a common error of the world to consider the conspicuous as the eminent.

The ductile adaptiveness of man usually coins him into the existing currency; but this very pliancy is an argument against his true greatness, since that from its own nature must be immoveable, and not liable to be operated upon by any external agency.

Judging in this manner, we must consider the subject of this memoir as great, not through the accidents of circumstances, but from the inherent and cultivated constitution of his mind. He was not one of those who "have greatness thrust upon them," but he "achieved it." He was intended for the bar, but while yet a boy, proved his predilection for the navy by running away from school, and his friends, finding the preference insurmountable, withdrew their opposition, and through the interest of Lady Burleigh, Commodore Townshend took the youth into the Gloucester, fifty guns. His father, Mr. Jervis, at this juncture contributed no more than the meagre sum of twenty pounds for his outfit and pocket-money; and, strange to say, that from that hour the young sailor-boy of something under thirteen years of age, was left to his own resources. It may be, however, that the hardships consequent upon his poverty were a powerful stimulant to his exertions. Carefully abstaining from contracting pecuniary embarrassments, he was preserved from dissipation and thrown upon study. Self-discipline but teaches us to discipline others, and the hardships of his youth were doubtless instrumental in winning the honours of his age.

His character thus formed, young Jervis went steadily on, gaining for himself the estimation of his superior officers, and advancing in the service. Stern determination, untiring exertion, and an extraordinary coolness of courage, were his characteristics. Flashes of enterprise, hasty zeal, and hot bravery, which sometimes snatch and win unthought-of successes, were not in his nature. He never attempted impossibility, but he saw the utmost line of possibility, and accomplished it. Men are sometimes surprised at their own achievements, being led on by fire and frenzy to most perilous enterprises, in which they may perform deeds of splendid daring, or, with equal likelihood, may perish in the attempt. Not so Lord St. Vincent: he owed nothing to chance or hasty impulse. The resources of his own mind enabled him at the outset to look to all contingencies, and to provide against them; and it was this constitution of his intellect which so peculiarly preserved him from all reverses.

The double interest of which we have spoken eminently pervades these volumes. The official despatches, which occupy a prominent portion, supply a sort of history of the service, while in the text furnished by Mr. Tucker, on the authentic information of his father, we have what is personal and relative to the man. It is not often that the world is favoured with works of this authority: as Lord St. Vincent's secretary, the senior Mr. Tucker possessed most accurate sources of intelligence—the official communications being open to him, and the privacies of the man being familiarised to him in daily intercourse; while in addition to these advantages, the more largely drawn upon from the prospective intention of future publication, Lord St. Vincent himself was aware of the accumulation of memoranda for the purpose, and we are left to suppose facilitated the design. We

consider that the task has been fairly discharged. It may be that we find a little leaning to the side of grateful friendship; but it is only from those whom affection licences into privacies that we can expect the fullest measure of information and the most perfect portraits; and how then can it be otherwise than that something of partiality should point the pencil? Lord St. Vincent's character as a public man had one striking feature, and it was, at once, that which will be considered by different judges his greatest merit or his greatest crime. We speak of the severity of his discipline. Undoubtedly this was of so strict a nature as to make those under it quail before it. The two mighty motives by which the world is ruled are *love* and *fear*. All men are not amenable to the laws of the one; all men are submissive to the other, and therefore did Lord St. Vincent choose to rule by its power. If he made his own name a terror in the service, it is certain that it was a wholesome terror; and yet the distinction is an unenviable one. An unmitigated justice may, however, indirectly often subserve the cause of mercy. When men know that the punishment of crime is inevitable, they are more careful not to incur it; when but a hundredth chance of escape exists, they run all hazards on that chance. Lord St. Vincent's justice was stern and uncompromising. "The discipline of the Mediterranean" passed into a nautical adage; a thing to fear and tremble at. Yet by its power was the commander-in-chief enabled to suppress mutinies on the very brink of explosion. The uncompromising coercion with which he compelled mutinous crews to carry out the execution of their own ringleaders whom they had sworn to support, furnished examples of unbending and unpitying power, which paralyzed the spirits of the most disaffected: and the fearful estimation in which he was held is gathered from the fact that he was called by the government from a sick chamber, on the first dawn of convalescence, though that convalescence was but the subsidence of the dropsy, to take the command of the Channel fleet while in a state of mutiny, it being considered almost hopeless for others to attempt to quell the rising insubordination.

We have dwelt upon this stern feature of Earl St. Vincent's character, because, as we have said, it was that which raised him to preeminence; but that it was not the engrossing feeling, all men must acknowledge to his honour. It was accompanied by a most tender care for the wants and comforts of his seamen. We say wrong,—that very kindness of consideration was a part of that very discipline. He never entered a port in which there was a seaman's hospital but he personally went to inspect their comforts, enjoining the attention and kindness of those who had care of the patients, himself personally comforting and encouraging them. This he performed as his public and professional duty, but Mr. Tucker records many a kind and generous action, evidently resulting from the spontaneous impulses of his own heart.

As adding an authentic history to the chronicles of our naval heroes, the work will be found valuable. It would be in vain to say that some tediousness does not exist in the multiplication of official despatches, but they are necessary to the completeness of the work, and are lightened by the personalities.

Our extract shall exhibit Earl St. Vincent in one of his happiest aspects.

"Even the eye that has only glanced over the preceding pages, cannot but have been arrested by the order which issued, in the perilous times of the Mutiny, for a parade every morning of the Marines in every line-of-battle-ship; 'God save the King' to be played; the guard to present arms; and hats off at the time, &c. &c. An excellent order, and one highly approved of in the service, as heedful of allegiance and loyalty, and as continually exhibiting to the crews the military power of that corps, upon whose aid the preservation of lawful authority so much depended. Lord St. Vincent never failed to attend the ceremony, maintaining great solemnity. Though it was not required of other Officers, yet it was noticed, that his Lordship invariably appeared in full-dress uniform; and, as a general warning to all, was remarked the very violent displeasure which he one day manifested, springing from the Quarter-deck upon a seaman, a captain of a top, whose head his Lordship spied in the distance, for an instant covered while the National Anthem sounded.

"But if the angry reproof to that thoughtless man were, as it was intended, the subject of grave reflection to all the seamen, it also excused many a circle of Officers released from the solemnity of the Quarter-deck, for smiling over the following parody.

"*The First Lesson for the Morning's Service is a part of the third chapter of Discipline.*

"1. The Earl of St. Vincent, the Commander-in-chief, made an Image of blue and of gold, whose height was about five feet seven inches, and the breadth thereof was about twenty inches. He set it up every ten o'clock, A.M., on the Quarter-deck of the Ville de Paris, before Cadiz.

"2. Then the Earl of St. Vincent, the Commander-in-chief, sent to call together the Captain, the Officers, the Parson, the Seamen, and the Marines, to come to the dedication of the Image which the Earl of St. Vincent, the Commander-in-chief, had set up.

"3. Then the Captain, the Officers, the Parson, the Seamen, and the Marines, were gathered together, unto the dedication of the Image which the Earl of St. Vincent had set up; and they stood before the Image which the Earl of St. Vincent had set up.

"4. Then the Captain cried aloud, To you it is commanded, O Officers, Parson, Seamen, and Marines, that at what time ye hear the sound of the trumpet, the flute, the horn, the clarionet, the drum, the fife, and all kinds of music, ye take off your hats, and worship the blue and golden Image that the Earl of St. Vincent, the Commander-in-chief, hath set up: and whoso taketh not off his hat and worshippeth, shall be sorely visited with the Commander-in-chief's displeasure.

"5. Therefore, at that time, when all the people heard the sound of the trumpet, the flute, the horn, the clarionet, the drum, the fife, and all kinds of music, they took their hats off and worshipped the blue and golden Image which the Earl of St. Vincent, the Commander-in-chief, had set up.

"6. Wherefore, one morning after that time, a certain Officer drew near, and accused a thoughtless thorough-bred seaman.

"7. He spake, and said to the Earl of St. Vincent, O, my Lord, live for ever!

"8. Thou, O Commander-in-chief, hast made a decree, that every man that shall hear the sound of the trumpet, the flute, the horn, the clarionet, the drum, the fife, and all kinds of music, shall take his hat off and worship the blue and golden Image; and whoso taketh not off his hat and worshippeth, shall be sorely visited with thy displeasure.

" 9. There is a certain seaman whom thou hast made a Petty Officer, and hast set over the affairs of the Main-top: this man, O Commander-in-chief, regarded not thee this morning: he took not off his hat and worshipped the Image thou settest up.

" 10. The Earl of St. Vincent, in his rage, commanded to bring the Captain of the Main-top. Then they brought this man before the Commander-in-chief.

" 11. Then was the Earl of St. Vincent full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed, against the poor Captain of the Main-top:

" 12. Therefore he spake, and commanded that they should rig the gratings, read the Articles of War, and call the boatswain's-mates; and commanded the boatswain's mates to take their thief's cat-o'-nine tails;

" 13. And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his ship to seize up and bind the Captain of the Main-top, and that he should be punished with one dozen lashes.

" 14. Then the Captain of the Main-top, in his trousers, his hosen, and his shoes, but without his jacket and his shirt, was bound up to the gratings, and was flogged with one dozen lashes.

" 15. Then was the Captain of the Main-top sore at the displeasure of the Earl of St. Vincent, the Commander-in-chief.

" Here endeth the First Lesson.

" This having circulated itself through most of the Ward-rooms in the fleet, to their no little merriment, and having ascended into the Cabins of the more weighty, in time found its way to the Ville de Paris, and, somehow or other, fell so remarkably upon her companion-ladder as to arrest the notice of the Commander-in-chief, and shortly after, his Secretary being sent for, found his Lordship reading it in fits of laughter.

" Having extracted from the Secretary that it was the production of an Officer whose abilities had often before attracted his Lordship's notice, a Lieutenant of the Thalia, Mr. Pryce Cumby, Lord St. Vincent said, 'That 's a merry, clever little fellow, Tucker, that Cumby, and an excellent Officer, Sir.' His Lordship then entirely changed the conversation, talked for a long time of a variety of other important matters, and at last ended the interview by desiring the invitation of a large party of Captains to dinner.

" In the course of the afternoon his Lordship ordered the signal for the Lieutenant of the Thalia, and having kept him in a long talk about his frigate, he requested that, as it was so late in the day, he would stay and dine.

" The dinner, at which Mr. Cumby remarked to himself he was the only Lieutenant, passed off with the usual courtesies.

" As soon as the cloth was removed, Lord St. Vincent availed himself of a pause in the conversation to ask his Secretary, in a voice that attracted the attention of all, 'What shall be done to the man whom the Commander-in-chief delighteth to honour?'

" But what his Lordship thought in his heart little occurring to the Secretary, he merely replied, 'He did not know, but promote him he supposed.'—'Not so, Sir,' said the Chief,—'set him on high amongst the people: so, Cumby, go you and sit there,' (pointing to a chair he had caused to be elevated in the cabin, and so as not to have attracted previous notice,) 'and read that, Sir,' handing a paper; 'read it out,—let us all hear it.'—'Yes, my Lord,' said the Lieutenant smartly, and seated himself.

" On opening the paper, the sight of all things he least expected,—of his parody, made him start off the chair with 'Oh! my Lord!——'

" 'Read it, Sir,—read it, I command you!' To which, there being no reply, Mr. Cumby proceeded:—

" ' The First Lesson for the Morning's Service is a part of the third chapter of Discipline.

" ' 1. The Earl of St. Vincent, the Commander-in-chief, made an Image of blue and of gold, whose height was five feet seven inches, and the breadth thereof twenty inches:' "—and then, beseechingly, ' Oh, my Lord, my Lord!—I do trust your Lordship won't compel me!'

" ' Go on, Sir!' said the Chief, ' and sing out.' So Mr. Cumby was obliged to resume.

" It is well known, that while the suffocating Captains bit their lips, and rivetted their eyes to their plates, lest in a look, a glance of sympathy, they should explode into laughter, Lord St. Vincent sat with a countenance erect and grave as if at a Court-martial, and thus sternly remained, till the reader arrived at the 11th verse, in which his Lordship was ' full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed, against the poor Captain of the Main-top,' but that this was too much, self-control gave way, and he burst into a roar of laughter, into which all the Captains heartily relaxed, Mr. Cumby himself not being able to resist a smile.

" By the time ' the convulsion had dwindled to a calm,' his Lordship had again dramatized his countenance; and turning to the little Lieutenant, still sitting on high, he addressed him in the demurest tones:

" ' Lieutenant Cumby, you are unanimously found guilty, *and without a Court-martial, Sir,* of parodying the Holy Writ, and that too for the purpose of bringing your Commander-in-chief into ridicule. Religion, Sir, is under the especial protection of the Law; and to diminish the respect in which your Commander-in-chief is holden, at all times a grave offence, is, at this particular period of mutiny, one of aggravated sinfulness. The sentence, therefore, upon you, and *without a trial,* I do adjudge,—that, for this your offence you have my permission of three months leave of absence to England, to, I hope, as well amuse yourself there, as you have amused me here; and that, on the day in which you report yourself returned, you do me the honour of dining with me again.' "

Australia, its History and Present Condition; containing an Account both of the Bush and the Colonies, with their respective Inhabitants. By the Rev. W. Pridden, M.A., Vicar of Broxted, Essex.

The object of the reverend gentleman in the present work is to " make the reader familiar with the chief objects of curiosity in the natural world, and likewise with the state of human society, whether savage or civilized, in the two islands of New Holland and Van Dieman's Land, so far as both of these have been known and explored."

Mr. Pridden not having enabled himself to judge from personal observation of the state of this far distant portion of the globe, has been consequently under the necessity of trusting to the sightseeing veracity of others who have been explorers. A disadvantage and an advantage are both the necessary results of this resting upon second sight; for the first, personal inspection is of course the highest authority and the firmest basis of opinion, and supplies a feeling of confidence in those to whom it is delivered; but on the other hand, we are put in possession of a judicious assemblage of facts, selected from all that is most important from every different source, comprising an amount of information far greater than could have been derived from the efforts of any single labourer, however energetic and untiring his exertions.

We consider, then, an occasional work of this nature, supplying us with a summary of all that has been done, a valuable species of literary production. The pious feelings of its author are never unwisely obtruded, but they tinge with a grateful reverence for holy things, the current of his descriptions, and surely in no place can the God of nature more fitly receive the homage of his creatures, than in the sylvan courts of that vast temple of which he has been sole architect.

Coming through this source, we have been peculiarly well pleased with the assemblage of facts and reflections on the condition of that painfully interesting class, the convict population. Though erring and corrupt, these are still the children of our church and state, whose parental care can never be fairly abrogated. Life, the great and unutterable gift of the Divine parent of all, if spared, ought never to be made the medium of imposing unmitigated wretchedness, under whatever pretence of penal infliction. Man has no right to make earth a hell to his fellow man, whatever his crimes. In abolishing capital punishments on the plea of an enlarged and softening humanity, he has no license to inflict a living death. We believe that since the amelioration of the law the chains of the convicts have been most grievously tightened; that they suffer more than man ought to be made to suffer, at least from the hands of his fellow-man—his fellow-sinner. But when added to these inflictions is the sad privation, a privation the consequences of which are not only present but future, of Christian ministrations, Christian teaching, the convict becomes the *injured* in a stronger sense than he has ever been the *injurer*. Mr. Pridden expresses himself strongly on this subject: it is sufficient for us to advert to it, and to find space for a part of his exposition of the matter.

"Through the activity of the members of our Church, both at home and in Australia, an increased supply of churches and of clergy has indeed been obtained; but this has, in most instances, literally been wrung from the ruling powers; while the only boon that was freely given—a most valuable boon, it is willingly acknowledged—was the appointment of a bishop instead of an archdeacon. However, the value of the boon thus obtained was lessened by the disregard shown by government to the wants of the Church in Australia. The bishop returned from England, after his consecration in 1836, *alone, without being accompanied by a single clergyman*, because, while Roman Catholic priests and Presbyterian teachers were still eligible to receive, and did receive, the aid of government, the Church of England was to remain as it was, notwithstanding its pressing wants and increasing numbers. All allowances towards the expense of the passage, or residence, or means of support for any additional clergymen, were refused. During five years, from 1832 to 1836, the number of chaplains continued to be the same, except in 1833, when there were only fifteen instead of sixteen in the estimates; and this was not because no increase was needful—for when an outfit of 150*l.* and a yearly salary of 50*l.* were generously furnished to twenty clergymen by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in consequence of the extreme necessity of the case, every one of these were instantly employed. A subscription, amounting to 3,000*l.* was at this time raised in England in behalf of the Church in Australia, and when the government perceived that public opinion was awakened in its favour, and that they had succeeded in giving their friends and supporters a tolerably good start, they at length agreed, with the tact peculiar to them, to place the Church of England (at least nomi-

nally) upon the same footing with the two other 'grand divisions of Christians.'

"Now, therefore, the same assistance in outfit, and the same amount of salary proportioned to the numbers of the congregation, are awarded, according to the act, to the teachers of these three divisions. And thus, as Sir R. Bourke informs Lord Glenelg, in 1837, ministers of the Church of England have been forthcoming to 'answer (in many instances) the calls of congregations of their communion;' while, as a matter of course, where no call is heard, no answer is attempted to be given. How very opposite is this modern idea of *the sheep calling the shepherd to them*, from that pattern set before us by the good Shepherd, who 'came to seek and to save that which was lost!' But still, though nominally upon an equality with the others, it is distressing to find how hard a measure has been dealt to the Church in New South Wales; how studiously every petty advantage has been taken of it by a government calling itself liberal and impartial. A few instances of this shall be given, which may serve to show how our brethren in the colonies have been treated, and how we should ourselves be treated, if dissent and Romanism could get the upper-hand in our native country; for then, at the very best, the clergy would be placed, as they now are in Australia, 'in a state of dependence upon two unstable supports;—the will of government, and the disposition of the people.' At present, the latter is favourable enough in Australia; but the good-will of the government towards the church has been indeed strangely shown within the last few years. When the other communions and persuasions in the colony had nearly, if not altogether, provided themselves with the number of ministers that the law would allow them, while the wants of the Church remained, to a great extent, unsupplied, advantage was taken of an expression in a letter of the governor, Sir George Gipps, and a limitation was imposed upon the government assistance by Lord Normanby, which operated exclusively to the hurt of the Church of England. In a like spirit it was that the governor of New South Wales refused to consider as private contributions for schools either sums granted by the societies in England, or by their diocesan committee in New South Wales; although, in both instances, the money was raised entirely by private subscription. The inconvenience, delay, and disappointment which this one arbitrary rule occasioned were astonishing; and to those who took delight in baulking the efforts and thwarting the good works of our Church, it must have been very gratifying. So, too, must the refusal, in 1841, of a piece of land for a site of a church and parsonage in the wild district on the banks of the Morrumbidgee, containing 1,200 souls, dispersed over a very extensive range of country.

"Another example of similar conduct has occurred since the change of ministry at home, which would, it might have been hoped, have infused a better feeling into the colonial authorities. At the end of 1841, the bishop proposed to erect, in certain spots, small wooden churches, as the only means of obtaining churches at all; trusting, that after these had stood forty or fifty years, they might be replaced by buildings of a higher and more lasting character. The average cost of these humble little dwellings was to be from 100*l.* to 120*l.*; and they were intended for very poor districts; but since the outlay did not amount to 300*l.*, the government would give nothing, and no effort was made to introduce a modification of the law (supposing that to have been needful) in order to meet such cases. Instances to the same effect might easily be multiplied. In New South Wales land is comparatively cheap, and a horse is an indispensable necessary for a clergyman; but no part of the government grant is allowed to be spent in purchasing more than an acre for the site of a church, and half an acre for a house and garden. 'To extend the latter allowance to any quantity of land from which an income might be derived, would increase the emoluments of the minister, at the public expense, beyond what the

act contemplates;' so the Bishop of Australia was assured by official authority in 1836. But enough of these miserable instances of state-peddling in ecclesiastical establishments: 'There is no semblance,' to use Mr. Gladstone's words, 'in any part of these arrangements, of a true and sound conception of the conscientious functions of government in matters of religion.' May we venture to hope that the present ministry, of which the writer of the above is a distinguished member, may exhibit in their conduct and arrangements, both in the colonies and at home, a more sound and true conception of their duty than was ever shown by their predecessors! Such hopes, undoubtedly, are entertained by a portion of the British public, not unimportant either in numbers or in moral and political influence. Nevertheless, the zealously attached members of the Church of England need not to be reminded of a truth which is frequently brought before them in the circle of its daily service. They know that 'it is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes.' They are sure that, if theirs is a living branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, many a weapon will be formed against it, but yet 'no weapon that is formed against it shall prosper.'"

Physiology for Young Ladies, in Short and Easy Conversations.

The only thing which we cannot commend in this little work is its title. We consider it unfortunate, because it makes neither a favourable nor a just impression of its contents, which are valuable, and ought not to be confined to a class—a class, too, to which the word "Physiology" may look like a seal which they have no desire to break.

Very sure we are, that much of the misery of life might be easily avoided. Nine-tenths of our troubles are of our own making, and not of God's sending. Even our bodily maladies are not unfrequently brought upon us by our own imprudencies rather than visitations of the Divine will. The little work which we are now considering, is an amiable and judicious endeavour to teach us a small portion of sublunary wisdom; an attempt to familiarize us with the available part of Comb's most valuable treatise on Human Physiology, by reducing it to a simple and easily comprehensible medium. Amid all the abundant and unceasing supplies of information, there is a vast extent of ignorance on the most simple things, and perhaps more on the score of physiology than any other subject, and it is extraordinary how strongly this ignorance is manifested by the counteraction of many of our domestic usages and our dress, against our health. Women, from their more secluded pursuits and more delicate conformation, are the especial sufferers, and it is to women therefore that this little work, by supplying them with many useful hints, will be more especially useful. The connexion between the mind and the body are in daily practice continually lost sight of, and either in ignorance or forgetfulness, parents and teachers seem frequently to lose sight of the fact that an enfeebled frame can hardly be expected to contain a sound mind. That the intellectual powers must in childhood dwindle with the corporeal is a truth that ought ever to be kept in mind, and hence the twofold injury that a child may be made to suffer at school by the unwar-

rantable punishment of withholding food. We trust, however, that these ignorant barbarisms are getting obsolete, but abuses enough still remain in our domestic economy. The compiler of this little work has done her part towards their abolition, and we cordially recommend it to such "Young Ladies" as may be willing to profit by the experience of others, but most especially to those maternal matrons who hold the physical and mental powers of their offspring in due appreciation.

Romantic Fiction: Select Tales from the German of De La Motte Fouqué and others.

We have here a very pretty translation of some very pretty German Tales, in which the morality is wholly unexceptionable. Fouqué, the school companion of the sons of the Fatherland, is introduced to us in an English dress, and our juvenile literature will be enriched by his contributions. Some of the tales are new and pleasing; sometimes chivalric, sometimes romantic, but always offering a fresh aspect of life, or some agreeably inculcated lesson. The little volume is got up in very neat style, is well illustrated, and offers itself at this 'uncture as one of the pleasing varieties for juvenile Christmas presents.

Local Parliaments the Constitutional Remedy for Local Grievances.

At a political juncture of no common emergency the opinions of nonourable and upright men on the state of affairs, of every party, lay claim not only to respect but consideration. The clear head and the dispassionate judgment displayed in the pamphlet before us, entitle its author to a respectful deliberation of its contents, which are suggestive of measures intended to assuage the admitted grievances of home, and without humiliating the government by concessions which might wear the aspect of compulsion, and simply by extending the same amelioration to Ireland, at once to deprive our fellow-subjects there of all just right of complaint. Our author's plan is to institute Local Parliaments. He objects that the legislature as at present conducted cannot turn its attention efficiently to partial abuses and necessities, both because its time is occupied by important national considerations on the one hand, and purposely frittered away and wasted by vexatious wrangling and party opposition, on the other. He argues that the business of districts cannot be transacted so well at a distance as on the spot, and that the requisite knowledge must necessarily be local. But, in our author's own words,

"The right of voting taxes should be restored, in accordance with the principles of the constitution, to the people. For that purpose, throughout the whole of the United Kingdom, districts would be formed, each of which should possess an assembly or local parliament, composed of representatives elected by the inhabitants. To these local parliaments should be entrusted all the duties now negligently transacted by the imperial legislature or delegated to magistrates and others.

"It is such a parliament as this that Ireland now demands; such an institution as this appears to be the only remedy for the disturbances in Wales; and were England properly divided into districts, and each district provided with a local parliament, a great deal of discontent would be removed, and incalculable benefit conferred on all parties. We do not propose to enter into the details of this subject. To decide how many local parliaments ought to be instituted, would require us to enter into questions totally disconnected with the subject in hand.

"Various and important would be the business brought before these local assemblies, scarcely of less consequence than that which occupies the attention of the imperial parliament. Their first duty every year would be to vote the necessary supplies for the district, which would not only lead to a rigid investigation into the propriety of each item of the estimates, but would also afford an opportunity for complaint against any public officer, the amount of whose salary would be therein included."

We refer our readers to the author's own explanations, only adding that his measures deserve sound consideration.

Select Pieces from the Poems of William Wordsworth.

Perhaps there never existed a poet on whose writings more diversity of opinion has been felt than those of Wordsworth—some few heretical critics holding that he has missed the grasp both of form and spirit, and others maintaining that the essence is only too etherealized and subtle for mundane beings to perceive. It is perfectly clear that the most lucid criticism could never arbitrate between these two opinions, and even were it practicable, the suit is not now pending. We are not called upon to speak of Wordsworth as a poet, but only of the judgment evidenced in this little work as a selection, and of the taste displayed in getting it up; and we have no hesitation in saying that it is composed of the poet's most popular pieces, and that its arrangements manifest a novelty of taste peculiarly attractive. Each page is surrounded by a marginal border, the designs for which are peculiarly graceful and diversified; the typography is not only neat but elegant, and the work a really tasteful *morçeau.*

Glimpses of Nature, and Objects of Interest described, during a Visit to the Isle of Wight. Designed to assist and encourage Young Persons in forming Habits of Observation. By MRS. LOUDEN, author of "Botany for Young Ladies," "Year-Book of Natural History," with Illustrations.

This little work, carefully adapted to juvenile capacities, is written on the principle of "Eyes and no Eyes." It is an endeavour to inculcate the desirableness of the habit of constantly using both the mental and visual faculties; of proving that the mind may be the constant recipient of much valuable and interesting information through the medium of sight, and that exercise is a powerful stimulant to intellectual improvement. The name of its authoress will prove a sufficient recommendation to the work.

Prize Essay on the Evils which are produced by Late Hours of Business, and on the Benefits which would attend their Abridgment. By THOMAS DAVIES. With a Preface by the Hon. and Rev. BAPTIST NOEL, M.A.

That the fierce competition which is a prevailing characteristic of the present state of trade and commerce, and is, in fact, a feature of the times, and an indication of the condition of the country, should in its general workings affect the happiness and interests of large classes of the community, is a thing rather to be deplored than wondered at. But whilst all appears bright upon the surface, we can scarcely feel surprise if society walks its daily way through the streets of our great metropolis ignorant that much of pain lies under its pleasant aspect. That one of the most grievous shapes of the infliction which this spirit of competition has introduced among us, is to be found in those showy shops more especially devoted to the gentler sex, might occasion surprise and almost incredulity, were we not too well confirmed in the knowledge of the fact. All in these tasteful domains appears so bland, so tasteful, so unruffled, and so flattering, that the fair beings who loiter lingeringly among those graceful draperies little dream of the jaded spirits of those who are under the stern compulsion of necessity of hanging on their caprices, and submitting to every whim of their changeful fancies with a feigned contentment. Yet sure we are, that if the women of England could once be brought to consider the amount of human suffering and privation experienced by the class of young men who daily attend upon them in shopping expeditions, they would lament with real sensibility over it, and gladly unite in delivering them from a species of slavery at once unworthy of the manhood of their countrymen to endure, and of their own kind hearts to inflict. For it must not be forgotten that, however unintentionally and unconsciously, the loss of happiness and health of this large class amounting to many thousands, is to all intents and purposes of their infliction.

But in calling attention to the evil let us also point out the remedy, though that is self-evident, and presents itself. It is simply for ladies to form a rule to make morning purchases instead of evening ones, a mode every way more desirable. If this were carried into effect, the masters of large establishments, themselves only impelled by the urgency of competition, and not, we feel sure, by any inhumanity, would at once feel that they would suffer no injury by closing at an earlier hour. Instead of seventeen hours out of the twenty-four being spent by these thousands of harassed men in a close atmosphere, a standing position, an anxious mind, a fatigued attention, and a jaded spirit, twelve hours might be made to suffice, and the few remaining ones might be spent in renewing strength for renewed exertion. It is sorrowful to reflect on the mental and corporeal condition of this class, who are compelled to have had some previous habits of education and refinement to fit them for their unhappy position, and who must, consequently, suffer the more from their privations. We ask our lady readers to reflect how seldom they see even a middle-aged man behind a linendraper's counter; and, after making every possible deduction for change of position in life, to pause over the sad mor-

tality that must be busy there,—a mortality consequent upon the unhealthy condition of their lot. A slight acquaintance with a few physiological facts would make them better estimate both the mental and corporeal injury daily endured in those splendid show shops. We have, however, done our part in calling renewed attention to this crying evil, and, we sincerely trust, to have influenced some little amelioration.

We shall, however, allow space for a few passages from this Prize Essay. It is the work of one who is himself a sufferer, and, on that very account, so far from being exaggerated, the statements have been studiously kept down. It is sanctioned by the name of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and has a claim on the attention of every humane inhabitant of the metropolis.

"The young men who serve in the shops are engaged in business variously from the hours of six, seven, or eight o'clock in the morning, to nine, ten, eleven, or twelve o'clock in the evening; these variations being according to the season, the character of the shop, and the custom of the neighbourhood. That is, they are occupied for a longer time each day in summer than in the winter, in all shops; while those shops which are frequented chiefly by the middle or working classes are kept open later than those which are frequented by the upper classes. A further difference also exists according to the kind of street in which the shop may be situated. Thus in busy thoroughfares they are generally kept open later than in more retired streets.

"The *best shops* in the best neighbourhoods are generally opened at seven o'clock in the morning, (in some few cases at six o'clock,) at which hour a certain number of the young men come down to make preparations for business in their several departments. At eight o'clock (or in some cases at half-past seven) the others, who may be called the seniors, come down, when the former party are allowed to retire for half-an-hour for the purpose of dressing. After their reappearance there is no further release from the engagements of the shop, (excepting for those wonderfully short periods of time in which assistant-drapers manage to consume the necessary quantity of food at meals,) until the whole business of the day is over; and every article, from a piece of silk or a roll of riband or a paper of pins, has been carefully put into its appointed place. Sometimes, when, owing to the weather or some other cause, there have been but few customers during the day, this rearrangement is completed by the time of shutting the shop, which in the present case is from eight o'clock to nine in the winter, and from nine to ten in the summer. But, on busy days, and during nearly the whole of the spring and former part of the summer, it is often found to be impossible to leave the shop within *one, two, or three hours after it has been closed.* So that during a large part of the year, it is a common thing for these young men to be pent up in the shop from *six or seven o'clock in the morning until ten or eleven at night.*

"This is a description of the present mode of carrying on business, as it appears in the most favourable aspect. The far larger number of shops, which are frequented chiefly by the middle and working classes, are kept open until *nine or ten o'clock in the winter, and ten or eleven in the summer.* So that it frequently happens that the young men are employed from *seven o'clock in the morning until twelve at night;* that is, for a period of *seventeen hours* out of the twenty-four.

"On Saturdays the time for closing (as if in mockery of a 'preparation for the Sabbath') is *in all cases later.* In many shops the young men are often unable to retire to rest until *one or two o'clock on the Sunday morning.*"

"Happily the time is gone by, in which men considered health and disease to be matters over which they had no control; and in regard to which they were entirely at the mercy of mere accident without, and of unknown causes within. They have begun to see that the human body stands in certain established relationships to the external world, and is placed under an economy of fixed organic laws, upon the due observance of which, under God, its well-being mainly depends. It is to be regretted that in this case, as well as in many others, knowledge is so unproductive of corresponding practice. Numbers who admit the truth of the general principle just mentioned, never make any effort to obtain an acquaintance with these laws; while many others who *are* acquainted with them, are utterly careless about their observance. Let these carry their own burthen, we ask no sympathy for them. But, alas! how many are there who are *compelled*, either by circumstances over which they have no control, or by the arbitrary will of others, to live in a manner altogether opposed to every condition of health. Among these is to be counted the class of persons whose condition we are now considering. Not, indeed, that they endure the same hardships as have been borne by some portions of the manufacturing and mining population, on whose behalf the legislature has so properly interfered. It is not necessary to show that the cases are parallel. It is sufficient that here is a large number of young men, estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000, in the metropolis alone, most of them having been used to domestic comfort, and to the watchful care of kind parents—who are placed in circumstances which tend to rob them of youthful vigour, to sow the seeds of disease in their constitutions, and to induce premature death. That such is the case will appear, if we consider some of the most important conditions of health which are violated by this system, especially *pure air* and *exercise.*"

"Thus we see that these young men are compelled to breathe an atmosphere which gradually becomes more and more impure; until in the evening, and especially *late* in the evening, it becomes *positively and actively pernicious.* The results of such a state of things may be easily inferred. The lungs imperfectly perform their functions; as a necessary consequence, the blood is only *partially oxygenised*, or changed from *venous* into *arterial;* the circulation becomes sluggish; all the secretions are rendered impure by the impurity of the blood; digestion is impaired; the muscular system is weakened; and the whole physical constitution becomes in a greater or less degree the subject of chronic disease. Mr. Thackrah, whose work on 'The Effects of the Principal Arts, Trades, and Professions on Health and Longevity,' is so highly esteemed by the medical profession, thus writes: 'The atmosphere which shopkeepers breathe is contaminated; air with its vital principles so diminished that it cannot decarbonise the blood, nor fully excite the nervous system. Hence, *shopkeepers are pale, dyspeptic, and subject to affections of the head. They drag on a sickly existence; die before the proper end of life; and leave a progeny like themselves.*' This is the language of a professional man, who had devoted much time and attention to an investigation of the subject, and who was therefore eminently fitted to pronounce an opinion upon it.

"Another most important requisite to health is EXERCISE, *active exercise in the open air.*

"Now the present system of keeping shops open until late at night entirely prevents the shopman from benefiting himself in this respect; since it allows him no time for doing so after the business of the day is over, and makes it difficult, if not impossible, for him to rise sufficiently early to take a walk in the morning. Sometimes, indeed, he has to go to a neighbouring square or street, to serve ladies at their own houses: but this little advantage is chiefly confined to the higher class of shops, and is so seldom enjoyed that it can only be regarded as an exception to the rule. But then it may be urged that their occupation furnishes them with

exercise, inasmuch as they are continually moving about behind the counter. This objection somewhat overstates the fact, for during a large portion of the day they are only standing, being engaged either in pntting the goods straight, or in discoursing upon the merits of some article at which the customer may be looking. But, even if the objection be admitted without qualification, to what does it amount? Only that, to use the words of Mr. Thackrah, they are '*all day on the move, get never in exercise;*' always engaged in what wearies the body, but never in that which invigorates. The movements of the draper behind the counter are very different from those which nature prescribes for the preservation and improvement of health. Moreover, even if their regular occupation did furnish them with active and various exercise, it might be doubted whether it would not be more injurious than beneficial if taken in an atmosphere such as we have described. The immediate and most important effect of exercise is more rapid respiration. If the air respired be *pure*, this is a positive good: but if otherwise, it is only to take into the lungs a more than ordinary quantity of *pernicious* element. Hence, medical men universally direct us to take exercise in *pure air*, and if possible in the *open air*. So important is this seen to be, that our legislators are now devising means for providing London and other large towns with suitable places in which the inhabitants may take exercise, in connexion with a copious supply of fresh air. Alas! for the thousands of young men engaged in shops! Parks, and fields, and walks, can be of no avail to them, unless their hours of business are so curtailed as to allow them to share in the privileges of their fellow-citizens! At present they are denied all such enjoyments. It matters not whether the clear frost of a winter's day invite them to make the hard earth ring with a vigorous step; or the mild beauty of a summer's evening call with a softer voice; they dare not listen to either. The bright sun, the blue sky, and the fresh air, are blessings which God has bestowed upon the meanest of his creatures, but of which they, though among the noblest, are altogether deprived.

> "Not for *them* returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds;"

But,

> "Their unhappy lot
> Is the dull ceaseless round of business, toil,
> And joyless rest."

The Works of Burns, with Notes and Illustrations.—This very pleasing edition is now completed, and deserves the public approbation for the good taste with which it is arranged. Nothing is omitted having connexion with the Scottish Bard, and the work is altogether one which will adorn the library table, and gratify the general reader. The illustrations are from the pencil of D. C. Hill, R.S.A., and reflect credit on that artist. In addition to the poems, there is an agreeably written life of the poet, and the last number closes with some pleasing poetical tributes to the memory of Burns.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Grave Digger. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Soldier of Fortune. By H. Curling, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Arabella Stewart. An Historical Romance. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Whitefriars, or the Days of Charles the Second. An Historical Romance. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Men and Women. By the author of "Susan Hopley." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Harry Mowbray. By Captain Knox. 8vo. 13*s.*
The Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Admiral Sir Francis Drake, Knt. By John Barrow. 8vo. 14*s.*
George Selwyn and his Contemporaries. By J. H. Jesse. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.*
The Prism of Imagination. By the Baroness de Calabrella. Post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
Affection's Gift, for 1844. 32mo. 2*s.* 3*d.*
Stories of the Animal World. By B. H. Draper. Square, 6*s.* 6*d.*
Domestic Affections, and other Poems. By Mrs. Hemans. 32mo. 1*s.*
The Brothers, a tale of the Fronde, and other Stories. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Laurringtons, or, Superior People. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor through Europe and the East. By P. D. Holthaus. Translated from the German by William Howitt. 12mo. 6*s.*
Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean. By J. H. Allan. Imp. 4to. 40 Plates, 3*l.* 3*s.*
A Sequel to Don Juan. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Caleb Stukely. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Tests of Time. A Story of Social Life, By S. Wood. Fcp. 5*s.*
The Poetical Works of Gerald Griffin. Fcp. 6*s.*
Our Mess. Vol. II. Tom Burke of Ours. Vol I. 8vo. 13*s.*
Harry Lorrequer. By Lever. 8vo. 12*s.*
The Mothers of England. Post 8vo. 10*s.*
Memoirs of R. W. Elliston, Comedian. By G. Raymond, Esq. 8vo. 15*s.*
Italy, Historical, Classical, and Picturesque. By William Brockedon, Esq. Imp. 4to. 5*l.* 10*s.*
Longfellow's Spanish Student, Voices of the Night, and Ballads. 3 vols. 4*s.* each.
Two Years in France and Switzerland. By Martha M. Lamont. Fcp. 6*s.*
Tales of the Great and Brave. By M. Fraser Tytler. Second Series. Fcp. 8vo. 5*s.*
A Christmas Carol in Prose, being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By Charles Dickens, Esq. Fcp. 8vo. 5*s.*
The Wrongs of Women. Part IV. "The Lace-Runners." 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—Works in Progress.

The new work, some time since announced, entitled "The Irish Coquette," is, we understand, to appear in volumes, the first of which is nearly ready.

Lieutenant Ouchterlony's new work, "The Chinese War," is expected to appear in the present month. It will contain many particulars and anecdotes not yet known, with fifty-two Illustrations from drawings by the author.

The new work entitled "The Gleaner" is now nearly ready. It will form an interesting and instructive work for the drawing-room table and intervals of occasional leisure.

A new novel, entitled "The Falconars," is in the press, from the pen of a lady whose talents are well known through a large private circle.

The new work on Antigua which we announced last month, entitled "ANTIGUA AND THE ANTIGUANS," is now on the eve of publication.

A tale in one volume, entitled, "HONOUR," will be ready for publication very speedily.

The new and enlarged edition of MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE FOR 1844, corrected by the Nobility, is now ready.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.—The increasing popularity of this new Association is steadily adding to the number of its members, who now reach nearly to one thousand. The Institute will, therefore, be opened on the 15th; the Lectures will commence in January; and the Soirees on the assembling of Parliament. The Hotel department, for which a separate mansion has been taken, will be under the direction of Mr. WHITMARSH, the well-known proprietor of the Green Man Hotel, at Blackheath, which he has conducted with great success for many years; and all the details of the Coffee-room and Dining-room of the Club will be under his superintendence. Tne Literary Department will be under the direction of Mr. BUCKINGHAM, and besides the attractions of the Reading-room and Library, with the public Journals of various Countries, the Lectures are likely to be as popular with ladies as with gentlemen, as they will not be exclusively scientific; while the Evening Parties will be for their special gratification. In addition to the new Books, Engravings, Pictures, and Works of Art and Vertu, which will be there collected for the inspection of visitors, it is intended to introduce occasional Music, vocal and instrumental: and when it is stated that among the Family Members already enrolled are Madame Caradori Allan, Madame Dulcken, Pianiste to her Majesty, Mr. Holst, the celebrated Composer for the Harp, Herr Mühlenfeldt, and several other eminent professors, there will be abundant means of gratifying the purest musical tastes. It is determined also to divest these Entertainments as much as possible of the formality of a public occasion, and make them resemble, in every particular, an Evening Party, conducted with all the ease of a private assemblage in the best circles. The care taken in the introduction of Members, none of whom are admitted without references of the highest respectability, approved by the Committee, and the general superintendence of the Vice-Presidents and other officers of the Institute, are the best securities for the selectness as well as the talents and attainments of its society.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THERE has been a steady and very general demand for most articles of foreign and colonial produce. Large orders have been received for Manchester goods, for the purpose of export, which it is expected will be very active during the early part of the year. There has been a good demand for sugar, and the prices have remained nearly stationary. The tea market has been rather dull. Fine coffee has suffered a slight reduction, but the middling qualities have brought full prices. Upon the whole, the report of the state of trade in all our manufacturing districts, considering the season of the year, is more encouraging than might have been expected.

MONEY MARKET.—The English Stocks remain firm, and the dealings in the market have been steadily in favour of investments, consequently, quotations have been somewhat higher. Some considerable sales have taken place in Spanish Stock, and the holders have the satisfaction of finding that the anxiously-expected dividend is advertised to be paid on the first of January. Some little annoyance has been felt by the brokers, on the instruction ticket of the Bank for letters of attorney requiring the address and quality of the parties obtaining them, on the score of inconvenience.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 27th of December.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 183 one-half.—Consols for Opening 96 three-fourths.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 96 three-fourths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Red. Anns. 102 one-half.—Indian Bonds under 1000*l.* 77 pr.—Exchequer Bills, small, 1*d.* 30*s.* 61*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 55 three-fourths.—Spanish Three per Cent. Bonds, 30 seven-eighths.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, Jan. 16, 20 five-eighths.—Mexican Five per Cent. 32.—Dutch Five per Cent. 99 five-eighths.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM NOV. 21 TO DEC. 15, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

Nov. 21.—J. M. Wintle, Drury-lane, silversmith.—H. W. Diamond, Frith-street, Westminster, surgeon and apothecary.—J. Ball, St. George's-place, Hyde Park-corner, tailor.—G. Z. White, Southampton, stonemason and builder.—J. D. Hinxman, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, wine-merchant.—C. D. Leeder, Billingford, Norfolk, cattle-dealer and farmer.—E. P. Best, Crutched-friars, City, and Croomshill, Greenwich, wine-merchant.—H. Harris, Lanarvon, Monmouthshire, shoemaker and farmer.—C. F. Dewson, Birmingham, victualler, stamper and piercer.—R. Blundem, Alton, Southampton, plumber, glazier, and ironmonger.—M. Raphael and A. Nathan, Kingston-upon-Hull, silversmiths and jewellers.—A. A. Newman, High-street, Whitechapel, saddler and harness-maker.—T. Kimber, North Cerney, Gloucestershire, farmer and miller.—J. May, Pickwick, Wiltshire, victualler.—T. S. Sharland, late of Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, linendraper.—S. Jones, Cheapside, jeweller.—J. Coulson and H. Phipps, Clement's-lane, shipping ironmongers.—H. H. Fisher, Bury-street, and Duke-street, St. James's, tailor and army clothier.—J. W. Bake, Bristol, currier and leather seller.

Nov. 24.—E. Locke and A. D. Mills, Lawrance Pountney-hill, City, needle-manufacturers.—W. Rolfe, Thurfield, Hertfordshire, farmer.—C. Leaf, Wood street, Cheapside, warehouseman.—G. Butcher, Holborn-hill, china and glass dealer.—J. Sharp, Marsh-place, Old Kent-road, linendraper.—C. Chapman, High-street, Croydon, stationer.—J. A. Holmes, New Broad-street, merchant.—T. Digby, Lower Clapton, corn-dealer.—T. Brown, jun., Tydee, Monmouthshire, iron-founder.

Nov. 28.—C. Parslow, Blackman-street, Southwark, tailor.—W. Pearson, Chelmsford, draper.—W. and I. Dunnage, Tooley-street, plumbers.—G. Barnes, Portsea, innkeeper.—R. Goodwin, Eton, Bucks, ironmonger.—J. Bates, Colt-street, Limehouse, grocer.—C. Robinson, Great Trinity-lane, oil and colour merchant.—J. Deakins, Elmley Castle, Worcestershire, horse dealer.—T. W. Jones, Wellington, Shropshire, draper.—I. Parsonage, Birmingham, paper-hanger.—W. Miers, Leeds, oil merchant.

Dec. 1.—T. Alford, Harrow-road, Paddington, victualler.—J. Hart, Quadrant, Regent-street, tailor.—E. W. Elliott, Compton-street, Clerkenwell, manufacturing-silversmith.—J. Smith, Darenth, Kent, Carpenter.—C. Williams, Sunderland, currier.—W. Stone, Birmingham, printer.—R. Lowes, Sunderland-common brewer.—J. Jones, Conway, Carnarvonshire, ship-builder.—T. Fawcett and J. Muir, Hollingworth, Cheshire, builders.

Dec. 5.—M. Allen, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, dealer in patent wood carving.—E. T. Gore, Church-end, Berkshire, cattle-dealer.—J. L. Heathorn, Abchurch-lane, shipowner.—R. Pusey, Crayton, Berkshire, baker.—H. Tregent, Basinghall-street, City, merchant.—J. Gibson, Kirton, Lincolnshire, grocer.—S. W. Suffield, Birmingham, druggist.—W. Shaw, Stafford, saddler.—E. B. Bayley, Pendleton, Lancashire, stuff printer.—C. E. Short, Woodend, Cheshire, calico printer.

Dec. 8.—H. Congreve, Batten's-terrace, High-street, Peckham, dealer in patent medicines.—W. Cox, Daventry, money scrivener.—T. Baugh, Anchor-street, Bethnal-green, silk-manufacturer.—J. Bohn, King William-street, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, bookseller.—B. Reynolds, Mitcham, Surrey, silk printer.—A. Wales, Spring-street, Shadwell, wood-splitter.—T. Rawlings, Cheltenham, auctioneer.—D. Hague, Horsforth, Yorkshire, paper manufacturer.—T. Bentley, Rawden, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Hayes, Taunton, innkeeper,—J. Dyson, Sheffield, scythe manufacturer.

Dec. 12.—J. Cundy, Ranelagh-street, Pimlico, carpenter.—J. Harman, Whitefriars, common brewer.—W. Stinton, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, confectioner.—Z. Parkes and R. Henderson, Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, carpenters.—J. Jukes, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, flatt manufacturer.—D. Rowlands, Pwllhell, Carnarvonshire, dealer in wines.

Dec. 15.—F. Thompson, Southampton, tailor.—S. Southgate, Fleet-street, auctioneer.—O. W. Thomas, Clement's-court, silk-warehouseman.—W. Read, King-street, Covent-gardes, engraver.—T. Gore, Broadstairs, Kent, baker.—R. Graves, Edward street, Portman-square, saddler.—G. Bullock, Derby, tobacconist.—J. Kidd, Kendal, Westmoreland, grocer.—W. Hubbuck, South Shields, pawnbroker.—J. Smith, Stoke-upon-Trent, corn-dealer.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Bell, jun., of Abbey Street, Bethnal Green Road, Trimming Manufacturer, and T. Ross, of Seebright Street, Bethnal Green Road, Trimming Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for manufacturing elastic braid. October 27th, 6 months.

A. G. Hull, of Clifford Street, Bond Street, Doctor of Medicine, for improvements in manufacturing or improving fermented and distilled liquors. October 27th, 6 months.

J. Kibble, of Glasgow, Gentleman, for improvements in apparatus for propelling vessels. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

M. Leach, of Manchester, Mechanic, for certain improvements in rotary steam-engines, which improvements are applicable to pumps for lifting and forcing water. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

J. D. Stagg, of Middleton, in Teesdale, Manager of Smelting Works, for a new and improved plan for collecting, condensing, and purifying the fumes of lead, copper, and other ores and metals, also the particles of such ores and metals arising or produced from the roasting, smelting, or manufacturing thereof, and also the noxious smoke, gases, salts, and acids, soluble and absorbable, in water generated, in treating and working such ores and metals. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

D. Evans, of Coleshill Street, Eaton Square, Engineer, for certain improvements in sweeping and cleansing chimneys and flues, and increasing the draft therein, and in preventing the same from smoking. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

J. P. Westhead, of Manchester, Manufacturer, for A new or improved fabric, or new and improved fabrics, and also certain modifications of machinery for making the same, which modifications of machinery are applicable to the manufacture of woven fabrics. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

F. I. Welch, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for A certain improvement or certain improvements in the manufacture of leather. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

R. Davison, of Brick Lane, Spitalfields, Civil Engineer, and W. Symington, of East Smithfield, Civil Engineer, for A method of cleansing, sweetening, and purifying casks, vats, and other vessels. Nov. 2nd, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for Improvements in furnaces or fireplaces. Nov. 4th, 6 months. Communication.

R. R. Jackson, of Blackburn, Lancaster, Cotton Spinner, for Certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus to be used in the preparations of cotton and other fibrous substances for spinning. Nov. 4th, 6 months.

P. Armand, le Comte de Fontainemoreaux, of Skinner's Place, Size Lane, for An improved crane, called Dynamometric. Nov. 4th, 6 months. Communication.

W. Rowan, of Doagh Foundry, Antrim, Engineer, for Certain improvements in axles. Nov. 7th, 6 months.

B. Parsons, of York Road, Lambeth, Engineer, and E. Esdaile, of the City Saw-Mills, City Road, Machine Sawyer, for an improved machine for cutting leaves of wood, such as those commonly called scale-board. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

C. D. Hazen, of Nottingham, Merchant, for improvements in machinery for knitting stockings and other articles. Nov. 9th, 6 months. Communication.

A. Dunn, of Rotherhithe, Soap Boiler, for improvements in the manufacture of soap. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

W. Bush, of Union Street, Deptford, Engineer, for improvements in rendering magnetic needles less prejudicially influenced by local attractions. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

T. Clarendon, of Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, Gentleman, for an improved method of shoeing horses. Nov. 9th, 2 months. Communication.

S. Archer, of Rochdale, Lancaster, Flannel Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of flannel. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

W. Hancock, of Stratford, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of caoutchouc in combination with other substances, and in machinery or apparatus for preparing caoutchouc and other materials. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

G. Holmes, of Stroudwater, Gloucester, Engineer, for certain improvements in furnaces or fire-places. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

S. Heseltine, jun., of Bromley, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in engines to be worked by air and other gases. Nov. 9th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing and combing wool, hair, and other fibrous substances. Nov. 16th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Withers, of Smethwick, Stafford, Manufacturing Manager, for an improvement or improvements in the manufacture of glass. Nov. 16th, 6 months.

L. Smith, of Manchester, Mechanic, for certain improvements in or applicable to looms for weaving various kinds of fabrics. Nov. 16th, 6 months.

E. Buxton, of Basinghall Street, Merchant, for improvements in spinning wool, cotton, and other fibrous materials. Nov. 16th, 6 months. Communication.

G. Scott, of New City Chambers, Bishopgate Street, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture, purification, and combustion of gas or gases. Nov. 16th, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Peasenhall, Suffolk, Machine Maker, for improvements in the construction of drills for sowing grain, seeds, and manure. Nov. 16th, 6 months.

G. Gwynne, of Putney, Gentleman, and G. F. Wilson, of Belmont, Vauxhall, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of candles, and in apparatus for and processes of treating fatty and other substances for the making of candles and other uses. Nov. 16th, 6 months.

R. R. Reinagle, of Howland Street, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in applying atmospheric air as a motive power. Nov. 16th, 6 months.

A. Wall, of Bisterne Place, Poplar, Surgeon, for certain improvements in the manufacture of iron. Nov. 18th, 6 months.

J. Roose, of Birmingham, Gentleman, for an improvement or improvements in the mode or method of manufacturing gun barrels and ordnance. Nov. 18th, 6 months.

W. Shepherd, of the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, Joiner and Builder, for an improved four port slide valve and an improved controller for reversing steam-engines, and for working the steam expansively in the cylinder. Nov. 18th, 6 months.

E. Elliot, of Tower Royal, London, Engineer, for a means of adding power to the steam-engine, and other machinery. Nov. 18th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Serle Street, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of parts of knives and other cutting instruments. Nov. 18th, 6 months. Communication.

T. Hancock, of Goswell Mews, Goswell Road, Waterproof-cloth Manufacturer, for an improvement or improvements in the preparation or manufacture of caoutchouc in combination with other substances, which preparation or manufacture is suitable for rendering leather, cloth, and other fabrics waterproof, and to various other purposes for which caoutchouc is employed. Nov. 21st, 6 months.

J. C. Haddan, of Liverpool, Engineer, for Improvements in the mode of manufacturing papier machée, and other articles made of vegetable pulp. Nov. 21st, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of pills. Nov. 21st, 6 months.

O. D. Mordaunt, of Clifford Street, Bond Street, Gentleman, for improvements in apparatus for obtaining the profile of various forms or figures. Nov. 21st, 6 months. Communication.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for an improved machine for towing or propelling vessels, which can also be used as a boat. Nov. 21st, 6 months. Communication.

A. F. J. Claudet, of High Holborn, Glass Merchant, for improvements in the process and means of obtaining the representation of objects of nature and art. Nov. 21st, 6 months. Communication.

F. Higginson, of the town of Rochester, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, for certain improvements in fastenings for parts of ships and other vessels, which improvements are also applicable to other building purposes. Nov. 21st, 6 months.

E. Snell, of Bridge Road, Lambeth, Medical Student, for improvements in the manufacture of soap. Nov. 21st, 6 months.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY, 1844.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Antigua and the Antiguans: a full Account of the Colony and its Inhabitants from the time of the Caribs to the Present Day, interspersed with Anecdotes and Legends. Also, an Impartial View of Slavery and the Free Labour Systems; the Statistics of the Island, and Biographical Notices of the Principal Families.

In contemplating the most momentous and magnificent events of which this world has been the scene, perhaps, to the eye of the Christian philanthropist, the emancipation of a large portion of his race from the fetters and debasement of slavery must seem, above all competition, of paramount importance. The foundations and dissolutions of empires, the greatest victories, the most extensive enlargement of dominion—in short, all that can swell out the glories of the kingdoms of this earth, fade into insignificance when placed in comparison with the abolition of slavery. That man should hold his equal, fellow-man, by the chain, and goad his limbs with the lash, must surely have been the consummation of mortal crime; and, consequently, the highest triumph of good over evil must be the severing the links of that chain, and abolishing the torturing application of that lash.

Had, then, the work before us possessed no other merit than that of bringing fully and faithfully to our view the workings of that free system for which the lovers of their race have laboured, and toiled, and panted, it would have presented the highest claims upon our notice. This, however, is not the case. Its other merits are great and various. Though affording us one of the most able and comprehensive views of the state of every class of the population of Antigua, dwelling most on its coloured portion, it is crowded with comprehen-

sive, spirited, and interesting descriptions of every object in the whole range of its society, of its natural aspects and productions, and of everything of interest attached or connected with it. As having been one of the theatres on which the iniquitous system of slavery has been so long carried on, from the days when Spanish policy thought it worldly wise to try the advantages to be won from human robbery, stealing the more sturdy frame of the swarthy children of Ham, and carrying them to the scenes of their new conquests, hoping to raise larger profits from the sweat of their black brows than could be extorted from the less efficient bones and sinews of the children of the soil, to these our own, we hope, more righteous times, signalised by a great and glorious act of justice, a mighty act of national virtue;—from these causes, we say, Antigua deserves to be a noted and commemorated spot; and this work will be the more welcome, since the West India islands have been, we think, somewhat strangely neglected in literature. Though familiarised in name with these verdant spots in the Caribbean Sea, and indebted to their produce for many a household luxury, too little has been done for them in the way of books, and we rejoice now, not only that Antigua has found the advantage of an historian, but that what has been done, is done so well.

The work opens with a general description of the island, its discovery by Columbus, its early settlement, and leads us with a clear but agreeable brevity through its various fortunes, its fluctuations of governance, the contests of the usurpers with its native lords; in short, through all the fluctuations of its unsettled and settled state. All this is valuable matter, and essential to the just conception of the present condition of the population. But the living interest of the work is in its portraiture of the existing aspect of the island. Its rich sketches of familiar life bring before us scenes and classes which are perfect novelties to English feelings. After all, fiction toils after fact, but is never able to overtake it. The strange ramifications of society in these islands, spring from the diversity of the elements. The population in 1837, consisted of about two thousand whites and coloured people, and thirty-three thousand blacks. The classifications of the intermediate degrees of colour and connexion are as follow:

"The *mongrel*, the offspring of a black and mulatto; the *mulatto*, the offspring of a black and a white; the *mustee*, the offspring of a mulatto and a white; the *fustee*, the offspring of a mustee and a white; and the *dustee*, the offspring of a fustee and a white. This last gradation is the connecting link between the degraded children of Ham and the descendants of his more honoured brethren. It is to be noted, however, that the *mulatto* is not *always* fairer than the *mongrel*, or the *mustee* than the mulatto; and children of the same parents often exhibit as much, if not more, difference of complexion, as those of Europeans."

Among the mass of interesting matter which crowds upon us in every page of this work, we are distracted in our choice through the very redundancy of the riches presented to us. We shall, however, cull from those portions which seem more particularly to present these children of Ham in their varied aspects, and first for the commemoration of that honoured and happy day, the 1st of August.

"Before the abolition of slavery, it had been supposed by many of the inhabitants of Antigua, that the negroes, at such an important era of their lives—the transition from slavery to freedom—would be led into great and serious excesses, or, at least, that they would pass the first days of freedom in dance and song, in riotous feastings and drunken carousals. But when the time arrived, far different was the result. Instead of that day being the scene of wild revelry and disorderly jollity, the negroes passed it as a 'Sabbath of Sabbaths,' a solemn feast.

'One bright day of gladness and of rest.'

The churches and chapels throughout the island were thronged to overflowing; and those persons who were unable to procure seats within the sacred walls, crowded around the open doors and windows, with eager looks of joy. All the shops and stores in the island were closed—

'The roar of trade had ceased, and on the air
Came holy songs, and solemn sounds of prayer.'

From every valley and dingle, and from every height, came trooping joyous groups. Old men and women, whose woolly locks were silvered by the hand of time—young men and maidens—the robust and the weak—the parent and the child—all rejoicing that the day had at length come when the iron yoke of slavery was removed from their shoulders, and they, like their masters, could boast that they were free!

"The 1st of August fell upon a Friday; and after enjoying themselves the following day with their friends, and joining in the ordinances of God upon the Sabbath, the greater part of the negroes returned to their agricultural and other employments on the Monday morning, with the utmost decorum and good temper. Defective as the negro character may be, their behaviour at that eventful period of their lives must elicit praise from the lips of all, and prove a lasting theme of gratification to the friends of liberty."

The friends of emancipation could have no higher proof of the fitness of these men for liberty, its enemies could receive no stronger refutation of their unfitness, than such a sanctified enjoyment of the restored rights of freedom. Had the draught, indeed, proved an intoxicating one, and wild revelry have followed, no argument could still have been deduced that the gift lacked wisdom in the bestowal—so called Christian men on Christian festivals running the wild riot of sensual enjoyment with all the energy of fierce appetite. The unfitness of the negroes to be trusted with their own heritage of liberty, so far from being an argument against its restoration, has always appeared to us the strongest motive in its favour, since the degradation of character, which formed the pleaded incapacity, was the certain and never-to-be-evaded result of that very system. To expect the spirit of free men in slaves, would be as much against nature as to expect the spirit of the slave in the free man. Humanity is, we were about to say happily for itself, since usage blunts the sharpest sting, soon ground down to its condition; and if we would restore the nature, we must first change the condition, and certainly not expect to succeed by beginning with the reverse.

But passing from the grave to the gay, we must give a little domestic illustration of the assertion of freedom in a very young recipient.

"I was amused the other day with a scene which took place before our dwelling; the actors, a mother and her child. The mother had a small

cane in her hand, as if about to chastise her daughter, a child of about six years old, who begged very hard for forgiveness. 'Do, mammy, don't lick me; me beg your pardon, ma'am. Oh! don't lick me, mammy; me do so no more.' The mother relented, and let go the child's hands, who, turning round immediately the fear of coercion was removed, stamped her little foot upon the ground, and raising her tiny fist, exclaimed, 'War you lick me for? Me free—me no b'longs to you!'"

The time is past when it was requisite to bring arguments in support of emancipation; there are still, however, dissentient voices, for whose sake a few instances may be brought in justification of the measure. Leaving, then, behind the black catalogue of crime and cruelty, which might possibly be referred to the barbarism of a bygone date, we cite a few modern instances.

"The examples which I have already given may be said to have happened many years ago; but still, for long after that, the life of a slave was looked upon as of very little value, provided the master was reimbursed for the cash they cost. If brought before a magistrate one day, they were, perhaps, condemned and executed the day after; and should a condemned criminal accost a passer-by in these words, 'Ah! buddy, you no no me now; but p'raps you will,' and such salutation be heard by the sentinel, that person, if even a stranger, and guiltless, perhaps, of all offence, was taken up on suspicion of having some dealing with the captive, and in some instances suffered death with him. The intrigues which were carried on between negroes in those days, rendered it, it is said, expedient to adopt these harsh measures.

"I have heard it asserted, that the reason slaves first came to be tried by jury, in 1735, was this:—A black man was brought up before two magistrates, on suspicion of having committed some heinous crime; and after hearing the case, the culprit was condemned and executed. A week or two elapsed, and something transpired to lead to a suspicion that he was not the guilty party. Through the exertion of a Mr. Gunthorpe, the case was tried again; and the result was, that the man was pronounced innocent. After that it was ordained, that no slave should be condemned to *death*, without being first brought before a jury, consisting of six persons.

"For the particulars of this case, I am indebted to an old man well known in Antigua. He bears the burthen of eighty-six years, and is still as active and strong as many a one only half that age. I heard him speak very highly of our late gracious Majesty William IV., who, when he was in the navy, visited Antigua for some time. 'Prince Henry was a good young gentleman, God bless his memory!' cried the old man. 'I used to wait upon him, and have often heard him speak of what good he would do, should he ever come to the throne. He has spared many a black person a good flogging. And when we all heard he was king, every one said, God bless him!' Old Mascall, for that is his name, can tell many a tale of other days, and no doubt has seen many shocking sights in the course of his long life. I heard him tell of another gentleman, who used to treat his slaves in a most barbarous manner, giving them commonly fifty lashes at one time, and then calling for a lighted candle, drop melted sealing-wax upon the gashes. His cook used to be chained to a 'fifty-six,' (a weight of fifty-six pounds,) with a chain long enough to enable him to walk from the kitchen to the house; and his washer used also to be chained in like manner to her wash-tub, in which situation, my informant told me, one woman dropped down dead, with her chains around her. With regard to this piece of cruelty, all that I can say, but which on no account do I offer as an excuse, is, that the negroes are very stub-

born, and given to prevarication. They have so very often represented themselves ill, when such has not been the case, that they might avoid their day's labour, that when really suffering from sickness, they have seldom met with any sympathy."

So from this unhappy cause came the happy result of trial by jury; but, though painful, we must pursue this subject a little further.

"But my melancholy subject is not yet ended; a few more acts remain to be exhibited before the curtain falls. There was some years ago an Antiguan planter, who was of such a tyrannical disposition, that he was an object of dread to the whole negro population, until at length he made himself so hated by them, from his cruel punishments, that he fancied his life in danger, and therefore quitted the island, and remained absent for many years. It was customary for many persons at that time to send, or threaten to send, negroes who were refractory or lazy, to Mr. —— for punishment; and so dreaded was his name, that, in most cases, it procured good behaviour and declarations of amendment; for hard, indeed, was the fate of those who fell into his hands. It is said that Mr. —— has been known to order two drivers to stretch slaves, no matter whether male or female, upon the ground, and to flog them until he rode round his estate, (which was one of good extent,) and upon his return, if he did not think the gashes sufficiently open, he would make them continue their demoniac employment for a longer period. The operation of flogging was thus performed:—the unfortunate victims of their barbarity were stretched upon the earth their full-length, four men held them down, while one or more drivers, with their immense cart-whips, lacerated the flesh at every stroke."

We had marked this extract further, but the details are too appalling, and we suppress them. That the individuals who have been thus doomed to quiver under the lash, are not, as has been too often shamelessly urged, incapable of pure and beautiful feeling, we will illustrate.

"Before their conversion to Christianity, the Africans firmly believed that after death they would return to Africa, and there enjoy uninterrupted felicity. * * * A short time previous to emancipation, I remember talking with a negro who fostered this belief. He was rather a remarkable personage: when in the prime of manhood, he must have possessed great strength, if we may judge from height and breadth. His cheeks, arms, and back of his hands, were deeply tattooed with different devices; his complexion was of a clear black, and his countenance very intelligent; nor had he that remarkable flatness of nose and thickness of lips by which the natives of Guinea are so remarkably distinguished. He told me he had been 'long 'nough' in the West Indies, (which phrase I found, by inquiry, extended to about four-and-twenty years,) and that he was a prince in his own country—brother, I think I understood him, to the King of Benquela, or something he pronounced very much like it; that, during a war with a neighbouring tribe, he was taken prisoner, sold to some merchants at Calabar, from whom he was purchased, with several others, by the captain of a slaver, and brought to the West Indies. * * * Seeing that I pitied him, he continued, 'But now me ole, me soon go hom—me no 'top much longer to trouble me massa!' I asked him what he meant, and where was his home. 'To me own country—to Africa!' he replied, the 'light of other days' beaming for a moment in his eyes. 'What! now you are *old*? You have less chance of returning there than you ever had.' 'Oh! missis, you no sabby (understand). Me mean me die now, an den me go home—den me happy, den me hab no mo' work,

no sick no mo'; me ole bone no ache den, but me get 'trong den and happy too!'"

No matter what the mode of expression, the belief in a resurrection, and an exquisite love of country, are here most powerfully associated.

But passing from the sad and sorrowful, which has impregnated with too grievous a bitterness the gone-by times of this afflicted race, we turn to the gaily-toned aspect of the present, rejoicing that happier days have dawned on Antigua, and in this feeling the second of these volumes has been a perfect indulgence. Certainly Almack's must give place to the black balls of Antigua, for not one tithe of the same hearty enjoyment or the same comic amusement could be found in the polished splendour of the one that abounds in the rich assemblies of the other. After pausing over the graver merits of this work, our readers will be agreeably surprised at being carried into scenes where Dickens would have luxuriated. The elaborate gallantry of the beaux, the condescending courtesy of the belles, their amusing adaptation and mutilation of the Queen's English, their exquisite quadrille parties preluded with the most pompous of invitations, emblazoned on cards of all the colours of the rainbow; the vast ultra-magnificence of their own attire—the satins, the *challis*, the blonds, the flowers, the brazen chains, and glass *bijouterie*, of the ladies; the velvet-collared, brass-buttoned coats, the snowy pantaloons, the many-coloured vests, the smart cravats, silk stockings, polished pumps, glittering chains encircling the neck in almost endless involutions, the quizzing-glass, the rings, the snuff-box with its lid honoured with a portrait of Queen Victoria or Prince Albert, the silk handkerchief perfumed with would-be *eau de Cologne*, of the gentlemen, quite overwhelm our sober English ideas of style and fashion, so much does the imitation outdo, overreach, and overwhelm its exemplar. We smile to find the fashions of Regent-street common and every-day things among the sable exquisites of Antigua. The long trailing dresses with which it has pleased our fair ladies of home to sweep the streets, their classically braided hair, and we know not what beside, are all parodied in the island. These things, however, ought to be looked upon rather as indications of the enjoyment of new-born independence, perhaps displaying themselves in somewhat ludicrous extravagancies, than under any other aspect. The details are replete with amusement, and we wish that our limits would allow us to transfer some of the broad farce so unconsciously acted to our own pages. Like the face of Janus, the work has two aspects; one of grave merit, one of gay amusement. It would be impossible not to be satisfied with the one; it would be difficult not to be gratified with the other. Plain good sense and honest religious feeling give weight to accurate observation and sound reflection; a tender philanthropy with the sufferings of the wronged and the injured engage our sympathy; while the cheerful hilarity which seems almost unconsciously to have spread itself over the mind of the author, in entering with a sort of bodily presence those gaudy scenes, full of the broad glare of caricature, reach and engross the mind of the reader with a power from which there is no escape. The com-

pleteness of the work is also too remarkable to pass without observation. From the first discovery of the island down to the latest possible date, it comprises a most perfect history. Every class of its various population receive their due attention. From the governor down to the lowliest of the long-despised race, with their intermediate grades, all are marked and noted. Accurate, searching, and comprehensive, are the delineations. Vigorous and forcible pictures of everything worthy of observation succeed each other from the first chapter to the last, and every aspect is as important as it is spirited and graphic, while the whole presents us with a work of rich, of varied, and of commanding interest.

The Irish Coquette. A Novel.

There are fashions in everything, and the fashion in literature at the present day is all in favour of continuations. Curiosity is aggravated, interest is excited, by introductory delineations of marked characters, and we are plunged into incertitude as to the result of the workings and issue of certain events, and then we are compelled to pause, always in some strange crisis, until the day of publication comes round again. This mode of raising our interest is certainly one of most effective potency: the individuals presented to us become a part of our acquaintance. We do not peruse their histories, arrive at the *finale*, approve the book, close it, and forget those whose lives and doings it has been portraying,—or, at best, remember them as things in a book; but we at once establish them as living beings, in whose fate we feel a lively sympathy. They are no longer apochryphal existences, but genuine and true; we remember them as real individuals, whose lives are progressing on with our own. They become, as it were, part and parcel of our connexions, and we wonder what they may be doing while we think of them. The events which befall them are not done, but doing. In short, we all know that at certain seasons of our lives we contract an interest in the circumstances of some particular acquaintance whose affairs seem all strange and eventful, and our curiosity and excitement are constantly kept alive. Thus it is also with the well-depictured characters realised to our minds in the talented continuations which have become the fashion of the day.

The mode of publication adopted for the "Irish Coquette" is a new variety of this plan. Meant as a continuous history, we have here one of the volumes in every way highly calculated to excite the interest of which we have spoken. It will at once be seen as a result that we are debarred from criticising the work as a whole. It would be wholly unfair to anticipate, even were that practicable, but the skill of the author has thrown such a provocative haze over the future, that the prophetic vision which could penetrate it must indeed be keen and piercing. The talents of the author are diversified; sometimes the scenes are melting with feminine feeling; at others, racy with masculine jovial hilarity. The pathetic and the humorous succeed each other with strong alternate power. The opening of the work is full of sad and sorrowful tenderness; the bereaved husband,

on whom anguish has done the work of years, whose hair is blanched more by grief than age, bending under the despair of his deep suffering, is powerfully contrasted with the cherub girl, whose beauty and whose cheerfulness are yet too fresh from heaven to be soiled, and fretted, and polluted by this earth. The rosy child and the haggard parent form a striking picture, and one that would have been too painful for continued contemplation, Wisely, therefore, has the author withdrawn us from the scene, and carried us into one whose opposition is wide as the world, and all things in it. The house of sorrow changes to the house of merriment. Shillelagh Lodge, the residence of the real Irishman, body, soul, and mind, Squire Tom O'Grady, opens its portals to receive us. Here everything is purely natural to that most sad and yet most merry land, emphatically termed "the Gem of the Sea."

Here whisky punch, and song, and carouse, and tumult, made the old walls reek and ring again, whilst their master, the fox-hunting, merry-making, hard-drinking Squire Tom O'Grady, the very prince of good fellows, the most jovial of souls, spent his time in hunting, shouting and carousing, and making his companions right gloriously welcome to the hospitality of his roof, which he avowed to be the best and the most national, because genuine thatch. The squire's guests are happy specimens of their facetious father-land. Fat Doctor Dowse, imbibing the ambrosia of whisky punch, enacting the ghost in Hamlet, and refusing to dissolve into thin air, on Squire Tom O'Grady's imitative cock-crowing, presents us with a most capital convivial accompaniment to his patron. We are also well pleased to mark the truly catholic spirit which has pervaded the feelings of the author in his depicturing the characters of the Roman and the Protestant priests. By no illiberal liberty of fiction is the one endowed with all virtues, nor the other with all vices, and neither is mean inuendo made to do the mischief of open aspersion. The spirit of true religion actuates the hearts and lives of both, and their province in this history is singularly such as they ought to occupy. Active benevolence, cheerful philanthropy, and love in its purity of purpose, influence the actions alike of Father Wynne and the Curate Stepney. Piety, as in reality it ever must, exalts these men, and they form a fine relief, in their elevated sanctity, to the class of retainers, who, in their prejudices, their passions, and their phraseology, are so thoroughly and genuinely Irish—Squire Tom O'Grady's groom-valet being a rich specimen of brogue, blunder, and garrulity. Leaving, however, the Irish hearthstone, and following the history to our own country, two powerful and remarkable characters arrest our attention. The *millionnaire*, Frederick Mansergh, with the heart of a philanthropist and the liberality of a prince, and the beautiful adventuress Mrs. Austin, with the mind of a Machiavel and no heart at all. This slight introduction of the principal personages in this interesting work will give our readers some idea of the circle, whose acquaintance we are recommending them to make. The beautiful child, whose fortunes remain to be developed, must still shine out the single star. The present volume does but open the path and prepare the way for one whose destinies are marked at the very commencement of her race.

This portion of the "Irish Coquette" has but ushered in a radiant heroine, painted her parentage with a pen of pathos, surrounded her like some fairy queen, with an attendant host of satellites, placed her in a position of no common interest, raised expectation to its highest pitch, and then left us to await a second with all the eagerness of strongly-awakened interest and curiosity. We can only say that we trust the pleasure of another volume will not be long delayed. We introduce our readers to Squire Tom O'Grady under the character of a controversialist theologian.

"'You are silent, sir,' said he, tauntingly, to the curate,—'silent, because you are a Tory minister, and your Tory bile sickens at argument. But it won't do, sir!—silence only makes me desperate! I am now desperate enough to tell you a few bitter truths. (Here he gulped down, with great relish, a long draught of rum punch.) You know, sir,' continued he, returning to the charge with double vigour,—'you know in your heart, (though you won't own it,) that there is nothing in this world like the sterling grandeur of the Roman Catholic religion—no faith at all to compare to it. Haven't we,' continued he, with great rapidity, and no stops,—'haven't we confession, absolution, the real presence, incense, blessed salt, holy wells, holy water, altars, shrines, stations, jubilees, mysteries, pilgrimages, plenary indulgences, orders, oblations, relics, statues, pictures, crucifixes, scapulars, beads, and blessed gospels? *There*,' cried he, pausing, and in triumph,—'*there* is something sound, sensible, and substantial, for a man to take hold of and save his soul withal. Now, reverend sir, let me ask you, in a friendly way, what the d—l have you in *your* church that could save my niece Minna O'Grady either here or hereafter?'

"The curate made no reply—he sat in silent wonder, staring at the speaker.

"Mistaking his silence for the being *silenced*, the squire now fancied the game all in his own hands, and that he was playing it admirably. Thumping the table with his huge fist, he burst into an exulting laugh, renewed the attack, and ran on with an eagerness and rapidity truly astonishing.

"'Haven't we,' cried he, 'the Virgin Mary, the angels, and all the saints in heaven, to intercede for us? Haven't we the priests, nuns, monks, friars, and pilgrims on earth, to pray for us? and, shure, the d—l's in it if we haven't enough to do for ourselves, if we would only do it! Haven't we masses, offices, rosaries, litanies, (to every saint in the calender,) fasting, prayer, penance, penitence, repentance, and mortification of the flesh. * * * Haven't we purgatory, which gives *us* some chance of salvation. * * * Haven't we,' continued he, 'blessed palm, blessed candles, and blessed ashes? Aye, that we have, and fifty other things beside, if I could only remember them. Never mind, I'll make Father Frank O'Leary repeat them all for me over again, when I get home, success to himself!' cried he, drinking off a tumbler of reeking hot rum punch to his health; 'he's the man that could tell you forty times as much of Scripture as I did! Ay, and he'd drink rum punch too,—success to him, (this was said by way of a taunt to the curate, who never drank any sort of spirituous liquors,) or any other punch, and keep his head, God bless him! But, sir, to my question. What have you in *your* church that can save my infant niece, Minna O'Grady, from the wickedness of this world or the vengeance of the next, eh?'

"Here he again thumped the table so as to make the glasses ring, replenished his tumbler, and stared eagerly for an answer.

"That Squire Tom, in the overpowering tide of enthusiasm, had not only run himself out of breath, but out of argument, was sufficiently obvious, as he sat panting for an answer.

"The Curate, seeing there was now no escape, replied, in a firm but gentle tone, 'We have the gospel.'

"'The gospel!' echoed the Squire, scoffingly, considering the assertion false; 'the gospel! don't tell me such nonsense; I know well you have *no* gospel. *Now* that you pretend to have a gospel, pray what sort is it, for, surely, you won't have the face to tell me you have the like of *this*?' cried he, thrusting his giant hand deep into his breast, and with a strong effort producing therefrom a black riband string, from which was suspended what seemed a little dirty leather pincushion, in the form of a heart.

"'Now fellow me *that* in *your* church, reverend sir,' cried he, holding it triumphantly forth for admiration; 'do you pretend to say that you have the like of *that* in your church, or anything at all to be compared to it?'

"'What is it?' inquired the Curate, staring wonderingly at the little dirty pincushion.

"'It's my gospel!' shouted the Squire.

"'Your gospel!' echoed the Curate, in manifest amazement, and much more amused than he had any desire to be on a subject touching religious faith.

"'Yes, *it is* my gospel!' vociferated the Squire, fiercely; 'I got it from father Frank O'Leary, to preserve me from the infection in the time of the scarlet fever, and father Frank is a very good man.'

"'Will you allow me to look at it?' asked the curate, mildly stretching forth his hand.

"'No, indeed, I will not,' returned the Squire, doggedly; 'it's one of the mysteries of our blessed church, that's not to be touched—a holy, blessed thing, that's not to be fingered.' Here he shook his head mysteriously.

"'Surely, my dear sir, you jest; you can have no such belief?' said the amazed Curate, unable to suppress a smile at the man's easy and absurd credulity.

"This smile provoked the Squire more than ten thousand doubts could have done.

"'No such belief!' said he, scornfully repeating the words; 'what do you mean? I'll tell you what, sir, of our faith—if it's *that* you mean by belief—the Protestants are ill-naturedly ignorant, and confoundedly mistaken. And that's more of my *belief* for you.'

"With that he thrust the little dirty leather pincushion back again into his bosom. Having safely deposited his talisman in the aforesaid temple of honesty and oddity, he buttoned up his coat to the throat, refreshed himself with rum, and returned to the attack, like a successful combatant, with renewed vigour and unabated zeal."

Essays and Poems. By E. F. Roberts.

It is a rare thing to meet with good prose, rarer still to meet with good poetry, and yet we have these two rare things united in this one little volume. That genius has its caprices is undeniable, and "Mephistophiles," the opening poem, is one of them. There is something daring in the idea of diving into the mysteries of the invisible, and mingling the silent and unseen operations of the spiritual with the corporeal. Yet has our author carried us down to Hades before he has led us into the scenes of earth, and showed us their intercommunion. Something of awe mingles with the view. There is a degree

of fearfulness in the impression that the purest of our feelings may be carried to such an unauthorized excess as to place us in the power of those evil spirits who delight in man's destruction; and when the agency of demons is unveiled, it seems as if the curtain were drawn from before the deep abyss, and we were left to gaze on this fearful spectacle, lit by the light of its own lurid horror,—and yet we would fain believe, that there may be a deterring usefulness in the fearful warning. We are quite sure, that if the world could once be led to fasten its mind upon the realities of the unseen, it would have a mighty influence upon its actions. It is only a practical detraction from the immutable reality of what exists on the other side of the dark veil which separates the connexion between what is done on this. The talent displayed in Mephistophiles is undeniable, the incident fearful, the catastrophe of mingled happiness and horror. We will not destroy its interest by a more accurate expression of its scope, but merely presenting the hero and the heroine as they are seen by the mystic vision of the inhabitants of Hades, leave our readers to follow out their fortune in the volume.

"A proud ship sailed o'er the azure sea,
With the white sails swelling bold and free,
Proudly leaped that *bark* the billow,
But, ere long, a watery pillow
Bare the shipmen's corse-cold forms,
Free from tempests and from storms.
There floats a boat o'er the dead, dead sea—
Oh, 'tis a woful sight to see!
Her timbers crack'd, and her seams are riven,
She's billow beaten and tempest driven:
But two now living of the crew,
Their faces ghastly, cold, and blue—
A fair girl one, her bright locks laden
With gems and salt—oh, hapless maiden!
Famine wasted—on her brow
A golden circlet—pendant low
Hang ear-rings of red fretted gold,
Fearful contrast to behold;
On her cheek a small spot burneth
With the fever-fire, death quencheth,
In her flashing midnight eye.
Life yet lingers—oh, the sigh!
Glorious ebon hair is flowing
Down her marble neck but growing
Dry, and matted with the water—
Such was now that high-born daughter.
Fondly nursed her head a boy
With grim visage, yet there's joy
In his faint glance: he fondly lingers
O'er her face, while her cold fingers
Are locked in his.—Thus lulled to rest
She lies in slumber on his breast.
* * * * * *
There are shadows him surrounding
And the waves are hoarsely sounding,
But he clasps her closer ever
To his breast—no night shall sever

Them. She croaketh now for food;
He hears not that sad cry unmoved.
Ravenously glares her eye—
The gentle boy but heaves a sigh—
He hath given all he had—
Last drop of water, last of bread."

We ought not to pass over the poetic portion of the volume, without a comment on the "Legend of the Cross," one of those old ballad tales which can never be read without a renewal of every romantic impulse which may be lying dormant within us. It is no light pleasure to be surprised out of the matters of fact of these utilitarian times, and carried back as it were into the days of old, when knights were as brave as ladies were fair, and chivalry and devotion kept equal pace. "The Legend of the Cross" revives the spirit of those ancient days, but we must not pause over it, but pass on to those essays which complete the volume, and which for importance of subject and fineness of conception, can scarcely be surpassed by anything in our language. "Time," "Life," and "Death," are subjects of so august a presence, that when we say they are right worthily treated, we leave ourselves without ability of offering them higher praise. The inscrutability of the first, the importance of the second, and the fearfulness of the last, may well make the mind humble itself before them, and yet it is mind alone which can estimate, though that but feebly, the solemn power of these mighty ones. That our author has grappled worthily and powerfully with his subjects, our extract will establish. Its own language will speak best for itself, and it will at once be seen that the work is the production of no ordinary mind.

"What is life? The question becomes more solemn. Some will answer, it is the keen perception of agonies and bitter grief, that makes the hair grey, and prematurely steals the rose from the cheek,—marks the brow, not with age, but with lurking care. It is to see rolling mists glooming and thickening until life itself seemeth lost in their folds, anguish, sorrows, broken hopes, things so pale and so withered, that dead leaves are not more so—the degradation of every high feeling, bounded and beset by poverty,—troubles, scorn, things following each other in such quick succession, and so frightful in their effect, as to make a man hopelessly gaze upon the sun, and moodily marvel whether his *night* will ever come, that he may *sleep*.

"To others, again, life is an uninterrupted scene of joy. It is marvellous to behold with what ease some pass on their way, winding sinuously through the crowd, not touched nor jostled by any. Unquestioned and untroubled, these easy mortals wonder to hear others grieve, and think they never heard such grumbling people. Alas! none but he who drinks of the bitter cup can have a heart overflowing with sympathy. Grief and sorrow are humanizing things, depend upon it, reader; and few hate their fellows the more because they have had to wipe away tears of bitterness.

"The elements of happiness are not so dissimilar, after all, but very unlike are the ideas man forms, and it is manifest that perfect happiness on this earth is unattainable. This is the reservation—the ultimate hope—when the wild strife is over, that we shall in an hereafter enjoy full and uninterrupted happiness. Man is said to be progressive, and so he is in many things, but there is a fixity in the distance between himself and pure unsullied joy, that he cannot lessen by any transilience, and thus

be oscillated to and fro, which makes the antagonism beneficial. The physical changes that take place incessantly act immediately upon man. Good and evil, plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, murder, and sudden deaths, are ministers in their mysterious but awful manner,—these are so blended together in an intricate yarn, that life is wholly taken up with endeavouring to unravel the threads; and when he imagines them to be in something like order,—when he begins to enjoy the fruit of his toil,—he dies, and all is intricate as ever.

"But it may be remarked, that in his steam-engine, vegetable-ductilising day,—the day of joint-stocks and monopolies,—that the idea of even earthly happiness is some *obsolete* thing,—a word without a meaning,—something that men of the older day dreamed of, but which now hangs above the metropolis, shelved and choked amid fog, and smoke, and Atlantic saturations; its whiteness and purity has a yellow tint reflected from the gold bags of the Bank and Lombard-street, half-stifled with the foul pestilential breath of the many police-courts and felon-cells, which infect the air with a moral, unwashable taint. Men run into dim corners with eager eyes, in which you see 'speculation' glaring,—in every idea, a new company of 'land or water rats,'—in every moody abstraction, a calculation of profit and loss; and thus all the manifold operations of clerk and exciseman flow into that central mass, the currency, which disembogues again, in the most mysterious silent manner, hither and thither, like a deep under-current; so each payment seems noiselessly made under a table. O wonderful adaptation of soul to matter! We cry, Is not this, now, the acmé of old, rusty, pagan philosophy?—the harmony of £ *s. d.* as exponents of value? The mystic number of the Pythagorean is here improved upon; thus do we often see fawning credulity, whining servility, because at certain times gold chinks may be heard in the recesses of his pocket, and he laughs with a humorous leer at penniless man, who is very sillily determined to be honest, and to take only that which he can demand as a right. But this knee-bending servant to very bad times, with gold chinks, is at last a moneied man also, and then he again reverses the system. Instead of being the serving, he is served; the complacent truckling smile changes into authoritative frown, big with the importance of holding others in fief;—never did feudal lord command his vassals with fuller faith of being obeyed by another knee-bender than our oily-jointed friend. Marvellous, O Mercurius, is this all?—Thus he holds soul and body under a golden key, but the other leers and laughs too, for gold chinks are heard above all.

"But it is not thus with all. Some there be, that, in the bounty of great soul, feel the infinite value, the vast usefulness of life; who look upon it with fondness, hope, with sympathy, and deep human love, and to such a man there is much that is healthful and soul-stirring, even in the fierce anarchy of earning daily bread, whilst others are hungrily striving to snatch the morsel from the hand.

"Solemn, burning lamp! light of experience and thought! magnificent gift of God! thou art 'beautiful exceedingly,' in every phasis of thy being thou showest thy maker; whether thou art one of the many modes by which intellect is allied to matter; whether part of a continuous chain, or whether thou art a perfect and separate state, of which there is no pre-existence, and to which death is thy limit; whether thou art a type or a reality; whatever thou art thou art a good and a wondrous thing. While, then, we have a consciousness of being, let it be our study to 'apply our hearts unto wisdom;" to be, like Socrates, on the couch expectant, with scrip and staff in hand, prepared to take our departure, when the death-angel is at the door."

Whitefriars, or the Days of Charles the Second.

The obligations of novel writers and novel readers to that merry monarch "who never said a silly thing and never did a wise one," are almost illimitable. Like an inheritance increasing in value, or a mine under process of working, as posterity travels on, the more it is drawn upon the more do riches increase and multiply. And, in truth, those eventful days seem the true era of fiction, and England the rightful scene of its enactment. The strange and jarring elements of society meeting in sudden shocks, remind us most of the battle charges on some well-fought field of contest. On the one hand, stands the russet-coated, steeple-hatted, lock-shorn puritan,—stern, remorseless, condemnatory of all but self and sect: on the other, the gay, love-making, song-trolling, curled and scented cavalier,—stiff only with gold and embroidery, and easy enough in morals and conscience. Hypocrisy borrowing the garb of the one, and sensuality licensing itself under the attire of the other, are to be traced out in all their various ramifications and gradations; but never, surely, did they put on so bold a frontage of enormity as when Charles led the wassail in his dissolute court, and Titus Oates made perjury as common as household words. The characters of this date are indeed marked and emphatic, not softened, polished, and assimilated, like society in more modern days, but distinct, angular, full of peculiarities, both of the individual and the class. The sobered tone of a more settled state, like the frost which binds everything in its chains, was then utterly broken up, and the ocean roar of brawl and anarchy rang through the land. No wonder, then, that these are times in which fiction loves to hold its fairy reign.

The author of "Whitefriars" deserves our attention. With many faults, he has yet many merits, and we would infinitely rather deal with these inequalities than glide over the tedium of sleepy mediocrity. Among these merits are an animated style, good powers of dialogue, a never-tiring plot, abundance of action, and great diversity of character. All these are sterling things in the way of desert, and we desire to give them their full weight, but still we must look to the opposite scale.

Now, the object of a novelist, like that of the artist, is to paint portraits, and these portraits must either be of individuals, or of our great mother Nature. When an author chooses to take those whose actions history has recorded for the subjects of his delineation, he paints a person of which the world may fairly judge of the likeness. The man remains with us in the memory of his actions, and we can accurately compare the one with the other, and judge whether or not they be just counterparts. The other alternative, making Nature the sitter, leaves us with an equal facility to judge of the resemblance, her laws being universal, and subject to neither change nor fluctuation, since they were first immutably ordained; and our question is, whether the author of "Whitefriars" has or has not infringed upon the universal legislation?

First calling to the bar of judgment those who are meant to stand as the renovations of real existences, we summons Dr. Titus Oates.

Dr. Titus Oates, charged with being a conspirator, a perjured witness, a bloodhound, a traitor, a low sensual villain, a truckling coward, and yet a deep-dyed murderer, striking in the dark, a trembling assassin, and yet a base poltroon. What shall be said? guilty or not guilty? Why, guilty; and our author therefore acquitted.

Colonel Blood, charged with daring robbery, bold recklessness of crime, of utter disregard of all laws either human or divine, of being a hired bravo for others as well as a base ruffian for private revenge, of never-ending subterfuges, of never-satiated crime. Of all this does Colonel Blood stand convicted, and is it therefore consistent with his bravo character to find a line of lingering tenderness written in his blotted heart for the child of the man whom he had murdered? We think not. The *injurer* always hates the presence of the *injured*, and the child inheriting the wrongs of his parent, must needs seem poison to the sight of him from whose sins he suffers. The one sole animal virtue for which Colonel Blood could ever deserve admiration, is his courage. In all else he was a monster.

But the character of Lady Aumerle? Alas! that we should be obliged to admit that it has ever had prototypes! but when we remember the unnatural mother of the unhappy poet, Savage, we are obliged to confess that such feminine fiends have existed, and we grieve to admit that our author can plead even a solitary instance of example for her delineation.

But we make a graver objection to the portraiture of Charles. It seems to us as if the novelists of the present day entirely lost sight of the truth, that we have no more right to judge uncharitably of the dead than of the living. We believe that we have less, since the departed can no more lift up a voice in self-justification, and it matters nothing to the principle whether an individual has passed from this world's arena a day or a century. To tread lightly over the graves of the dead is a touching adjuration. Even the sable race of the much-despised negroes might teach us a lesson in this line. In the work "Antigua and the Antiguans," to which we have endeavoured to do justice in a preceding page, we find that sullying and polluting the grave of the dead is the greatest injury and grief that can be inflicted on the living. Gathering a lesson from this natural instinct, we must say that our author has dealt somewhat too hardly with King Charles the Second. Though dissolute, he was not sanguinary; though profligate, he was not malignant. Too easy to be unforgiving, and too fond of pleasure to play the ruthless tyrant. We defend not Charles's sins, but we certainly think that they were numerous enough without adding to their total; and if ever excuse could be found for levity of conscience and of conduct, it might be allowed in his case. The sorrows of his youth might well make Charles hate the republicans who had caused them, and had stolen away his crown; while the fearful murder of his father, in inducing detestation of the puritanism which had caused it, need create little wonder if in the re-action all religion fell into disrepute. But the bias of our author's mind explains this severity on the restored monarch. The Puritan faction he has painted as would best please themselves; the Royalist party he has depictured as would best please their enemies.

Passing over the host of really interesting individuals who covered the scene, we pause for a little space upon the hero. We think that in him the interest is somewhat deficient. Undoubtedly a hero is always entitled to pre-eminence, but the young Aumerle has it not. He lacks the nerve of moral courage. His flight with Oates, a man whom he despised, from St. Omers, where he had been fostered and sheltered, was pusillanimous; his companionship with the conspirators debasing; his insult to Aurora Sydney unpardonable. The lion's whelp should have the lion's spirit, and readers are ever disappointed when they cannot follow the hero with admiration. Nevertheless, we hold that the work is good, and that there is every promise that the next from the same pen will be better. We prove our estimation of it by the length of our critique, and by our recommendation of it to our own readers.

Early Hours and Summer Dreams.

Poetry can have no higher, holier, or purer office, than to elevate the imagination, to purify the affections, and at once to supply motives of virtue, and reward its endeavours. Poetry may indeed be called the *sentiment of life*. Associated with the mundane, the ignoble, the earthly, its incompatibility is at once apparent, whilst its assimilation with higher and nobler things requires not a word of establishment. The dreary drudgery of life is sweetened and lightened by draughts from the sparkling and refreshing springs of poetic imagination. Travelling through the wilderness, we may well and fairly rejoice ourselves in the bright spots which are as the oases in the desert. As we labour on through this world of care and toil, it is well to withdraw ourselves for a while from the busy tumult, and, with some poet for our companion, unfold the leaves wherein his thoughts are registered, and rejoice ourselves in the high communion of mind with mind and heart with heart.

"Early Hours and Summer Dreams" is just one of these delightful little volumes with which we may thus luxuriate. Thus says the editor in his preface: "If the generation of the present time is engrossed by schemes of avarice and ambition, if their minds are rendered heartless by voluptuous pursuits, or virulent with the acrimony of religious and political controversy, the editor may, perhaps, console himself with the belief, that the feelings likely to be awakened by these efforts of the writer of 'Early Hours' may soothe and harmonize the tumult of unworthy and often bitter passions." Such motives, seconded by a competent performance, command at once our respect and admiration.

The tone and spirit of these poems are classical. The author has drank from the springs of an elevated fount; nothing of the puerile or the sensual humiliates their lofty strain. The tender, the beautiful, the true, these are the familiar things of our poet's mind. On these at once his thoughts fasten and luxuriate. With these he calls upon us to sympathise; and as the spirit of poetry cannot be too widely

diffused, we introduce our author in his own words, trusting that our readers will be led from these samples to perfect their acquaintance.

"THE CONTEMPLATIVE.

"When Autumn's mellow brown the wood o'erspreads,
And fades the smiling verdure of the meads;
When genial skies a milder influence shed,
And tinge with ruddy gleam the mountain's head;
When all the labouring world around is still,
Soft whispering gales alone the valley fill,—
Nature seems softly sinking to repose,
And the sweet calm in part on man bestows,
The jarring thoughts its lulling influence feel,
And o'er each sense delights unbidden steal.
When of such independent bliss possess'd,
No gift of kings, but centred in the breast,
Why ask the vain parade of worldly pride,—
The toys which man's insensate race divide?
Say! does not this deserve the name of wealth,
On whose enjoyment wait content and health?
Thus oft reflection's warning dictates spoke,
When piercing griefs my youthful slumbers broke,
Nor then reluctant, I her words obey'd,
And at her feet my rebel passions laid;
Still, though my bosom own'd the force of truth,
Yet, warm with fancy, and the fire of youth,
Amidst the charms of nature all combined,
One charm was wanting—lovely womankind,
When, at the thought, the gleamy sunshine fled,
The landscape half its ripening beauties shed!
Oh, woman! source of bliss, to thee we yield—
E'en reason, vanquished, quits to thee the field!
Shall we not wonder at the speechless charm,
Which can the brave, and e'en the good disarm?
Rest from our dangers, of our toils' reward—
No ills of life, when borne for thee, is hard.
Without thee, how imperfect is delight,
Slow moves the day, and care prolongs the night;
On thee the winning charities attend—
The lover, wife, the parent, and the friend!
Thee through succeeding time, from shore to shore,
All but the cold and selfish shall adore;
And love, though banish'd by the world's false art,
Shall build its temple in the virtuous heart."

Impressions, Thoughts, and Sketches, during two Years in France and Switzerland. By MARTHA MACDONALD LAMONT.

The advantages of youth are so many, so great, so various, of so rich a lustre, and so rare a costliness, that when we speak of a disadvantage attached to its condition, we do but typify the specks in the sun. We do verily believe that to those who have lost it there is no one point of regret and envy so all-pervading and so all-powerful as that of departed youth. Youth gilds all things with its own lustre,

throws everything into the light of its own bright hopes, and walks through present pains insensible of their depressing influence, because impregnable in a full suit of joyous anticipations. Were it only on the score of novelty, that charm which the world labours to find with such an untiring avidity, youth has the vast advantage of beholding all things under a new aspect. Not yet has satiation and weariness ensued. Not yet is the world exhausted of its novelties. Not yet has the sad lesson that "all is vanity," been learned. Not yet has Experience extinquished Hope.

But the disadvantage which this happy condition of existence admits as its accompaniment, and to which we have referred, must needs be dangerous, where youth assumes the pen of authorship, and our sense of justice obliges us to note it here. It is the want of experience. Things that are stale and old to others, appearing fresh and new to these novitiates in the world, are told accordingly. This is the fault of this volume of "Impressions, Thoughts, and Sketches." An often-told tale must needs be tedious, unless it be brought before us under a fresh aspect, illustrated by new associations. The impressions of a young lady on visiting the continent may be delightful to herself, but it does not follow that they are interesting to the world. Describing things that have been described innumerable times, it is yet done with an air of perfect confidence that everything is as unhackneyed to others as to herself. And yet we would be very far from dealing hardly or harshly with the result. We are tempted to believe that these letters were in the first instance written solely for loving friends at home; friends to whom the most trivial thing concerning those from whom they are separated assumes an aspect of undue importance, and we wonder not that the partial fondness of near and dear connexions should suppose the world ready to receive with a like pleasure that which interested themselves so warmly. If a fault at all, it is the fault of affection, and therefore one for which its motive most abundantly compensates.

Nevertheless, though perhaps deficient in general interest, the work has its merits. It is undoubtedly not a book made up to amuse or to caricature either men or manners. It affords a very fair insight into the domestic life wherein Miss Lamont was domiciled, and this being chiefly in the school establishments of Paris, among which she seems to have changed about pretty frequently, there is a good deal of detail elicited connected with them. Those who are curious in such matters will find this a rather prominent feature; and though we consider that there is much of irrevelant matter in the work, yet are we glad to acknowledge that some of the letters have a real interest connected with the subjects on which they treat. From among these we select one which supplies a very good idea of the *Maison Royale*.

"My dear Mother, *Paris, May 22.*

"In order to tell you all I wish in regular order, I must go back almost to the date of my last letter, to the Sunday before last. That day was so warm that I did not go to church. I could not think of the tremendous distance between this and the Oratoire, so I sat in my room reading, and walked in the garden until nearly three o'clock; at that time I went into the saloon; the sound of a carriage attracted me to the win-

dow, and I saw an equipage which I knew must bring me a visitor—it was the Duke of Tarento: I was summoned, and met him on the stairs. 'Ah, how do you do, Mademoiselle?' said he, in English, almost all the words he knows, for he cannot speak it; but sometimes picks up a word or phrase in compliment to his many English visitors. I conducted him into the saloon, but the apartment next to it has recently been painted, and he found the odour of the paint rather disagreeable, so that he requested me to go into the garden with him; thither we went, and placed ourselves on a seat under the trees at the farther end, where he remained more than an hour with me. Thinking that I was in duty bound to be interested in boarding-schools, he gave me the most minute details about the Maison Royale of St. Denis, of which, as Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, he was director for seventeen years, and he has consequently had the regulating of the education of more than two thousand young ladies. It is to me evident that this school has been quite a pet concern with the old warrior. He himself added a new class to the others, *la classe de perfectionnement;* of course, after passing through it, as the school-girls say, *they were finished.* But I need not tell you anything more of the Maison Royale, as he has promised me a letter for myself and party, which will be a passport to every part of it, for his mother-in-law, the Countess de Bourgoing, is yet superintendent of the establishment, though he, after the revolution of July, resigned his office of Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. I listened with pleasure to all that he said about education and boarding-schools, yet thinking, like the poet, when a royal person criticised his tragedy, and discoursed about the unities, 'God forbid your majesty should know as much about those things as I,'—or like poor Goldsmith, when spoken to about bailiffs, 'I know what they are, for I have been in the rascals' hands.' But I listened, admiring the excellent countenance, the mild yet spirited eyes, the silver hair, and the whole appearance of the man who talked about school-girls, and had outdone Hannibal at the Trebbia, for his glorious defeat there, caused by Moreau's defection, was followed by victories greater than those of the Carthaginian.

"Various other subjects followed—his travels in England, of which he seems to like to talk, or else he does it in compliment to me. In passing through the court, as he was taking his leave, we met Madame B.; he took off his hat, and I named her to him. He immediately entered into conversation with her: from inquiries about her school, he passed to the Maison Royale, and again spoke with enthusiasm of its arrangements. At length bowing to them, and taking leave of me, with '*Au plaisir de vous revoir, Mademoiselle,*' he entered his carriage and drove off. Every one who saw him was as much enchanted with him as I am myself. A few days after, I had a very kind letter from the Duke, inclosing one for the Countess de Bourgoing; and also an order for admission for myself and friends, at the Maison Royale, on the following Sunday, and in addition to all these politenesses, inviting me to breakfast with him on Monday morning. On the evening before our excursion to St. Denis, we had arranged to set off at eight in the morning, as we were strongly recommended to be early; but at eight I was the only person on foot, and in breakfasting order; soon after arrived poor Mrs. W., having taken a very hurried meal at home: thus we English kept the appointment, and they French were ready at half-past nine.

"We reached St. Denis soon after eleven, and found that it was a *fête* day; we could not be admitted until half-past twelve, the mass being longer than usual. To fill up the interval, we repaired to the old cathedral, dedicated to the patron saint of France, and in which are the tombs of her kings; but here the long mass interfered with our intention of examining the tombs, for they could not be shown until it had terminated. We waited then to hear the mass, and to see the procession of the priests

St. Denis is the place of retirement of superannuated bishops, and it is probable that all whom we saw engaged in the service were dignitaries of the church; they were certainly all very old, and wore most beautiful dresses; some of the finest lace and embroidery which I ever saw, decorated the sides and skirts of their robes. In the midst of their performance, however, I was obliged to screen myself behind a large pillar, and indulge in a very improper fit of laughter at poor Mrs. K. She is very tall and awkward-looking; yet quite unconscious that she might attract any notice, she placed herself in the very centre of the church, and with hands joined, and with wondering eyes, she gazed on all that was going on with extraordinary intentness, standing like 'the statue which enchants the world,' immoveable for half an hour. When she joined us, her first question to me was, 'Do you know that the Catholic religion is very different from the Protestant?' 'Really, is it so?' 'Oh, yes! it is very bad, indeed; none of those priests whom you see have ever been allowed to marry.' 'What a pity! their wives and daughters might have had so much beautiful lace!'—said I, turning away and leaving her to discover whether I was serious or not, by her own ingenious mind.

"At half-past twelve we returned to the Maison Royale. I delivered my credentials, and we were shown into the *parloir*, which is exactly that of a convent, with a grating or trellis-work across one end of the room, in order, I suppose, to separate the pupils from those visitors who do not come within the pale of the laws of the house. The long mass was not yet finished, and I had to wait a little time before I could see the Countess de Bourgoing. At length one of the ladies came to lead me to her, and I found her in a very pleasant saloon, which opens with folding glass doors on the large grass-covered court of the establishment. She is a very pleasing old lady, eighty years of age. She received me with great kindness, and after a little conversation, she rang and desired *Madame la directrice des études* to be sent to her. When this lady came, she requested her to show me and my friends the whole of the establishment; she then asked me if all my party could speak French; when I replied not all, she desired that another lady who could speak English should accompany us also. I then took my leave of the Countess, and returned to my party in the *parloir*. We commenced our inspection with the kitchens, which are very large, and admirable for order and cleanliness. Dinner was just being served, and the numerous neat maid-servants in their black-dresses, white aprons, and handkerchiefs, were hurrying to and fro. As we passed into the refectory, the pupils, of whom there are five hundred and fifty, were then entering from the chapel, and taking their places according to their classes, each class occupying a separate table, and each is known by wearing a ribbon across the bosom, with certain coloured stripes to distinguish one from another. For this number of pupils there are seventy governesses in the house; there must be, at least, as many servants, I should think, for everything is in the first style of elegance, order, and cleanliness. There are nearly one hundred acres of garden and pleasure-grounds belonging to the house. It is a very fine building, and was, before the revolution of eighty-nine, a monastery of Benedictines, and those persons knew in general how to lodge themselves pretty well. We were conducted from the refectory to the chapel; it is very pretty, but strangers are never admitted when service is being performed, only on the day of the first communion of the pupils the mammas are allowed to be in the gallery. After this we saw the rooms for the drawing lessons, where are busts and models of all kinds to copy from, as well as pictures; in short, there is all that an artist can require. Then we saw the gymnasium, a late addition, made since Marshal Macdonald gave up the direction of the establishment. Everything in it is of beautiful polished wood, and there are sheepskin

rugs spread on the floor, to prevent any danger to the young ladies from falls, while they are exercising. The dormitories are long rooms, with four rows of little white beds in them; one of them contains two hundred beds, I think; they were formerly long galleries partitioned off into cells for the monks, but are now in a state much more conducive to the health of those who sleep in them. The bathing-rooms, and rooms for the sick, are also kept in the neatest order, and very comfortably fitted up. Besides these, there are *lingeries*, rooms where the young ladies' linen is kept, on open shelves divided into compartments and numbered, so that each pupil's is known; *broderies*, rooms were they are taught embroidery, of which we saw some most beautiful specimens; and *pharmacies*, rooms where they are taught the making of syrups and preserves, and the uses of plants for medical purposes. You will readily imagine from all this, that there are few similar establishments in Europe for the education of young ladies; although there may be some more extensive ones, for those who do not rank in that class; this, however, costs the French government about 18,000*l.* per annum.

"The name of Marshal Macdonald was no sooner pronounced than all were eager to show us every place, and every thing; and I must say, that if we had been inclined to make any complaint of French breeding, it was not here that we could have had grounds for it; no doubt, much of the attention I met with was owing to the introduction I brought. I was much pleased with *Madame la directrice des ètudes:* she told me she had been twenty-five years connected with this establishment, having been with Madame Campan at Ecouen, which was the root of the Maison Royale, formerly the Maison Impériale, when Napoleon transplanted the school of Ecouen to St. Denis. Madame Campan was firm in her attachment to the Emperor, venerating, as she did, his great talents, and knowing how much he had done for France, descending in his designs for her amelioration, even to the details of female education; in that, however, it must be confessed that his taste was not of the purest, and showy qualities were of more value with him than real goodness. It is said that Madame Campan had reason to complain of neglect and ingratitude from the Bourbons, after the restoration of Louis XVI., and that she died in poverty.

"The present excellent order and arrangement of every department of the Maison Royale, is entirely the work of Marshal Macdonald. He sent me with my letter of introduction the book of its laws and regulations, and, indeed, when I read it, I could not but see the spirit of the soldier in its discipline, and in all its details so orderly, and proceeding from grade to grade with such exactness. You may remember, that when we read Lord Collingwood's delightful letters to his family, we declared that he was the only person of whom we he had ever heard who was thoroughly qualified to be a *governess* to young ladies—or *governor* rather—such a governor then,—full of sentiments of rectitude and honour; full of the desire for useful exertion, and the determination to fulfil every duty, joined to the finest taste in all that is pure, and refined, and elegant,—was happily found in Marshal Macdonald for the Maison Royale, to educate the portionless daughters of the officers of the Legion of Honour. We took our leave of the amiable ladies who had conducted us through the establishment, with a feeling of obligation for their kindness, and with the highest gratification with all which we had seen."

The Grave of Genius. A Tale. True yet Marvellous. By J. C. La Mont.

We are tempted into noticing this little work, because it is imbued with an air of reality which induces us to believe the declaration of its title-page, namely, that it is "True." The lines of stern matters of fact engrave themselves so deeply upon the mind, they are so difficult of being effaced or erased, they so haunt the memory, while the most animated and spirit-stirring fiction so soon loses its power over us, that we are disposed to believe that truth is ever attended by a peculiar and attesting testimony of its own. The pathetic tale before us partakes of this power, and whether true in detail in this peculiar instance or not, it yet tells us the history of many a broken heart, and many a care-worn body. The sorrows of Genius are of such a nature, that it may truly be said that with them "a stranger intermeddleth not." With feelings a thousand-fold more acute and sensitive than those men who brunt through the world discharging a debt of arbitrary manual labour, feelings ever on the rack, ever under excitement, they are constantly exposed to the rudest shocks. Among the class of these soul-sufferers the aspirant for literary honours must often endure an excess of misery unknown to ordinary men, and the purport of this tale is to follow out the lot of such a one. Destitute of all resources save those of his own mind, the youthful hero seeks the metropolis, inspired with the hope of finding his abilities a marketable commodity; incessant toil and assiduity win for him nothing but a requital of disappointment. Most mournful is it to trace the gradual relinquishing of all hope, the extinction of the faintest throbs of expectation, the progressive abandonment of the spirit to its despair, the wasting of the frail body cheated of its natural rights, the awful pangs of hunger, the dilapidation of the frail tenement, the drooping limbs, the hollow eye like a charcoal fire, the emaciated frame, the sunken lip, the unearthly hectic, the——but why pursue the theme? humanity shudders at the close of the parting spirit, and we might not have pursued our author's powerful and pathetic tale so far, but in the belief that warnings of this nature may have a happy influence; for sure we are that supplicants are often refused on the plea of business, when on the ground of humanity their claims would be at once admitted; men dream not of the misery their denials may be inflicting; and if this little work should in any degree become a tract for humanity, its author will have done far better things than merely to have amused the imagination or charmed the fancy.

St. Patrick's Purgatory; an Essay on the Legends of Purgatory, Hell, and Paradise, current during the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of France, (Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.)

Whether regarded as an essay on the peculiar literature on which it treats, or considered on the higher ground of throwing light on theological views, this little work deserves attention. In the one case it marks the condition and taste of that literature, in the other the gra-

dual corruption of human inventions, as introduced into high and holy things. For our own part, we would most gladly acquit the Romish priesthood of even the sin of sufferance, much less of connivance, and least of all of encouragement or invention, in things which must at once humiliate the mind and debase the faith of the humbler classes of their communion; but though it be against our feelings to admit, it is against our conviction to deny, that the shackles of ignorant superstitions, such as those which form the purport of this volume, are at the least permitted, we had well nigh said adopted and sanctioned by the Church.

Although Mr. Wright has purposed in this essay to treat his subject generally, so as to bring before us as fair a view of the subject in its collective form as was attainable, yet from combined causes, St. Patrick's purgatory in Ireland forms its leading feature. At a season when the unhappy condition of our sister kingdom is exciting not only the strongest political interest, but the warmest impulses of humanity, everything that draws influential attention to its state ought to receive its full share of consideration; and it is a fact, that whilst legends, which the gradual operation of the humblest common sense has suffered to fall into disrepute and almost forgetfulness in every other part of Christendom, yet that in Ireland this wild superstition remains in force to the present day. We think that few things could be instanced so painfully convincing of the degradation of their intellectual condition, and we gladly do our part to press upon those in whose hands is the stewardship of power, the necessity of measures for the mental and moral emancipation, as well as for the corporeal relief, of this large portion of our fellow subjects.

Mr. Wright has well discharged his task; he has communicated a long list of successive legends, which throw much light on the manners, morals, and religious feelings of successive ages, for it is certainly true that the mental portraiture of a people is reflected in the inventions of parallel dates. The work undoubtedly has considerable interest in itself, but greater interest attaches to it in the reflections to which it gives creation. Some works are complete in themselves; others have their value in the after-suggestions to which they give rise. This volume possesses both this class of merits, but most of the last. Doubtless, it has cost some labour, but that labour has been well bestowed.

To such of our readers as may know St. Patrick's Purgatory, better by name than visitation or actual description, we recommend our extract.

"Among the dreary and barren mountains and moorlands in the south of the county of Donegal, at no great distance from the county town, is a lake which contains an island that was long famous throughout Europe. But who has not heard of St. Patrick's Purgatory?—of its mysterious wonders?—and of the crowds of devotees who have for ages been attracted by its reputed sanctity? There it stands, with its chapels and its toll-houses—and thither still repair yearly crowds of pious pilgrims, who would wash away at once, by a visit to these holy shores, the accumulated sins of their lives."

* * * * * *

"It appears from the foregoing pages that visions of purgatory, although rare, were not however unknown before the date of the first pub-

lication of the wonders of the Purgatory of St. Patrick. We have seen that the most remarkable of these early legends were connected with Ireland, a circumstance which is probably explained by the superstition with which that island was regarded as being situated in the extreme west, the land of the shades. I have shown also how these visions were founded on the popular belief of the people, derived from a still more ancient creed, antecedent to the introduction of Christianity. There are reasons for believing that the cave was the subject of older legends, arising from its physical character: similar legends have been formed under similar circumstances in other places. We shall find that it was some years after the pretended descent of the knight Owain, before the purgatory legend became absolutely identified with the place.

"We perceive some traces of the origin of the legend in the account given by Giraldus, of the island of Lough Derg, which he places among the wonderful islands in Ireland. It was, he says, divided into two parts, of which one was fair and pleasant, and contained a church, which was considered a place of great sanctity; while the other part was wild and rough, and believed to be inhabited only by demons (hobgoblins). In this part of the island, he adds, there were nine pits, in any of which, if a person were bold enough to pass the night, he would be so much tormented by the demons that it was a chance if he were found alive in the morning; and it was reported that he who escaped alive, would, for the torments he suffered here, be relieved from the torments of the other world. Giraldus ends by telling us that the natives called the place Patrick's Purgatory; and that it was said that the saint had obtained from God this public manifestation of the punishments and rewards of the other world, in order to convince his incredulous hearers. Giraldus wrote his topography of Ireland, from which this account is taken, long after the date of the visit of the knight Owain."

* * * * * *

"At the end of the fifteenth century the Purgatory of St. Patrick fell into disgrace. The numerous copies of the legend first published by Henry of Saltrey, which were distributed by the invention of printing, tended much to increase its celebrity at this period. A monk of Eymstadt, in Holland, who proved either more conscientious or less credulous than former visitors, undertook the pilgrimage to Lough Derg. When he arrived at the lake, he applied for entrance to the prior, who referred him to the bishop of the diocese, without whose licence no visitors were received. The monk then repaired to the residence of bishop, but, as he was 'poor and moneyless,' the servants refused to admit him into their master's presence. Having, however, with difficulty obtained an audience, he fell in a supplicating posture before the prelate, and begged permission to enter St. Patrick's Purgatory. The bishop demanded a certain sum of money, which, he said, was due to him from every pilgrim who came on this errand. The monk represented his poverty, and, after much urgent solicitation, the bishop grudgingly gave him the necessary license. He then went to the prior, performed the usual ceremonies, and was shut up in the cavern. There he remained all night, trembling with fear, and in constant expectation of a visit from the demons; but when the prior let him out next morning, he had had no vision of any kind, and, dissatisfied with the result of his pilgrimage, he hastened to Rome, where he made his complaint to pope Alexander VI. The pope acknowledged himself convinced of the imposture, and sent orders for the destruction of the Purgatory, which were put in effect with great solemnity on St. Patrick's day, 1479.

"It was not long before the place recovered its ancient reputation. The office of St. Patrick, inserted in the Roman missals in 1522, was almost entirely devoted to the celebration of the purgatory; and, although this office was rejected two years after, the fame of St. Patrick's Purgatory continued to increase, and the legend was generally adopted by the

Roman theologians. During upwards of two centuries its reputation continued to spread through France, Italy, and Spain."

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"At home, however, this superstition met with a different treatment, although the blind zeal of the Irish priesthood rendered futile all attempts to destroy it. It appears, that when the pilgrimage was revived, the Catholics invented several stories to account for its destruction by order of the pope. Some said that the miraculous vision had been discontinued because the people of Ireland had become so orthodox and so virtuous, that there was no further need of any extraordinary means to deter them from vice; but that when the heretics began to gain ground, after the separation of the English church from Rome, the miracle was providentially revived, in order to be made a means of convincing the new unbelievers. Others said that the pope had only ordered one part of the cave to be demolished. There were some again, who said that the reason of its demolition was that it had been discovered not to be the real place of the purgatory of St. Patrick, described in the ancient legends. The annals of Ulster, under the year 1497, as quoted in Richardson's 'Folly of Pilgrimages in Ireland,' states that 'the cave of St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Derg, was demolished in that year, on St. Patrick's Day, by the guardian of Donegaul, and some persons in the deanery of Logh Dirn, deputed by the bishop, by authority of the pope. Every one, understanding from the 'History of the Knight' and other ancient books, that this was not the purgatory which Patrick had from God, though every one resorted to it.' It was perhaps on this pretence that the site of the Purgatory was, as it is said, moved to another island in the lake, at a subsequent period, but it does not appear to be known exactly at what period this removal was effected. In another respect, the character of the initiation was entirely changed: it had formerly been the custom to admit people rarely, and with great difficulty, but after its restoration the pilgrims were admitted in crowds, and the fee, instead of being paid to the bishop, was given to the guardian of the place. The original island of the purgatory, on this change, was found to be too near the shore; and to hinder the possibility of pilgrims entering by stealth, the site was moved to a smaller island at a greater distance. The writer whose work has just been mentioned, the Rev. John Richardson, gives the following account of the visit of a pious adventurer in the last century who began to make excavations in the larger island, among the ruins of the old priory, in the hopes of finding the entrance to the original cavern: 'It is said that the passage into purgatory was first found in this island; but it being near the shore, and a bridge from the main land into it, which gave the people free and ready access, this passage into purgatory was stopped up and another opened in a less island, about half a mile from the shore, by which means the monks wisely gained two points, viz. the profit of a ferry-boat for wafting the pilgrims over the lake, and an opportunity of working further upon the imaginations of the people, and making them believe that they were really going into another world. It is now [in 1727] said that this passage is hid from them for unknown reasons, but that in due time it will be discovered by some devout pilgrim. This probably induced one Ludovicus Pyrrhus, a native of Bretagne, in France, to try if he could find it out. In order to this, about thirty-four years ago, he came to Lough Derg, and employed labourers to dig and search for it throughout both these islands, the neighbouring priests giving their assistance. He continued two summers at this work, and after he had spent almost all the money he brought with him, fell a trafficking, and applied the profit to the same use. At last, as he was searching among the rubbish of a dwelling-house, in the largest island, he found a window with iron stanches; Mr. Art MacCullen, popish priest of the parish, Mr. Mark Mac Grath, and Mr. James Maxwell, a protestant, who

gave me this account of Pyrrhus, being present. There happened to be a dark cavity under the window, which made the purgatory-mongers at first sight believe that it was the mouth of the passage; and therefore they cried for holy water to keep the spirits from breaking out of prison; and the priest immediately left the island in a great fright, as he pretended, and reported among the common people that the way into purgatory was found out for certain, that he saw it himself, and that it smelt strongly of brimstone. The rest of the papists who stayed behind were in a great consternation: but Mr. Maxwell, not being so credulous, desired them to have a little patience, and they would soon be convinced of their error; which accordingly fell out; for after digging a little deeper they found it was a cellar-window; whereupon Ludovicus Pyrrhus ceased from searching any more, and returned to his native country.'

"We know that as early as the reign of Elizabeth, large troops of pilgrims went to this pretended purgatory, so that from time to time it appears to have become an object of jealousy to the government. On the 13th of September, 1632, the lords justices of Ireland ordered the purgatory to be utterly broken down, defaced, and demolished; and prohibited any convent to be kept there for the time to come, or any person to go into the said island on a superstitious account. In the second year of the reign of Queen Anne, St. Patrick's Purgatory had again become obnoxious to government; and an act of parliament was passed to prohibit the resort to it, in which it was provided, that 'Whereas, the superstitions of popery are greatly increased and upheld by the pretended sanctity of places, especially of a place called St. Patrick's Purgatory, in the county of Donegaul, and of wells, to which pilgrimages are made by vast numbers at certain seasons, by which, not only the peace of the public is greatly disturbed, but the safety of the government also hazarded by the riotous and unlawful assembling together of many thousands of papists to the said wells and other places: be it further enacted, that all such meetings and assemblies shall be deemed and adjudged riots and unlawful assemblies, and punishable as such, in all or any persons meeting at such places as is aforesaid. And all sheriffs, justices of the peace, and other magistrates, are hereby required to be diligent in putting the laws in force against all offenders in the above particulars in due execution.'"

"It is not my object in the present essay to enter into the details of the modern observances. They appear to have no resemblance to the ancient ceremonies described in the tract of Henry of Saltrey; the initiated sees no vision; he is only subjected to a series of degrading and demoralizing sufferings, the object of which is to keep the Irish peasantry in ignorant subjection to the Catholic priesthood. It is a disgrace to the Catholic church that such a gross superstition has not been long suppressed. It is said that, at the present day, the number of pilgrims is so great during the summer months, that it is not uncommon to see as many as nine hundred or a thousand on the island at once. 'It is the head of the Church of Rome,' observes Mr. Barrow, in his 'Tour round Ireland.' 'who ought to use his influence to abate a nuisance of this kind, which confers no honour on the Catholic religion; and, I believe, is not in accordance with the Catholic ritual, but one of the mere tricks of monkish priests to fatten on the credulity of the lowest, the most distressed, and most ignorant of the Catholic population. But what is to be said of the proprietor who raises a revenue of 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year by renting this spot? Does he never consider, when he looks upon the wretched objects that flock to this place from the extreme points of the island, what pain and misery they undergo on their long journey; what sufferings they entail on their starving families at home? How many of them actually perish on the journey? If he does, I should think the income he derives from such a source cannot afford him much gratification.'"

Griselda. A Dramatic Poem. Translated from the German of Fredrick Halm. By Q. E. D.

We welcome with real pleasure this excellent translation from the German of Halm. We could almost say, that in the range of dramatic literature, there does not exist a more tender or heart-touching history than that of the poor Griselda. The pride of the haughty Percival, and the humility of his lady, the selfish exactions of the one and the unbounded generosity of the other; the brutal and arrogant manifestations of the power of the stern husband at the price of most unexampled soul-suffering of the wife, form a contrast of character, each enhancing the other, of real power. The tale is one familiar to our very nursery lore, but in this shape it must carry with it every feeling of the heart. The diction is pure and unaffected, while as the drama approaches its climax, the language as well as the sentiments of Griselda assume the simple majesty of nature. On the stage, "Griselda" would be unequalled in pathetic power.

Holy Baptism. Prayers, Meditations, and Select Passages on the Sacrament of Baptism, with the Baptismal Offices, according to the Use of the English Church.

This admirable little volume ought to be highly acceptable to the members of the Established Church, and is especially well fitted for the use of the young in its communion. It is a rich and varied collection from the works of the early Fathers, and of all eminent Divines, on the subject of Baptism, forming a compendium of talent and piety entitled to our highest appreciation and respect. It is often a matter of regret with us that the writings of those illustrious men, who have been alike pillars and ornaments of the church, should be suffered to pass into a species of neglected disregard; and it is with a corresponding pleasure that we see efforts made to restore them to a just position of importance. This praise assuredly belongs to the publisher of this little volume, and it is but just to Mr. Burns to say, that the miniature works which he sends forth into the world, are distinguished by neatness and elegance of style in no ordinary degree. His marginal borders both adorn and give an air of novelty to his pages, while his pretty illustrations, characteristic vignettes, and fashion of binding, stamp his works with undeniable good taste.

The Nursery Rhymes of England, collected chiefly from Oral Tradition. Edited by JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq. Third Edition, with Illustrations.

Having no particular desire to see a race of infant philosophers founded and cultivated, we are always well pleased to see babyism provided with baby-food rather than supplied with the strong meat of would-be reading-made-easy sciences. We hold that it is quite as impossible to humiliate abstruse doctrines to the capacity of a child,

as it is to elevate the mind of a child to the comprehension of abstruse doctrines. We are glad to find that others think with us to a great extent, as is proved by the fact that Mr. Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes has here got into its third edition, and a very pretty edition it is. Every nurse who has sense enough to know the value of euphonious nonsense, will gladly avail herself of this gentleman's labours, which we value the more, as we quite believe that without them the doggerels of our infancy, snatches of old song, precious from their association, would have been buried under the mass of modern utilitarian invention. Certainly, "Nursery Rhymes" ought to have a welcome and a place in every nursery.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Highlands of Ethiopia. By Major W. C. Harris. 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*
Memoirs of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. By L. S. Buckingham. 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*
Chronicles of Gretna Green. By P. O. Hutchinson, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Adventures of Mr. Ledbury, and his friend Jack Johnson. By A. Smith, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
New Sketches of Every Day Life, a Diary, with Strife and Peace. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.* boards.
Love and Money, an Every Day Tale. By Mary Howitt. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
The Book of Curiosities, Natural and Artificial, square 2*s.* 6*d.*
The Life and Times of the good Lord Cobham. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Vol. IX. Post 8vo. 6*s.*
A Christmas Carol. By C. Dickens, 2nd edit. fcap. 8vo. 5*s.*
Thirty Years from Home, a Voice from the Main Deck. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Treasure Trove, a Romantic Irish Tale of the last Century. By Samuel Lover. 8vo. 14*s.*
Allanston, or the Infidel. By Lady Chatterton. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6d.
The Life and Adventures of Jack of the Mill. By W. Howitt. 2 vols. fcap. 15*s.*
The Unloved One. By Mrs. Hofland. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Wassail Bowl. By A. Smith. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich. 2 vols. 8vo. 30*s.*
Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Baxter's Life and Times. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.*
Sketches in India. By Hon. E. Eden. Folio, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*
The Irish Coquette, a Novel, Vol. I., post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Edward Somers, a Domestic Story, and a Legend of the Coast. By T. D'Oyley, Esq. Post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—Works in Progress.

Mr. Mills, author of the "Old English Gentleman," is about to publish a new work to which our readers will look forward with considerable expectation—it is to be entitled The English Fireside, a Tale of the Past. This truly English subject will, we doubt not, be ably treated by Mr. Mills, who has already given us so admirable a portraiture in the delineation of the somewhat kindred work to which we have above alluded.

THE new novel recently announced as in progress, entitled THE FORTUNES OF THE FALCONARS, is from the pen of Mrs. Gordon, authoress of "Three Nights in a Life Time," &c. The work is now nearly ready, and from what we hear we may safely promise ourselves and our readers much pleasure from its perusal.

Lieut. Ouchterlony's new work, entitled THE CHINESE WAR, is to appear in a very few days. We have seen a copy of it, though not in time for our present month's review. It is, indeed, a most interesting work, and so illustrated as to carry the reader through the scenes graphically described by upwards of fifty pictorial sketches, which add greatly to the interest of the narrative. We purpose giving a full account of it in our next number.

The new tale, entitled HONOUR, is on the eve of publication. We understand it is from the pen of a highly talented lady.

A peculiar degree of attention is likely to be aroused in political circles by the publication of a pamphlet entitled THE BEGINNING OF THE END, by a member of the Carlton Club, which is to appear about the time of the meeting of parliament.

A new novel of high character has just been committed to the press, entitled TALES OF A LAY BROTHER, FIRST SERIES, NEVILLE'S CROSS, in three volumes, which is intended for speedy publication.

The new edition of MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE FOR 1844 is now ready, corrected throughout from the personal communications of the Nobility. This valuable work appeared so perfect, it was difficult to imagine any useful addition could be made to it, yet such has been done by prefixing an account of the dignities, and by interspersing the names of the seats of gentlemen commoners allied to noble families. It is gratifying to observe the high estimation to which this important work has attained, from its distinguished authenticity and the indefatigable labour constantly bestowed upon it.

The new edition of BOYLE'S COURT GUIDE FOR 1844 has also just appeared, corrected throughout with the corrected lists of both Houses of Parliament.

The New Editions of the earlier volumes of SIR E. L. BULWER'S PROSE WORKS are now ready.

Mrs. Jameson's GUIDE TO THE PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES is now nearly completed.

We hope to have the pleasure of speaking of Mrs. Parkerson's elegant work, THE GLEANER, in our next number.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The accounts from the provincial Corn Markets are that trade has maintained a very firm tone, and an advance of from 1s. to 2s. per quarter on Wheat has been nearly generally established. The demand for Foreign

Wheat seems rather limited at present, but holders are enabled to maintain previous rates. Good supplies of English and Irish Barley have been received; but these have in some measure checked the demand, and reduced our quotations about 1s. per quarter. The market for all descriptions of East India Coffee has been very firm; even those of the inferior kinds, which a few months back were unsaleable, are now clearing off. Dealers hold nearly the whole of the stock in docks. In Sugars the assortment has been indifferent, and the demand for finer sorts. The Tea Sales have been well attended, and the market brisk; but an inadequate supply of Green complained of. Owing to the commercial intelligence from India and China, received by the last overland mail, being considered unfavourable, some depression has been experienced in the Manchester trade. In the Yarn Market but little has been done.

MONEY MARKET.—The money market continues to wear an improving aspect. The good understanding between this country and France, as manifested in M. Guizot's speech on the foreign policy of France, has not been without its influence on our speculators. The high price of Consols has had the effect of turning the attention of some capitalists to the share market and foreign stocks. The 3½ per cents. seem to be tied down to their present rate, by a supposition that an attempt will be made to pay off the stock.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 27th of January.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 195 one-half.—Consols for Acct. 97 one-half.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 97 one-half.—Three and a Half per Cents. Red. Anns. 103 seven-eighths.—Indian Bonds under 1000*l.* 83 pr.—Exchequer Bills, small, 1¼*d.* 67*s.* 69*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 55 one-eighth.—Spanish Three per Cent. Acct. 31 one-half.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, Jan. 31, 28—Mexican Five per Cent. 28 seven-eighths—Dutch Five per Cent. 101 five-eighths.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DEC. 19 TO JAN. 19, 1844, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 19.—R. Champion, Friday-street, furrier.—F. Barry, Rye, Sussex, miller.—T. and T. P. Trapp, Church-street, Southwark, tallow chandlers.—R. Heffer, St. Ives, draper.—L. Flint, Lewes, linen draper.—J. E. Bunker, Lower Shadwell, merchant.—J. Pearson, Darlaston, Staffordshire, cut nail manufacturer.

Dec. 22.—W. Carpenter, Southampton, stationer.—J. Balland, Maidstone, brazier.—E. Munn, Stanhope-terrace, Hyde-park, corn-chandler.—M. Hadley, Walsall, chemist.—J. Whitley, Liverpool, surgeon.—J. Lawrence, Birmingham, spirit merchant.

Dec. 26.—A. Wells, Wickford, Essex, surgeon.—J. Dobson, Old Gravel-lane, Ratcliffe-highway, ship carpenter.—T. Hancock, Canterbury, coachsmith.—W. Chamberlain, Peckham, linendraper.—T. Morris, Mortimer-road, De Beauvoir-square, Hackney, builder.—R. Thompson, Strood, draper.—C. Webb, Oxford, apothecary.—W. Berkeley, Narrow-street, Limehouse, coal merchant.—J. Holden, Mornington-crescent, Hampstead-road, builder.—R. Eversbed, Pulborough, Sussex, timber merchant.—J. Jenkins, Symond's-street, Chelsea, cowkeeper.—G. Hickinbottom, Burbage, Leicestershire, baker.—J. Newton, Wolverhampton, locksmith.—M. Hall, Stoke Golding, Leicestershire, farmer.—J. Cornish, Bridport, painter.—W. Pringle, Morpeth, carrier.

Dec. 29.—T. W. Vine, Peerless-row, City-road, carpenter.—W. C. Carter, Ashford, Kent, druggist.—J. and W. Holland, Exeter, turners.—C. Powell, Coventry, watchmaker.—S. Cook, Dudley, Worcestershire, draper.—T. Redshaw, Boern, Lincolnshire, draper.—E. Pugh, Everton, Lancashire, tailor.—W. Thompson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.

Jan. 2.—J. Wheatley, Kennington-cross, Lambeth, livery-stable-keeper.—R. Sawers, New-cut, Lambeth, dealer in china.—H. F. Turner, Myddleton-street, Clerkenwell, painted baize manufacturer.—D. Nicholson, Liverpool, hatter.—W. Wood and H. Port, Burton-upon-Trent, screw manufacturers.—J. Baylis, Deritend, Warwickshire, victualler.—B. Smith, Tipton, Staffordshire, grocer.—G. Holdsworth, Northowram, Yorkshire, worsted spinner.

Jan. 5.—W. Fuller, Cotton-street, Poplar, coal merchant.—J. M. E. Stokes, St. Albans, gas contractor.—T. Sanders, Ramsgate, Kent, shoemaker.—W. P. M. Croft, Bull's Head, Great Windmill-street, victualler.—J. Walker, Wheaton, Ashton, Staffordshire, machine-maker.—F. Peters, Manchester, wine and spirit merchant.—G. Newton, Seaham-harbour, Durham, hosier.—M. Cooke, Evesham, Worcestershire, hotel-keeper.

Jan. 9.—C. Clark, Banbury, linendraper.—J. Turner, Grange-place, Hoxton, cabinet-

maker.—A. Scott, Cambridge-street, Golden-square, auctioneer.—A. Blandell, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, harpmaker.—C. B. Roe and T. J. Blachford, Newport, Isle of Wight, bankers.—G. Smith, Northampton, carpenter.—J. Sherwood, Wood-street, Cheapside, stationer.—H. Orbell, Romford, Essex, victualler.—G. C. Bridge, Maldon, Essex, grocer.—W. Dunnet, manchester, commission agent.—E. Evans, Llangurdirne, Carmarthenshire, draper. —— W. Earthope, Shrewsbury, Whitesmith.

Jan. 12.—T. Robotham, Aldersgate-street, licensed victualler.—W. Armfield, Northampton, draper.—H. Southgate and W. M. Robertson, Fleet-street, City, auctioneers.—F. Tootell, Edgware, dealer in hay and corn.—J. Sproule, Liverpool, wine merchant.—J. Ashton, Liverpool, manufacturing chemist.

Jan. 16.—J. Piggott, jun., Richmond, Surrey, cabinet-maker.—M. J. Dyke, Romsey, Hants, innkeeper.—W. Bromley, Gray's Inn-square, Gray's Inn, scrivener.—C. S. Sweeny, Albion-place, Hyde Park-square, apothecary.—H. and J. Sleisinger, Cateaton-street, City, warehousemen.—E. Hodson, Thrapston, Northamptonshire, linendraper.—W. Baker, Lower Grosvenor-street, Bond-street, surgeon.—J. C. Knill, Gloucester, tailor.—G. Phillips, Leicester, innkeeper.

Jan. 19.—J. Reaveley, Queenhithe, paper commission-agent.—W. Bearup, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joiner and builder.—W. Lewis, sen., Axbridge, Somersetshire, baker.—T. Bentley, Eccleston, Lancashire, calico-printer.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Connell, of the City of Dublin, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of candles and candlewicks. Nov. 24th, 6 months.

R. Garrett, of Leiston Works, Suffolk, Agricultural Implement Maker, for improvements in machinery for drilling, thrashing and cutting agricultural produce. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. Frith, of Sheffield, Architect, for certain improvements in the manufacture of cannon. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

W. Irving, of Regent Street, Lambeth, Engineer, for improved machinery and apparatus for cutting and carving substances to be applied for inlaying and other purposes. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

E. Tann, the elder, E. Tann, the younger, and J. Tann, all of Minerva Terrace, Hackney Road, Iron Safe Manufacturers, for certain improvements in locks and latches, and in iron rooms, doors, safes, chests, and other repositories. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

A. Vivian, of Gwennap, Cornwall, Gentleman, for an improved apparatus for dressing ores. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. Rock, jun., of Birmingham, Factor, for certain improvements in locks and latches. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

G. E. Donisthorpe, of Bradford, Top Manufacturer, for improvements in combing wool and other fibrous substances. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

W. J. Hay, of Portsmouth, Operative Chemist, for Improvements in producing light by percussion for signals and other purposes. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

T. Drayton, of Brighton, Gentleman, for improvements in coating glass with silver for looking-glasses and other uses. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. R. Lund, of Cornhill, Chronometer Maker, for improvements in the construction of compensation balances of chronometers. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. Cooper, of St. John Street, Clerkenwell, Provision Merchant, for Vessels of peculiar construction, and an apparatus for the purpose of preserving various articles of provisions for the use of families. Dec. 5th, 2 months.

J. Hick, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines and in apparatus to be connected therewith for driving machinery, part of which improvements are applicable to forcing, lifting, and measuring water. Dec. 5th, 6 months.

J. Robinson, of Old Jewry, Solicitor, for certain improvements in the construction and mode of working engines by the agency of air or gases for obtaining or producing motive power. Dec. 5th, 6 months.—Communication.

W. Wardroper, of Welbeck Street, Surgeon, for certain improvements in the forms or constructions of hooks and eyes for fastening dresses and for other uses. Dec. 5th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for improvements in extracting certain metals from ores and other compounds of these metals, some part or parts of

which improvements are also applicable to obtaining another product or other products from such ores or compounds. Dec. 5th, 6 months.—Communication.

L. H. Potts, of Greenwich, Doctor of Medicine, for certain improvements in the construction of piers, embankments, breakwaters, and other similar structures. Dec. 5th, 6 months.

J. R. Hill, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for improvement in a press or presses, machine or machines, for letter-press printing. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

W. Brockedon, of Devonshire Street, Queen Square, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of pills and medicated losenges, and in preparing or treating black lead. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

J. Lamb, of Manchester, Spindle and Fly Manufacturer, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery used for preparing and spinning cotton, wool, flax, silk, and similar fibrous material. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

J. Bishop, of Poland Street, Westminster, Jeweller, for improvements in paving roads, streets, and other places. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

C. Nickels, of York Road, Lambeth, Gentleman, for improvements in apparatus for facilitating the cutting or shaping of materials for making gloves and other articles. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

W. Baddeley, of Lombard Street, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in rotatory engines. Dec. 8th, 6 months.—Communication.

J. Schottlaender, of St. Swithin's Lane, Merchant, for certain improvements in the deposition of metals upon various felted and other fabrics. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

A. S. Stocker, of Birmingham, Wine Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of glass and other vessels, whereby the corks for the same are easily applied, and more effectually retained in their situation, where effervescing liquids are used; also, in the manufacture of articles, and the application of the same to that part of the vessels in which his improvements consist, so as to secure the cork; also, an apparatus for extracting such corks when required to be released. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

H. Vingoe, and W. H. Vingoe, of Penzance, Builders, for improvements in apparatus for planting or setting, drilling or dibbling corn, grain, seed, pulse, or manure, parts of which improvements are also applicable to the construction of wheels and carriages. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

A. V. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Mechanical Draftsman, for improvements in the manufacture of cyanogen and its compounds, particularly the prussiates of potash and soda. Dec. 13th, 6 months.—Communication.

J. Sylvester, of Great Russell Street, Engineer, for improvements in applying heat to brine or other matters contained in vessels. Dec. 13th, 6 months.

H. P. Vaile, of Blackfriars Road, Surrey, Gentleman, for Improvements in the manufacturing metal combined with other matters, for the covering of floors and other surfaces. Dec. 13th, 6 months.

R. Kirby, of Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements in materials for, and in the modes of applying coverings to, coffins for the dead. Dec. 13th, 6 months.

W. Young, of Queen Street, Cheapside, Lamp Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of lamps and gas-burners. Dec. 14th, 6 months.

S. Parlby, of Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, Retired Major of the Bengal Artillery, for improvements in the construction of wheels for carriages. Dec. 18th, 6 months.

B. Cook, jun., of Birmingham, Merchant, for certain improvements in coating or covering the surfaces of metals of various forms, and of applying the same to a variety of useful purposes, Dec. 18th, 6 months.

F. L'Estrange, of Dawson Street, Dublin, Surgeon, for improvements in hernial trusses to prevent the descent of hernia through the internal as well as the external ring. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

P. F. Ingold, of Dean Street, Soho, Watchmaker, for improvements in machinery for making parts of watches and other time-keepers, as well as parts of instruments for mathematical, optical, astronomical, nautical, and musical purposes. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

MARCH, 1844.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Fortunes of the Falconars. By Mrs. Gordon, authoress of "Three Nights in a Life-Time," &c.

As a transcript of life—that life by which we are all surrounded—the life that meets us at every turn—that dwells in our dwellings—surrounds us in our habitations—accompanies us in our daily walks—abides both with us and in us—these volumes have all the faithfulness of a reflection. They will seem to numberless of their readers to be the counterpart of their own existence, the very form and colour of their being, cast upon a mirror. Exaggerated resemblances of character catch the eye and arrest the mind, but it is by the force of caricature alone. It is easy to enlarge a defect, and so command attention—even an unpractised and untalented artist may do this—but to paint in the colours of truth, and in the form and lineaments of truth, is a power as rare as it is valuable.

In opening the pages of "The Fortunes of the Falconars," we felt as all will feel—*at home.* We are instantly in the midst of a large relationship. Here are uncles, aunts, and cousins, all claiming affinity, and almost without number. Everybody is speaking to us. Some of these relatives see our faults, chide us, scold us, think they have a right to do so. They have—it is the right of affection. Indifference can be always polite, but then how cold is politeness! We know that a little rugged freedom argues kindness. Pity that it should ever make us quarrel with the affection of which it is the proof. But this *en passant.* We say that, in entering on Mrs. Gordon's volumes, we are entering into a large assembly of relatives—our's—everybody's, for everybody's relatives are, with a few exceptions, alike. Here is

the customary round of visiting, the usual circle of engagements, the regular number of family dinner parties, the proper complement of *soirées*, the sufficient amount of talking, eating, drinking, scandal, music, dancing, and love-making. Here, too, is news of all our acquaintance, for what is true of one set is true of every set. Here we hear of some who dress too much, some who flirt too much, and some who are altogether jilts. We give the precedence, of course, to the ladies. Among the gentlemen, there are some who eat too much, some who talk too much, some who dice too much. All are here, and we all know them. Need we say that we are entirely at home in such a company?

In this life-like assemblage we presently feel a growing interest; we single out from the surrounding groups, individuals on whom our thoughts and feelings rest; just so we do in life. In Mrs. Gordon's work we become associated by the force of an irresistible sympathy with the younger members of the family of the Falconars. Presently we mark out the lines of their respective characters, we identify them in our thoughts, associate ourselves in their feelings, and we follow them through their history with sensations of anxious interest. The crowd that surrounds them is composed but of auxiliaries. They engage our observation only so far as they affect the destiny of the objects of our regard. They are but the retinue of the sovereign, who personally absorbs our attention.

The heroine, for in despite of her sister, the lighter-hearted Clara, we must consider Eleanor Falconar the true heroine of the tale, is just one of those pure, right-minded, gentle hearted, faithful and truthful beings, that we would have ennobled to the office. In sympathising with her, we feel that we are sympathising with what is worthy of our better feelings. Too often in works of fiction, our hearts are made rebellious to our perceptions of rectitude: not so here. The affectionate friend, the devoted sister, the obedient daughter, cannot be held in too high an estimation. Mrs. Gordon has well and wisely made her heroine a pattern for her sex.

But turning from this fair and gentle being, we are arrested by the generous and manly friendship of Clifton and young Falconar. Some of the holier sensations of our nature seem like flowers whose roots had spread beyond the gates and limits of paradise, to put forth bud and blossom on the blighted portion of our earth. Such is friendship, and in contemplating that perfect communion of mind which Mrs. Gordon has made to harmonize so finely in the hearts of these two young men, we are struck with the feeling that much neglected happiness is left on earth that might be made available, and which is ready for our possession had we only faith enough to seize upon it. But hearts in the nineteenth century beat very coldly. People are sadly afraid of being led by their feelings, though their feelings might often lead them aright. They are too prudent to be happy. Not so, however, the friends of our narrative. Their single-minded trust and unsuspecting confidence in each other throw a charm around them which deepens as the tale progresses. The boyish sentiment which seemed to enhance their mutual happiness, "grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength," acquires something of sacredness in its character.

The friends appear gradually to start from the canvass; to separate themselves from the surrounding crowds, to become marked and distinct, and to engross our attention and our sympathies. A tone of deeper feeling surrounds them, gradually becoming more and more intense. At first, notwithstanding the misfortunes of his youth, pressing upon him more heavily from being the representative of his own family, young Falconar stands before us as an ardent, honourable, hopeful being, with all the world before him, his opening vista showing gleams of brightness, and full of the joyous aspirations of achieving better days. How true to nature is all this! but truer still (which of us knows it not?) the gradual depression of those gladdening anticipations, the gathering gloom, the darkening sky, the soul by slow degrees oppressed, subdued; the expiring light of hope at last extinguished, the spirit abandoning its struggles in this world, relinquishing its labour for "that which satisfieth not," closing accounts with time, opening them with eternity. There is a wonderfully realizing power in the progressive stages of the work. For a time, like life, things seem full of frivolous bustle; there is a vast energy for trifles, a world of tittle-tattle and gossip, and then deeper interests darken, or make by their contrast what was before important, appear of puerile estimation. The shadows of supernatural awe deepen around. Communication between the visible and the invisible worlds become established. While gazing on the denizens of a present state, they appear to us to belong already to another and a future ere they have passed away from this. They become surrounded by an atmosphere from another sphere. While the breath of life yet lingers to our hearts they lose their mortality. Even while with us they belong to another state of being—but why pursue the theme? As day and night succeed each other, so do pleasure and pain alternate in this world. The impressions which these changeful phases make upon the spirit, are shadowed forth in Mrs. Gordon's work; the susceptibility of a woman's feelings is reflected on these pages. At times buoyant with that lively interest which an unoccupied feminine heart takes even in the bagatelles of the world, pleased with some happy trifle, impressing with an imagined value the passing nothings which float along the breeze glittering in the gay effulgence of airy bubbles, she leads us on in a sort of holiday idleness through paths of sunshine and flowers, till startled by the touch of some sensitive chord, her sensibilites are all awakened, her feelings overflow, her heart speaks in the words of burning passion, and we stand amazed at the earthquake which rocks our very feet. In Mrs. Gordon, however, it is not so much passion as feeling,—intense powerful, engrossing, overwhelming feeling, which is developed, and which we are made to share. Having sympathized with the Falconars in their hours of hope, we feel that we could not if we would forsake them in their hours of trial, so we accompany them through the narrative, and as life now passes through some pleasant valley where the sunshine of hope irradiates all, so too does it assuredly conduct through dark and gloomy wildernesses, where joy dies in the heavy atmosphere, and not a spark remains ever to revivify again.

We must not, however, lead our readers to conclude, that because

the impression of deep sensibility and powerful feeling rests upon these pages, that therefore these are predominant. The light and the shade are far more justly proportioned, and, as we would fain have all narratives which are intended either to improve the heart, or to lighten the cares of the world, the book closes in like the rich sunny light of a bright autumn evening, promising in its golden glory a glad return upon the morrow. But our extract will afford a fair sample of the volumes.

"It was late in the evening, and the two friends were sitting together in Clifton's apartment. Alfred by an open window, and Guy upon a sofa not far from it, on the cushions of which his forehead rested, as he listened to the affectionate and hopeful suggestions by which Alfred strove to mitigate the distress into which Mrs. Falconar's letter had thrown him. Their discourse, as may be imagined, had scarcely turned on any other topic since they met.

"Clifton at length rang the bell to order coffee. It was brought, and a pause in their conversation ensued, broken occasionally by allusions to trivial subjects.

"'Clifton,' said Alfred at length, 'you have, I know, a large share of *Germanism*—I will not call it superstition—on many points; this is just a light for discussing such topics, and I want to inquire what faith you have in dreams? How modern philosophy would blush to hear any one ask such a question!'

"'Then my reply,' said Clifton, with a faint smile, 'would give her something more to blush for. I have a great deal of faith in dreams—that is, in *some* dreams. I should like to see the human being who has not some lurking belief of the sort, though, perhaps, thrust into the remotest corner of his mind, and laboriously stifled. My German friends differ from us, I suspect, more in the *treuherzigkeit*, which prompts them to avow such feelings, than in the feelings themselves. That is one of the many instances in which I think the great heart of the world may be taken as a guide to just conclusions. Do you not think with me, Falconar?'

"'Indeed I do," replied Alfred. 'We cannot tell the various ways in which it may please the Almighty author of our being to communicate with the creatures whom he has formed, but we know that one way is to him as easy as another.'

"'Yes, and we know that not one of all our thoughts is hidden from God. Are we then to conclude him unable to influence them? In the days of old He often spoke by means of dreams, and we assert that he does so no longer, not from any proof that we can adduce in support of the assertion, but because of the incredulous, mocking, materialized spirit that characterises the present day, and leads men to close their eyes and ears to everything beyond the pale of actual sense.'

"'Certainly,' said Alfred; 'all that we can ever advance upon the subject will amount to no more than conjecture, but modern wisdom lays down laws for Deity, and decides, at a glance, how far Almighty power can go. We judge of the miraculous exertion of his power, which to him is as easy as any other exertion. Yet even in the present day, incidents do sometimes occur, which baffle all the explanations of our philosophy.'

"He paused. Clifton looked earnestly at him. 'Has anything, Falconar,' he at length inquired, 'led you to this train of thought in particular? Have you anything to tell me?'

"'I have, Clifton,' replied Alfred. 'I was not at one time sure, whether or not I ought to do so, but we never had a secret from each other, and we must not begin to have any now, when we are on the eve of a long, long parting.'

"'For Heaven's sake, what do you mean, Falconar!' exclaimed Clifton, half-starting from his seat, whilst a thrill of indefinable alarm shot through his heart at the tone of voice in which Alfred spoke—'*what* do you mean?'

"'If you will listen to me calmly, my dear fellow,' replied Alfred, 'I shall tell you. Nay, I am almost sorry I began, and yet I think it is better to —to prepare you.'

"Clifton re-seated himself, and once more hiding his face on the cushions of the sofa, said in a low and broken voice, 'Go on then, Falconar—go on; let me hear it, whatever it is!'

"'It is,' said Alfred, 'what I have striven for a time, against my own internal conviction, to persuade myself was a delusion. But I now feel so completely convinced of its truth, that I could not feel at rest without telling you of it. You have heard me speak of that beautiful Sunday evening, the last but one that we passed at Cargarth!'

"'Yes,' returned Clifton, without raising his head—'yes, I remember.'

"'That evening,' continued Alfred, 'I remained alone in the old library, whilst Ellen and Clara went out for a walk, in which I was too much worn out by fatigue to accompany them. I sat for a long while in the window, thinking, I need not say on what subjects, till at last, feeling quite overcome by weariness, I lay down upon the sofa, and fell fast asleep. I think, at first, that I remember having some confused dream of my father, and you, and Eleanor—I cannot tell what—but it is of no consequence. It is the latter part of the dream which is so vividly impressed upon my fancy, that at this moment it stands before my eyes like a scene of real life, belonging but to the recollections of yesterday. I imagined myself to be awake in that same room, and lying on the sofa in the same position which I really occupied, with my face turned towards the window, whence a long stream of light from the setting sun fell, through an opening in the woods, full upon me. While I thus lay, I fancied that the door of the room opened, and that Eleanor entered. She approached, and looking at me, as I thought, with a peculiarly mournful expression, she said she had been sent to tell me that there was a person come to the house who wished to see me. I asked who he was? She replied, a stranger. Would I see him? I answered, certainly. She quitted the room, and I remained upon the sofa as she had left me, and made no attempt to rise. In a few seconds, as it appeared to me, the door again slowly opened, and there entered, alone, a venerable old man, who advanced towards me, and stood beside the couch in such a position as to receive the light from the window full upon his head and person. I looked at him, whilst his eyes continued fixed upon me, without the slightest mixture of fear or surprise, which, indeed, you know, one hardly ever feels in a dream, and I have his form and countenance as distinctly before me, I could tell every feature in his face as accurately as I could have done yours a few minutes ago. His dress was a loose dark garment, of some antique shape, which flowed down to his feet; his countenance was pale, wrinkled, and solemn, lighted up by two calm and melancholy eyes; his hair was white and long, and a white beard fell over his breast. I looked at him, as I thought, in silence, which he was the first to break. He said to me, in a slow and solemn voice, 'I have a message for you, Alfred Falconar.' 'Who,' I then inquired, 'are you? and whence do you come?' He replied, '*I am a dead man.* I come from a land of perfect peace, where there is no more sin or sorrow. I have been sent to you. You have suffered lately, have you not?' I replied, that I undoubtedly had. 'Take comfort,' he resumed, 'you have but a short period now before you. I have it in commission to tell you that *your time is out on the 24th of October.*'"

Blanche Cressingham. By M. E.

The highest of the offices of fiction is to improve the heart. The mere amusement of the world may indeed be a laudable object, since by its instrumentality hours of pain may be lightened, weariness beguiled, trouble assuaged. These, the legitimate offices of fiction, have a value not appreciated by the world, nevertheless they have some claim upon its gratitude. Which of us is not indebted to the instrumentality of books of amusement for beguiling the hours of pain and languor in the person of some relation or friend, who, in pondering over the troubles of others, for awhile forget their own? and this we hold to be no trifling obligation. We readily admit that books of mere amusement ought not to take the place of graver occupations, but we know also that the mind, especially the enfeebled one, is not capable of a sustained application to higher things; and when we note how an hour of languor may be relieved, and the pangs of pain ameliorated, we must consider them as among the medicines of the mind. Carrying our contemplations farther, and considering that these minor merits may not only be associated with, but actually made conducive to, the loftier and more worthy object of moral improvement, we must needs say that the purposes of recreative writing are such as deserve the approbation even of the most severe moralist.

"Blanche Cressingham" eminently warrants the awarding of these united species of commendation. As a picture of life, as a transcript from one of the most eventful periods of French history involving the deepest interests, as exciting the warmest and most tender feelings of our nature, and as preaching to us a high moral lesson, it is all but unrivalled. We know not the author, but we augur that our first will not be our last meeting in the field of literature. We presume this to be a first production, but we are sure it will not be the last. The energy of style, the fruitfulness of resources as manifested in the abundance of the plot, the power of assembling, delineating, opposing, combining, so rich a galaxy of character, the tissue of a narrative so skilfully woven, all warrant the conviction that the work is fore-doomed to popularity. The form of the narrative is one in itself best capable of conveying the deepest interest, that of autobiography, by means of which so much is displayed of the heart of the narrator that would seem incompatible with any other form of display. By this mode every expression and emotion of the heart seems open to our inspection. The heroine tells her own history. She carries us back to the days when, in the sportiveness of infancy, when all was sunny brightness, and not a cloud darkened the horizon of her life, she gambolled joyously under the skies of her own sunny France, revelling amid fair fields and fairer flowers, adored by the villagers, spoiled by her domestics, the one hope and the one joy of her father's existence. The morning of such a life was like the bright rising of the sun. Who would not have prophesied from it a resplendent day? And yet, after a while, we see the sky darkened. Our heroine, while yet a child, leaves the rich domains of their country *chateau*, the fair fields of Normandy, its forest glades, its flowery fields, its flowing Seine, and, while scarcely beyond the tender years of a child, is plunged into

the spirit of the revolutionary horrors perpetrated in the metropolis. One by one she is separated from her dear ones. She is plunged into scenes which, if they had not found the elements of nobleness within her, and therefore became the school and discipline of her fortitude, must have crushed her, for it is the quality of trials to elevate wherever they are unable to subdue. Blanche Cressingham, however, was gifted with a nature that bore that stern novitiate training. While yet tender in years and fragile in strength, she stood by the couch of the dying. She who had been nurtured and tended with the most cherishing care, saw every being severed from her side that her young heart best loved. Associated with the horrors of madness, deserted in a lonely palace, broken in upon by the infuriated populace, horrorized with blood-shedding, escaping only with life from her own well-beloved country, severed from every tie, desolate, heart-stricken, our heroine lands on our own shores. But we must not follow the stages of her history, lest we in any degree diminish the charm of their novelty. But just as the reverses of life strike us by their strangeness, and that which we least expect is ever closest at hand, so does the destiny of Blanche Cressingham lead her through reverses as trying as they are extraordinary. The narrative is one from which there is no escaping. It cannot be laid down at pleasure. There is an irresistible necessity of perusing it to the end. But as we travel on another feeling grows upon us. However exciting the history may be, we feel that it is not told in vain. We recognize the infinite skill which is moving through that admirable train of incident, in working a gradual change upon the heart of the heroine. We feel that as it is possible to be cursed with our own desires, so it is also possible to be blessed by their denial. We perceive that though the heart may rebel against its disappointments, and doom itself to repining misery, yet that those very deprivations may be the working cause of its contentment. We learn indeed a lesson that might make the world both happier and wiser.

But whether or not the loftier purposes of this narrative may be overlooked, it is rich in merits which every reader can estimate, merits which must at once command popularity for any work. Varied character, an abundance of really animated dialogue, a fine dramatic spirit, graphic power, deep interest of narrative, the most diversified scenes and the most opposite vicissitudes, combine to make it impossible but that "Blanche Cressingham" should immediately assume the position of one of the first favourites of the day. Popularity must follow a work of such real and extraordinary merit, merit which our extract will at once exemplify.

"As my coming was expected, I did not pause to go through the ceremony of knocking, but, opening the door, walked straight in, with my nerves screwed up to encounter somewhat of a scene.

"Aunt Ermengarde was seated in her high-backed chair, with a small table drawn beside it, covered with papers. She had a letter in her hand, which she was, or affected to be, engaged in reading, and took not the smallest notice of my entrance.

"I advanced till within a few paces of her seat—then stood for some

moments, waiting till she should address me;—but she deigned not even to look in my direction, and continued to seem absorbed in her perusal. I began to grow impatient, for I saw quite well that her aim was to humiliate me; and as there was no motive whatever for my submitting to such treatment, I determined on breaking silence.

"'I was told, Miss De Vere, that you wished to see me.'

"'I do,' replied she, without raising her eyes from the sheet which she held, 'but exercise patience—I have more important business to attend to first;—you may take a seat and wait.'

"'Thank you,' said I very civilly, 'but allow me to say that my time is short, and if you wish to speak to me, it must be now. I have something likewise to communicate to you.'

"My sentence was cut short by one of Aunt Ermengarde's most terrific glances directed towards me.

"'Seat yourself and be silent!' said she in a loud stern voice,—'do not exasperate me.'

"'It is not worth while to sit,' I replied, 'for the very brief space I have to remain. I request you will hear me. I do not wish to exasperate you, when I am just about to take my leave, and to quit your house altogether;—but do listen to me.'

"She interrupted me again.

"'To leave my house! fool!—you cannot think to—you dare not,'—then checking herself, she changed the passionate tone with which she had commenced, to one of cold, cutting sarcasm,—and said with a scornful smile,

"'You have come then, I suppose, to tell me of *your* excellently devised plans after you quit this mansion. I shall be delighted to hear them. Pray do you intend to offer yourself as governess to Lady Flora Danvers, or to become toady to the Countess of Tintadgel?—or do you mean to set up for yourself as a heroine of romance, and starve on the beggarly pittance your father left you?—or perhaps,' continued she, before I had time to frame a reply—and her sneer grew more withering than ever—'you intend throwing yourself on Mr. Egerton's compassion, and begging him to let you preside at his family prayer-meetings?'

"She leant back in her chair as she wound up her sentence,—and fixing her eyes upon me, seemed to expect that I should sink utterly annihilated through the floor. She must have been wofully disappointed.

"'None of all these is my intention,' said I, with as much of the Red Indian warrior manner as I could assume;—'I shall, undoubtedly, be a visitor both to Lady Flora Danvers and Lady Tintadgel,—but the chances are, that most part of my time will be spent at Penryn Castle or at Cressingham Abbey,—at least after I come of age; till then, of course, I must follow the advice of my guardians.'

"Miss De Vere's countenance, as I uttered these words, is beyond description. She evidently thought that the prospect of being banished from Cloudesham had turned my brain. I felt my hour of revenge had come, and with extraordinary composure I resumed speaking, after pausing a few seconds to hear what she might have to say. She did not attempt to interrupt me, but sat bolt upright, staring at me, and crushing a letter in her hand, as a sort of safety-valve to her feelings.

"'Your solicitude regarding my future starvation is quite needless. I have just heard from Mr. Marchmont—(she was aware, I knew, of the position in which he stood towards me)—that by the death of two members of my father's family, I have become the possessor of a large fortune,—some five-and-twenty thousand a year. I am about to start this evening for London, in company with him; and before going, I wish to thank you for what you have done for me, and bid you farewell.'

"I hurried my sentence to a conclusion, as I saw that the storm was

about to burst forth—aunt Ermengarde having once risen from her chair, and sat down again,—a sign with her of almost uncontrollable agitation.

" ' It must be a lie!' she roared rather than said—' a pitiful lie!—I do not believe it! you will be a beggar if you leave this—I know you will,—but do not come back and supplicate me for charity! I will see you die before I grant it. Fool that you are! you want to bring disgrace on the House of De Vere,—but you shall not. Mary was beyond my power—but you are in it—and you *shall* marry Sir Charles Trafford!—Answer! speak!' pursued she, rising and stamping on the floor, as if it had been my head—' Refuse if you dare!'

" I stood at first in silent disgust, wondering if it could be a woman's tongue that spoke in such fierce accents,—but as she concluded, I turned away to quit the room,—further explanation I saw was wholly useless. I had reached the door when Miss De Vere called after me in a calmer tone,—I paused with my hand on the lock, and looked back at her. ' You spoke of gratitnde to me,' said she hoarsely, ' if you feel any, listen to me before you go.'

" I drew nearer to her, hoping that this might lead to our parting on better terms; her face was quite colourless, and her eyes shone with excitement.

" ' Listen to me, girl! your mother stood between me and the man I loved—I hated her. You came here, her very image, and I hated you likewise. I should not have cared what your fate was, but my sister's folly awoke me, I feared you, too, would bring shame on the family, and rejoiced when I found that the fool of a baronet wished to rid me of you. I cherished the scheme of uniting you to him, as a safeguard against disgrace, and hated you less while I thought you would fulfil my wishes—I you have thwarted them, and I detest you more than ever! Begone you will die a beggar!'

" ' Hem!' said a voice which proceeded from the doorway. ' Beg pardon for contradicting you, madam—but must say it's not likely Miss Cressingham will run through half a million or more in a hurry. Miss De Vere, I presume—wanted to send in my card by the servant, but he wouldn't take it—said he was afraid. Miss Cressingham, the carriage and Mrs. Abigail are ready,—had we not better go?" '

The Gleaner. By Mrs. C. J. Parkerson.

Certainly this rich collection ought not to be considered as the *gleanings* but the full sheaves of literature, with the yet further advantage of being composed not of the indiscriminate harvest, but of a selection of the fullest ears. However pleasing and poetical may be the title, its modesty of expression falls far short of the real value of the work. We have here the best things of the best authors, and the assemblage consequently infinitely outweighs in value the worth of any single contributor. In reading an author we are apt to pass over those beauties of sentiment and expression which are scattered along our way, carried on by the interest of a subject, or the hurry of a recital. Sound aphorisms, splendid illuminations of thought, noble sentiments, or the purest of Christian precepts, are hurried over with a momentary admiration, followed by a passing forgetfulness. They are as beautiful objects glanced over in travelling, where time scarcely affords a cognizance. And yet, when the hurry of our progress is over, these

are the gems which we should have gathered on our way, the gems which will retain their value when the interest which impelled us on shall have ceased to exist. Regretting, as we must ever do, the inability of the mind and memory to retain these jewels of thought, we cannot but feel that the public is greatly indebted to Mrs. Parkerson for collecting and storing them in a casket of easy access. We are struck with the external taste of her volumes, which renders them the fitter place of deposit for things of so much real and selected worth. The richest thoughts of the happiest authors are here collected together, ranged under those respective heads which they best illustrate. Thus the lights of many minds are brought to throw their irradiations over some one given subject. All that the most refined and profound of the world of authors have thought and felt are accumulated together, enriching each other and illustrating an idea. From such an arrangement it naturally follows that the theme must be far more amply and efficiently handled than it could have been by one solitary mind, though that mind were genius itself. We need not commend such a plan, we need scarcely commend its execution; both speak for themselves. The appreciation of such a book as this is one that will grow on our affections. In privacy, languor, or weariness, we open its pages, and our stagnant thoughts are roused by some noble idea, or some stimulating sentiment, which sets before us the beauty and the holiness of active virtue, and inspires us with imitative energy. Or it may be that we lost sight of the higher purposes of our existence, the clouds of idleness and error may have altogether hidden them from us, but we open on some startling truth, and, roused by its power from our apathetic slumber, gird ourselves, assume our staff and shell, and resume our pilgrimage. On the other hand, casting aside all figures of speech, how frequently does it happen, in circles where we are cast, that thought languishes, and speech dies away. In cases of this kind, such a work as this is worth all the albums in the world. One of its sentences at once suggests new matter of interest, new subject of discussion. In truth, Mrs. Parkerson's work ought to be found on every drawing-room table.

But in another point of view, and that one which Mrs. Parkerson more especially has had in contemplation, is the producing a work for the young, which should at once cultivate their mental powers and form their taste, at the same time that it inspired the love of the beautiful and the good. No object could be more worthy, and we scarcely see how it could have been better carried into effect. These two tasteful volumes, which so well please the eye at first sight, are to the full as well calculated to satisfy the mind; and their united elegance, eloquence, and variety, are eminently calculated to charm the young. Still it must be remembered that they are by no means confined to the young; they belong to all who can estimate taste, fancy, and sound thought.

We should, however, be unjust to Mrs. Parkerson were we to pass over the work as one only of compilation. Mingled with it are some original compositions, of which, in saying that they are worthy of their companionship, we offer no slight praise; but further to attest our estimation, we select from these our extract.

"Hence, dull reality
Hence for a while,
Airy-built visions
Thy cares can beguile;
Leave free this bower
From sorrow and strife,
And the stern nothings
Of every-day life.

"Fancy, conduct me,
With wide-spreading pinions,
Together we'll visit
Thy fairy dominions;
We'll roam through the regions
Of beauty to-day—
Spirit creative,
Away and away!

"Weave me a garland
Of rainbow-dyed flowers,
Lotus and amaranth
Bloom in thy bowers;
O'er woodland, o'er mountain,
O'er ocean we'll stray—
Spirit unbounded,
Away and away!

"Lead where the waters gush,
Under the willow;
Lead where the roses' blush
Tinges the billow.
Lead where through verdure gleams,
Light's softened ray;
When the sun's quivering beams
Dart through the spray.

"Here would I wander,
In spirit beside thee,
In the soul's intercourse
Fate has denied me.
The orange is bringing
Its scent-burdened air,
And fountains are flinging
Their pearl showers there.

"The eglantine's canopy
Waves o'er our head,
Green turf is our carpet,
With violets o'erspread.
Bright flow'rets are wreathing
In myrtle's dark spray;
The bulbul is breathing
Her soul-thrilling lay.

"Pictured enchantments
Unclouded by care,
Fairy-bright fabrics
Upraised in the air;
How quickly ye vanish,
Fond spirits can tell—
Beautiful vision,
Farewell—oh, farewell!"

Honour! A Tale.

"Honour!" We know of no other word of so much or so little meaning. Comprising everything and nothing. In itself a code of laws, and yet a blank or a bubble. Avowedly commencing its legislation at that point where the cognizance of existing arbitration ceases. Professing to be a sort of etherealized perception of the finer qualities of right, and yet violating every feeling of that inferior humanity which it affects to overpass. But of all its assumptions, that of the right over life, that right which reaches the utmost limits of human power, and, we had almost said, goes beyond it, is the most unwarrantable and the most tyrannical. Doubtless there are numberless cases where a fine sense of honour interposes as a guiding principle, where the intermeddling of laws would be but a clumsy and often an impossible interference. "Honour" would prevent the slightest infraction of rectitude, though impalpable to every other eye. "Honour" would interdict the gratification of a self-seeking interest, where honesty itself would see nothing but what was fair. "Honour" would prevent a man from trifling with the feelings and the heart of a woman, though she were utterly lonely and unconnected, and had no brother to resent the injury. These, and a hundred others, are the pure offices and the just dominion of "Honour;" but as even a rightful sovereign may degenerate into a tyrant, so where "Honour" impels men to seek each other's lives, to turn happy wives into sorrowful widows, and joyful children into cheerless orphans, we feel at once the baleful operations of such a rule and reign.

In estimating the value of a work, one of the primary considerations ought to be its motive. A right intention deserves esteem, and even ennobles its own means. It may be well to amuse, it is better still to improve. Public opinion is a powerful engine in guiding men's conduct, and the press has a strong influence in forming that opinion. Hence it is of the highest importance that literature should ever take the side of right feeling. It may and does give a strong impression, and we always rejoice when we behold it exercising its energies and putting forth its power in the correction of some great popular error. This is what the author of "Honour" has done. The volume is a powerful sermon against the evils of duelling. Its purport is grave, even solemn. And yet there is a species of oddity in the volume that must amuse in spite of its highly-wrought tragedy. It opens in the most comic vein. In the early portion of the history, the broad farce precludes all idea even of gravity, and the mind is wholly unprepared for those darker scenes which follow on. There is something original too in the character of the poet-simpleton, and his high-wrought passion, his poetical rhapsodies, and his bombastic love-making, are ludicrous in the extreme. Turning from the half-idiotic brother to the high-minded sister, we feel at once that there is something in hidden suffering, borne without expression and without sympathy, that must command our respect, and we perceive that Esther, with a different mind and of a different spirit from her kindred, deserves something better than the martyrdom to which she is doomed. As the tale goes on, however, it leaves this comic drama, and the powerful lesson

self. Darker feelings, sterner purposes, stronger passions together. Over a scene of happiest hope there bursts the despair—but we must not follow on the narrative to lest we diminish in the least degree its powerful

liarity of this work, for it certainly is invested peculiarity, a quality always acceptable to the legree in the opposite impressions made upon actions. In ordinary works we find the performed by the most extraordinary v, we see catastrophes the most high- iduals natural, simple, and unaffected; observation. An author whose mental in looking deeper than the surface, always passionate actions as performed by beings strange in their common brethren. But this is false to nature. such line of demarcation in society. Exploits of the ense horror are perpetrated, not by a class divided from our ality for the explicit purpose, but by our ordinary, our daily and ur familiar associates. Men whose passions rage and gain the mastery over them at that particular moment of perpetration, but who yet at other times are like other men. Our author has seized upon this truth. We read on, recognising no extraordinary foreshadowing of destiny, until we find that we have accompanied the personages of our drama into scenes where their passions are lashed into frenzy, where "Honour" assumes the mastery. A high purpose has evidently guided our author's pen, and he has acted on his judgment in making the mirthful and the ludicrous attend in its developement. Tragic writers with Shakspeare at their head, himself the most illustrious, have judged it necessary to relieve the highly wrought passions of their scenes by transitions to broad farce. The mind is exhilarated by these alternations. The author of "Honour" has carried this principle into his narrative. He has united humour and horror, both as marked and extreme as they are opposite. Our limits will not permit us to extract from both, but in presenting our readers with one, they will be impelled to seek the other for themselves.

"About this time I became acquainted with a young Neapolitan—a god in form, a demon in heart. I knew him to be wretchedly poor, and yet no man kept up a more splendid external appearance. He gave magnificent dinners; his house was superb; and his equipage vied with those of princes. That there was something wrong, I felt convinced. I observed him narrowly, and at last discovered his villany.

"Oh, the horror I conceived of that man! For months I shunned him as I would have done a leper. But he watched his opportunity. He was well aware how terribly I had run myself in debt to the Jew money-lenders, and knew that a prison stared me in the face.

"One day, while riding in the park with a party of gay friends, I was suddenly thrown from my horse, and dislocated my ankle. He happened to be passing in his carriage at the time, and insisted upon my being lifted in; and as the fall had stunned me, of course I was wholly unconscious of all that took place, until I opened my eyes in one of his luxurious drawing-rooms. I demanded to be immediately taken home; but the surgeon

in attendance (who was, doubtless, instructed in the part he had to play) declared my injury so severe, that should I be removed in the state I then was, he would not answer for consequences, as the least exertion would bring on fever. I certainly suffered excruciating pain for several days, and I am convinced he did all in his power to increase, rather than diminish that suffering. In the meantime, my host used every endeavour to win back my good opinion. Had he been my own brother, he could not have tended me with greater kindness and seeming regard. No man ever possessed a more pleasing manner, or a larger share of winning eloquence, than Leonardo Verrochio, and fearfully did he exert it, alas! alas! to my utter destruction!

"'I cannot dwell upon all the subtile arguments he made use of,' continued Mr. Darcy, after a pause, in which one of those violent fits of almost frenzied agitation shook his exhausted frame, till it left him as helpless as an infant, and made Bertha fear even for his life; 'it is enough to tell, that, by artfully working upon my imagination, and pointing out, with a painful minuteness, the precipice upon which I stood, and the disgrace I must bring upon myself, and all belonging to me, should the entire wreck of my fortune be known, or, what was still worse, the fearful amount of debts I had contracted without the most remote chance of liquidating them? 'There is but one of two things left for you, Mountmorris,' he would say, 'a prison or—' 'Spare me, Bertha,' cried the miserable man, burying his face in the cushions of the sofa, 'do not look at me while I utter that frightful word!'

"'Hush! father, I can understand you,' said Bertha, hurriedly, her lips and face blenched white with horror. 'Go on, name it not; I guess what you would say!'

"'It should seem strange, almost inexplicable, that I could find none but my best, my dearest friend, to practise this dark disgraceful villany upon; but I thought not of that, or, if I thought at all, it was only to remember his wealth, and that he was one of the most unsuspicious beings in existence.

"'The tempter stood at my elbow. O God! shall I ever forget the thrill of horror that seized my trembling frame, as I took those false dice from the wretch's hand! My brain reeled, a thick mist seemed to gather before my eyes; for the moment, I felt like one stunned, but by a violent effort I recovered my self-possession—and threw!

"'Our stakes were high, far higher than I had ever played before. I won all. Of course my adversary had no chance against me. We continued playing long after midnight. I had robbed him—ay, robbed him—of all the gold and notes he had about him, when, as I was reaching over to gather up the last ten sovereigns he was drawing from his purse, I dropped one of the dice I held concealed in the palm of my hand. It was his turn to throw; and before I had time to discern my fatal mistake, he turned the box down, and there lay *three* dice upon the board.

"'How is this!' exclaimed he, starting up, and seizing the one I had dropped. 'By heaven and earth, there is villany here!' saying which, he grasped the poker, and with one blow dashed the dice to atoms. By all that is infamous! it is *loaded!*' shouted he. 'Mountmorris!' he cried, turning fiercely round upon me, 'you are a villian! a scoundrel! and a disgrace to the name of gentleman!'

"'Say you so!' replied I, furiously, shaking from head to foot with rage and shame, 'say you so! Then take that for your answer'—and I struck him, Bertha! Yes! I struck him a disgraceful blow! Merciful Father! the horrid scene rushes back upon my tortured memory, as though it had been enacted but yesterday. O that I had died on the moment!'"

The Beginning of the End. By a Member of the Carlton Club.

The state of anarchy and domestic misery in which Ireland is now unhappily plunged, the discord with which she is struggling, and the political dissensions which rend the fabric of her constitution, lay an imperative claim on the deliberative wisdom of all influential thinking men. All governments ought to be parental. Their true nature and their just appointment is to guide and guard. The misery of a country must in some degree result from the error of the ruler. Exigencies cannot exist without a cause. That a crisis is now approaching in the condition of Ireland is a common feeling. That our cabinet thought interference imperatively necessary is manifest from the institution of the State Trials. The author of the pamphlet now before us proclaims his own opinion in his very title—"The Beginning of the End." It is, therefore, more than time that remedial measures should be taken. We coincide in the persuasion that public opinion may influence those measures, and we therefore feel that it is of the last importance that public opinion should be rightly directed. To effect this purpose, no influence could be more powerful than the arguments now before us, supported, too, by a tone of manly and convincing eloquence. That the author of this pamphlet has thought much and seen much is evident. His speculations are not those of the theorist who has formed them in his closet, but rather of one who judges from personal observation, of one who has studied the national character, and knows its requisitions. We find in this pamphlet not only an adequate acquaintance and a keen searching out of those causes of discontent which agitate the country, but a minute familiarity with the national character. The author has, in these pages, considered the condition of the humbler classes, the power of the priesthood, and their relative position. He fairly considers the amount of government influence, the bearing of landlord and tenant, and the slight degree of power exercised by the conservative landholders in guiding parliamentary returns. Repudiating the idea of intimidation, by means of which most legislative grants have been made in recent years, he shows the invalidity of any existing fears. He notes a class in Ireland who do but clamour to a certain point, for the sole purpose of restoring a Whig ministry, that themselves with their party may be installed in all the gradations of office, but who would shrink from pressing beyond this measure. The priests also cannot, as agitators, pass beyond a certain line, since insurrectionary violence could scarcely be tolerated by the Pope, who could not sanction revolution on religious grounds without embroiling himself, and who would assuredly put his interdict on sanguinary proceedings. But in a still more convincing aspect he marks the impracticability of a disorganised mob exciting more than a trifling and temporary effervescence, and utterly repudiates the idea of their coping with our organised troops. From these considerations he passes to reply to certain queries put forth in the January number of the "Edinburgh Review," but for these we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself.

From this course of consideration our author passes to what he believes would be an effective means of tranquillizing Ireland. He

proposes stringent measures; not so much the formation of new laws as a firm and impartial administration of the old. We feel, however, that we shall be doing him fairer justice if we make room for his own words. In closing our notice of this able pamphlet, we do it with a strong recommendation of its perusal by all parties. It is fair and just to look even at what we differ from in every aspect, placing ourselves in the position of our opponents, that we may the more fully enter into their views, and, if still unconvinced, be the better able to controvert. In the present instance, whether differing or agreeing, all must admit that the author of this pamphlet thinks and reasons with power, and expresses himself with energy and eloquence.

"It is the prevalence of this murderous conspiracy, in both forms, agrarian and combinate, that really convulses Ireland, and though the circumstance of the victims being commonly Protestants, gives it an apparent religious character, it is not solely on religious grounds they suffer; it is because—firstly, the Protestants accumulate capital more rapidly; and secondly, because many landlords, feeling insecure among a peasantry from whom they are unhappily estranged, endeavour to surround themselves with a Protestant tenantry, as a body-guard, and thereby bring down upon themselves and the strangers they introduce the vengeance of those who imagine they have a prior claim to the land in question.

"This is the real giant evil that is now gnawing at the vitals of Ireland, and until it be remedied there can be no sound foundation for prosperity in the future; it is no use passing new, stringent, and irritating acts, if the ordinary laws are not to be enforced; it is the certainty, not the severity of the law, that makes it effective, and until a reasonable amount of certainty is introduced into the operation of the criminal law in Ireland, that country will be always disturbed. Military law might do something towards this, and if the present state of the country continues, may become necessary; but it is the nature of military law, that it produces much evil, both in the present and in the future, and that its good effects cease the moment its powers expire; but there is a remedy for this state of things in the common law of England and the ancient Brehon law of Ireland, and that is the principle laid down by Alfred, and still, after the lapse of a thousand years, in active operation in England—that of making the neighbourhood responsible for the peace being kept within it.

"If upon a murder being committed, and the assassin escaping, a fine of ten shillings or a pound were levied upon the occupying tenant of every house and every farm within five miles of the spot, people would soon get tired of harbouring and succouring murderers; and the first instance of a murderer, taken red-handed in the act by those who were near when it was committed, handed over to justice, tried by a special commission, before time was allowed to intimidate, assassinate, or buy off the witnesses, convicted and executed within, perhaps, a fortnight of his crime, would lockjaw the whole system of predial disturbance from one end of the land to the other; and it is upon the impunity of predial and combinate outrage, leading directly to an habitual disregard of all law whatever, that the political disturbance rests."

Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain. A Supplementary Report on the Results of a Special Inquiry into the Practice of Interment in Towns. Made at the Request of her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, By EDWIN CHADWICK, Esq., Barrister at Law. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty.

Although this Report does not come within the class of those works eligible to the general public, comprising, as it necessarily does, details of our frail humanity full of repulsion and pain, yet having received it from high authority, and acknowledging it to involve a subject of the very deepest importance, we feel it to be our duty to call the attention of the influential portion of our readers to an especial consideration of its pages, so that they may be prepared to give the weight of their influence advisedly.

The evils attending Metropolitan interments amid an over-crowded population are of a number and magnitude which attest themselves. In no instance does the progress of time enforce a departure from the custom of our ancestors so importunately as in this, and though it may not be without a sensation of poignant regret that we abandon the time-honoured custom of consigning the sacred remains of those we have loved on earth to the consecrated keeping of our parish churches, the places where all the most holy rites of our religion have been commemorated by them; yet care for the living is a paramount duty, and the necessity of change has reached a climax from which there is no appeal.

Mr. Chadwick's Report, instituted by the especial request of the Home Secretary, is one of the most important documents that could have been laid before the world. We know that the inroads of evil customs may be so gradual as to elude general observation, and even when they have reached a threatening magnitude, they still require exposition to the general public. Mr. Chadwick's Report is a most able summing up of the evils of our present mode of interment, and offers sanatory suggestions that demand especial consideration.

We know that the subject is one which ought to be approached with the most tender care, since nothing can be so sacred as the feelings which cling to the last sight of the lifeless clay; added to which, measures, which might be met with ready acquiescence in continental cities, would be regarded with peculiar jealousy by a population so eminently domestic as our own. Mr. Chadwick has, however, fully appreciated the difficulties of the subject, and his suggestions are as much those of real humanity as of sound wisdom. He would willingly prepare the way for the institution of national cemeteries, and for the regulation of interments through the intermediation of appointed officers. In the sad bereavements common to our humanity, the humbler classes labour under a weight of superadded anguish which might be relieved. When least able to protect themselves, they are left open too often to a system of extortion which their exhausted finances are unable to meet, and with which their depressed spirits are utterly incompetent to cope. At this extremity it is that the guardianship of the legislature should step in, and while the danger of all appearance,

and more especially of all reality, of inquisitorial dictation, should be most carefully avoided, yet the option of being relieved from an afflictive pressure which crushes them down, and the mitigation of expenses which they are unable to meet, seems but the parental care of a guardian government. The importance of some sanatory regulations whereby the dangers of contagious diseases may be obviated is also a vital feature in his plan. We again repeat that while as a household book of general reading, this Report would only bring before the family circle material of repugnant grief, yet that it has the far higher interest of offering suggestions in mitigation of some of the saddest sufferings of our humanity, that it ought to be in the hands of every thinking and influential man, and that all classes should feel it a matter of duty to promote its suggestions.

We append some sections of Mr. Chadwick's Report on the "Evils which Require Remedies," and their proposed prevention or mitigation.

"I. AS TO THE EVILS WHICH REQUIRE REMEDIES.

"§ 237. That the emanations from human remains are of a nature to produce fatal disease, and to depress the general health of whosoever is exposed to them; and that interments in the vaults of churches, or in grave-yards surrounded by inhabited houses, contribute to the mass of atmospheric and other impurities by which the general health and average duration of life of the inhabitants is diminished.

"§ 238. That the places of burial in towns or crowded districts are usually destitute of proper seclusion or means for impressive religious service, and are exposed to desecrations revolting to the popular feelings; and that feelings of aversion are manifest in the increasing removals or abandonment of family vaults and places of burial, and the preference, often at increased expense, of interments in suburban cemeteries, which are better fitted to raise mental associations of greater quiet, respect, and security as places of repose.

"§ 239. That the greatest injury done by emanations from decomposing remains of the dead to the health of the living of the labouring classes, in many populous districts, arises from the long retention of the body before interment in the single rooms in which families of those classes live and have their meals, and sleep, and where the deaths, in the greater number of instances, take place; and that closely successive deaths of members of the same family, from the same disease, are very frequent amongst the labouring classes; and that, where the disease has not been occasioned by the emanations from the first dead body, as sometimes appears to have been the case, or where the disease has either arisen from a common cause, or may have been communicated before death from the living person, the diseases are apparently rendered much more fatal by this practice of the retention of the dead body in the one living room previous to interment.

"§ 240. That this practice of the prolonged retention of the dead in such crowded rooms, besides being physically injurious, is morally degrading and brutalizing.

"§ 241. That this practice is frequently the most powerfully influenced by the difficulty of raising the expenses of funerals, which in this country press grievously on the labouring and middle classes of the community, and are extravagant and wasteful to all classes, and occasion severe suffering and moral evil.

"§ 242. That, on the best proximate estimates which have been made, the total amount of the whole of the yearly expenses of funerals in the

metropolis cannot be less than between six and seven hundred thousand pounds, and for the whole of Great Britain between four and five millions sterling per annum.

"§ 243. That it appears, upon examination in the metropolis, that notwithstanding the great expense of funerals, the existing arrangements for conducting them are on an unsatisfactory footing, and that great difficulties stand in the way of any efficient amendment, whilst the practice of interment in the crowded districts is retained.

"§ 244. That on the occurrence of a death amongst the poorest classes or amongst strangers, the survivors are commonly destitute of means of precaution against oppressive charges and of trust-worthy advice or counsel, as to the modes of burial such as are afforded by the civic arrangements of other civilized countries.

"§ 245. That on the occurrence of deaths from preventible causes of disease, there are no appointed means for the detection and removal of those causes, and that strangers and new-comers, having no warning, are successively exposed, and frequently fall victims to them.

"§ 246. That common causes of diseases which ravage the community, of the extent of operation of which causes it has a deep interest in knowing, pass unexamined and undetected; moreover, that in many districts there are wide opportunities for the escape of crimes, by which life is also rendered insecure, chiefly by the omission of efficient arrangements for the due verification of the fact and causes of death.

"§ 247. That the numbers of funerals, and intensity of the misery attendant upon them, vary amongst the different classes of society in proportion to the internal and external circumstances of their habitations: that the deaths and funerals vary in the metropolis from 1 in every 30 of the population annually (and even more in ill-conditioned districts), to 1 in 56 in better-conditioned districts: from 1 death and funeral in every 28 inhabitants in an ill-conditioned provincial town district, to 1 in 64 in a better-conditioned rural district: such differences of the condition of the population being accompanied by still closer coincidences in the variation of the span of life, the average age of all who die in some ill-conditioned districts of the metropolis being 26 years only, whilst in better-conditioned districts it is 36 years: the variations of the age of deaths being in some provincial towns, such as Leicester, from 15 years in the ill-conditioned to 24 years in the better-conditioned districts: and as between town and rural districts 17 or 18 years for the whole population of Liverpool, and 39 years for the whole population of Hereford; and that the total excess of deaths and funerals in England and Wales alone, above the commonly attained standards of health, being at the least between thirty and forty thousand annually."

Memoirs of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. By L. STANHOPE F. BUCKINGHAM.

It is a noble and elevated essential in the sublime character of truth, that while constantly, in all ages and with all people, exposed to contumely and misrepresentation, it ever does, ever must, ever will, ultimately reassert its own divinity. Calumny may depress, malice may obscure, but ultimately *right* must prevail. The forms of error are indeed multifarious, and we as frequently detect its operations in lauding the characters which ought to be censured, as in condemning those who deserve an approving admiration. But Time generally presents himself before the world as a witness for Truth. Time disperses the mists of prejudice, and comes forward with his testimony

when selfish motives have gone with those who held them to the grave. A man may be long maligned, but not for ever. Even on earth men live in their memory while their mortal part moulders in decay. The interests of selfishness and passion may pollute with the serpent's slime the fair name of a long-departed individual, but the justice of time shall wash away all that might temporarily deface but could not stain, leaving the reputation purer and brighter from that very process.

Mary Queen of Scotland furnishes us with a most powerful as well as illustrious example of this truth. Herself the victim of a fatal position, her very memory has suffered martyrdom among us. But later generations, having outlived the motives of malignant enmity, have gradually been clearing from her grave that stupendous monument of infamy which her contemporaries had built up. A generous reaction has taken place. Champions have arisen anxious only for the interests of truth and the fair name of a much injured woman, and the memory of a most unhappy queen; and among them none have discharged their honourable task with greater zeal or better ability than Mr. Buckingham, whose work is now before us.

Of all the frenzies which agitate society religious frenzy is undoubtedly the most violent. Other passions are known to be of human origin, but men delude themselves into the belief that this is divine; they mistake fanaticism for religion—fearful error—and while thus encouraging themselves in the supposed sanction of Deity, imagine crimes to be virtues, and so emulate each other in their perpetration. Mary's date was that at which the shock of contending opinions acted as the disruption of society. The Reformation could scarcely be considered settled. There raged a mighty civil war of religion. In England the Roman Catholic party was still strong. Although Elizabeth's animosity towards her sister queen might be augmented by a strong and baleful feeling of womanly envy and rivalry, yet deeper motives and more powerful interests strengthened that enmity into a hatred which was one unto death. Elizabeth might feel the tottering of her Protestant throne. She knew that she was no queen in the estimation of her Roman Catholic subjects. Denying Henry's right to repudiate Katherine, they could not admit the validity of his marriage with Anne Boleyn, nor consequently the legitimacy of Elizabeth. The Pope had also issued his veto. The strength of Protestantism alone kept the English queen upon her throne. In the estimation of her Roman Catholic subjects she was an usurper, and Mary, the legitimate granddaughter of Henry VII., the lawful sovereign as well of England as of Scotland. Thus it was love of empire that made Elizabeth persecute unto death her most unhappy rival, and which suffered her not to stop until she had consummated that crime of murder, after the violation of every right of relationship and hospitality, which has brought upon her own memory such never-ending odium.

Had Mary avowed her own claim to the English crown, which however she never openly did, only dwelling upon her right of succession, it still was that which her religion taught her to consider just and right, and the opinion being shared by multitudes of others,

could not be counted as a crime. The black odium of confederating with assassins and conspiring her husband's death, and that too at a moment when she was lulling his fears by a tender oblivion of all their past disagreements, with the crowning crime of marrying his chief murderer, these are the dark stains which require purging, these the black lines which defame her monumental stone and demand erasure, and this is the task which Mr. Buckingham has set himself, with a right chivalrous spirit, to accomplish. Mary's suppositious passion for Bothwell has always been taken as the hinge on which her actions moved; bnt we have always looked upon this as apocryphal. It is a new object that inspires a new emotion, and Bothwell had long been not only Mary's faithful subject, but that of her predecessor. Had she favoured him, he, not Henry Darnley, would have been her second and not her third consort. Besides, Bothwell was of disproportioned age to Mary. There might be gratitude for his services, but certainly not a love that could dare every crime for its heinous gratification—certainly not love at all. We are indebted to Mr. Buckingham for throwing new light upon the matter of Mary's enforced tolerance of Bothwell. He had made himself the master of her fate by a daring recklessness of crime, and she, who bore the odium was in fact the victim. Mr. Buckingham justly adduces the facts of Mary's conduct immediately upon her marriage, even on the same and ensuing day, when she raved for the means of suicide, and declared herself hopeless of all future happiness of life. In truth, as our author justly remarks, this was not the bearing of a woman who had attained a long-desired happiness. The Queen of Scotland's guilt heretofore rested on the testimony of letters purporting to be written by her own hand, and if considered genuine, of course sealing her own condemnation; but Mr. Buckingham adduces strong and cogent reasons for their entire rejection. His reasoning, indeed, is most convincing; though generously warm in her justification, he does not seek to convince with a one-sided reasoning. He has, indeed, brought much new matter before us, and placed some that was old in a new light: he has laboured successfully in research, his style is animated and agreeable, and his whole work ennobled by an honourable object, at once a useful and agreeable addition to literature. After this commendation, Mr. Buckingham must, however, allow us to make one exception: his zeal on the side of the suffering and unfortunate Mary, and his just severity on those who worked out for her so sad a doom, need not have led him into an acrimony of expression against the reformed church. It is a far older thing than creeds that must bear the blame of man's excesses—it is his fallen and corrupt nature in all times, and under all circumstances, still, still, unhappily the same.

Much of Mary's reputed guilt has rested on the genuineness of those letters, which, professing to be written by her own hand, have condemned herself. Mr. Buckingham, in establishing these as forgeries, of course destroys their testimony. We give a portion of his reasons for nullifying this evidence.

"But some who have been accustomed to place great reliance on illustrious names, and who have been distinguished writers, without inquiring

very particularly into the authorities by which they are supported, may be inclined to correct me here, by asserting that the members of the Privy Council and their temporary coadjutors, were not the only persons who saw and examined these suppositious letters. True, indeed, it is, that Sir James Mackintosh, a man from whom, if we judged from the principles which he preached, we should expect at least liberality of spirit—declares, that these documents were seen at Edinburgh, at York, and at Westminster, by hundreds of persons, friends as well as foes to Mary, but most of whom knew her hand-writing; and we might be inclined to credit a statement put forward with such confidence and boldness. But, of all the malignant falsehoods which have been uttered by the defamers of Mary Stuart, in order to sustain their otherwise sinking cause,—and how many and how specious they are, none who have not entered into the controversy can be able to conceive—this is at once the most malicious and the most groundless. At Edinburgh they were not produced at all, as has been shown by the most vehement presumptions; and, if they had been, it would have been in a parliament of men whose very lives depended on the ruin of the queen; and many of whom were so far from being good judges of hand-writing, that they could not write themselves; at York they were professedly exhibited in private to three commissioners; and even at London, the Lords of Privy Council, who, if all were present, numbered only twenty; four commissioners; and six additional peers, called in on the 14th and 15th of December, were alone favoured, and then under a strict oath of secrecy, with their inspection. And yet, in the face of all these facts, which are proved by every record to which we can obtain access, an historian, who claims for himself the character of an impartial writer, pollutes his pages with a falsehood so clear as this, and draws from his own fiction an argument to sustain his slanderous defamation of an oppressed and unprotected woman! But I trust myself to say no more, for honest indignation would assume the guidance of my pen, and expressions which had better be avoided, might present temptations too powerful to be resisted.

"In vain did Mary, as we already know, demand a sight of the original papers; in vain did she apply for copies, which were refused, unless upon a condition which it would be impossible to fulfil—a promise to answer fully to such copies, while the proof of forgery on which all would depend, could be drawn only from the originals themselves; and in fine, they were sent back again with Murray into Scotland, and a final examination of them prevented for ever by those who had always thrown obstacles in its way; and they have since altogether disappeared. To most persons it will appear probable, that the disappearance may very easily be accounted for, when we consider the fears which Murray entertained of their sufficiency, and his eager impatience for their instant return into his hands; and his party will be stamped at once as the destroyers of papers which had served their turn, and could now be of use no more; and, since no proof whatever has been produced against a conjecture which seems so very consistent with probability and truth, the reader will have no reason to distrust an impression, which is so very likely to arise in his mind, that the ultimate destruction of these documents can be only attributed to the same cause which prompted the constant concealment to which they were subjected in England—a conviction of their forgery, and a knowledge of their inability to sustain any examination.

"Such, then, is the history of these letters, from the first hint of their pretended existence down to their final exit from the scene. The desire to avoid fatiguing my readers with over-critical disquisitions has induced me to pass some minor points in silence, and to treat upon others less fully than they deserve; but those circumstances which have been noticed, the evident falsity of the account of their first capture—the great and irreconcilable discrepancy between the descriptions of them—their ap-

pearances in two different languages—the constant care to prevent them from being publicly inspected, and final and hurried disappearance when an inspection was demanded as the condition of reply,—all seem to me to afford strong ground for suspicion of their forgery; and the contents which we shall now examine will give certainty to our doubts, and will place the fabrication of the letters upon the firmest and most enduring basis."

Voyages Round the World, from the Death of Captain Cook to the present time; including Remarks on the Social Condition of the Inhabitants in the recently discovered countries, their progress in the Arts, and more especially their advancement in Religious Knowledge.

A former volume of the Cabinet Library having given a history of those various and adventurous voyages round the world antecedent to those of the unfortunate but enterprising Captain Cook, the present one takes up the chain from that period, and completes the continuation.

The spirited and intelligent motives which have actuated the proprietors of the Cabinet Library, can scarcely be spoken of in terms of too warm commendation. By their instrumentality, enlarged and collective views of subjects of high importance and commanding interest are opened out and made available to the world, on terms so easy as to come within the reach of the whole general public. It is not that the labours, however important, of a solitary individual are presented, but all that can complete the amount of available information is collected into one view, making a rich treasury from many sources. And not only are these productions rendered as complete as possible, but they are also on subjects of the greatest exciting moment. What can equal in commanding interest the history of the portions of our globe on which the various tribes of our race hold their habitations, or the tracing those progressive stages by which they are led on to civilization and refinement? The interests of science, also, are of paramount importance, and these are being constantly advanced by the efforts of those intellectual men who in modern days have superseded the bold and adventurous class of navigators, whose courage was their leading characteristic. But the preface of this volume well expresses the importance of the aim and the energies of the endeavour.

"It is perhaps in respect to science that the greatest triumph has been gained over the obscurities of nature in the remote parts of the earth. Regarded as a branch of those facts and theories which relate to the physical constitution of our planet, to the forces which bind together its mass, regulate the structure of its surface, explain the history of its past changes, as well as the infinitely varied affections of the air and ocean, the study of terrestrial magnetism occupies a highly interesting place. No single observer, whatever may be his zeal or industry, and no series of observations, however exact or long continued, if made at a single place, can supply such a degree of knowledge as the exigencies of navigation require. To effect the purpose so much desired by all maritime states, a comparison of the results attained in every region of the globe, and extended over long periods of time, is absolutely requisite. In order to master so vast a subject, concert and combination have been found quite indispensable: it is necessary to fix and reduce under general heads the phenomena of the passing moment, and to present them to the eye of science in that metho-

dical arrangement which brings spontaneously into notice both their agreements and their differences.

"To accomplish an object so important to our knowledge of the laws of nature as well as of practical philosophy, the principal powers of Europe have at length united their endeavours with a degree of zeal and unanimity which no other object, since the era of the Crusades, has succeeded in calling forth. The result, too, generally speaking, has been equal to the pains bestowed upon it in both hemispheres, and in the highest latitudes to which the traveller by sea or land has been able to penetrate. Duperrey and Freycinet supplied on their return many observations accurately registered and well defined; but a still more valuable accession to the stores of scientific information, in the particular research now specified, has been made by the voyage towards the South Pole conducted by Captains Ross and Crozier. The reader cannot fail to look forward with much impatience to an authentic detail of the proceedings which marked the progress of these distinguished officers, during the long period spent by them in that stormy sea which, amidst desert islands and fields of ice, stretches beyond the antarctic circle."

From the days of Cook to our own, we have had navigators of highly cultivated intelligence and energetic ardour, and from the labours of such men has this work been concocted. We speak not of our countrymen alone, but of those possessed with a like spirit of enterprise, actuated by the same motives, receiving their commissions from our neighbour countries. The works of these successive voyagers have been carefully investigated, and as the result, we have a volume full of the most interesting matter that their various labours effected. This species of concentration of the material gained from every available source has the advantage of possessing the largest amount of valuable information, of uniting into one view all that has been done and all that is known, presenting us with an important aggregate of varied information, and at the same time being divested of all tediousness and extraneous matter. These volumes are, in fact, libraries in themselves. They comprise a summary of all that has been done, and place the compendium within easy reach of the public. We need not add that we value them highly, and recommend them accordingly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Chinese War, by Lieut. Ouchterlony, 8vo. 25*s.*

Honour: a Tale, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Gleaner, by Mrs. Parkerson, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*

The Danube illustrated, by W. H. Bartlett, 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.*

Confessions of a Whitefoot, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The White Mask, by Mrs. Thomson, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Ali Khan; or, the Massacre of Benares, fc. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Spain under Charles the Second, by Lord Mahon, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Chatsworth; or, the Romance of a Week, edited by J. Plumer Ward, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Blanche Cressingham, 2 vols. post 8vo. 24*s.*

The Fortunes of the Falconars, by Mrs. Gordon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Amy Herbert, edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, 2 vols. royal 18mo. 9*s.*

The Heimskringla, or Chronicles of the Kings of Norway, translated by S. Laing, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.*

The Handbook of India, by J. H. Stocqueler, post 8vo. 14*s.*

Wild Sports in Europe, Asia, and Africa, by Lieut.-Col. E. Napier, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen. By Miss Louisa Stuart Costello. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*
The Logic of Political Economy. By Thomas De Quincey. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Child's Book of Homilies. 12mo. 2*s.*
Memoirs of Admiral de Coligny. Translated by Scott. 12mo. 3*s.* 6d.
The Boy's Treasury of Sports and Pastimes. By J. Williams. Fcap. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Historical and Chronological Questions. By W. E. Blackmore. Second Edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Jessie Phillips, a Tale of the New Poor Law. By Mrs. Trollope, with plates by Leech, 1 vol. 8vo. 12*s.* cloth.
The Crock of Gold, a Rural Novel. By M. F. Tupper. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.
The Year Book of Facts, for 1844. fcap. 8vo. 5*s.* cloth.
Scenes in the Sandwich Islands. By J. Jarvis. 12mo. 8*s.* cloth.
Blunt's Posthumous Sermons. 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.
Sir Walter Scott's Poetry, Vol. II. fcap. 8vo. 5*s.* cloth.
Biographical Illustrations of Westminster Abbey, Part II. medium 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* sd.
Survey of the Holy Land: its Geography, History, and Destiny. By J. T. Banister. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

LITERARY NEWS.—Works in Progress.

We have this month to announce a work which we venture to predict will be read with avidity, embracing anecdotes of the most celebrated personages of our time. The Memoirs of the Late George Brummell, Esq., (*commonly called Beau Brummell,*) by Captain Jesse. The public will be pleased to hear that this important work is to proceed from the pen of Captain Jesse, who enjoyed a close intimacy with the subject of his memoir, we understand, for many years.

Lieut. Ouchterlony's new work, The Chinese War, is now ready, and we are happy to see our estimate of its value so fully corroborated. We hear it spoken of everywhere with the highest approbation. A very considerable demand at home and abroad will, no doubt, await it.

Mrs. Gordon's new work, The Fortunes of the Falconars, is also just published, and we have had the pleasure of noticing it in our review department. The name being so extensively used, it may be proper to state that Mrs. Gordon of Campbeltown, is the lady to whom we are indebted for this lively work. It cannot fail of being highly appreciated, especially by the admirers of Mrs. Gordon's former productions.

Mr. Mills is, we understand, proceeding with the printing of his new work, The English Fireside, which we lately announced, and to which we look forward with expectations, which we have no question will be fully realized.

The Tales of a Lay Brother, will be ready about the end of the month. It is, we understand, a work of a very original character.

Mrs. Jameson's Guide to the Private Picture Galleries is expected to appear speedily.

A valuable work which we lately mentioned, entitled THE PRINT COLLECTOR, is also nearly ready. This is one of those works which carry with them their own credentials. It contains the actual experience of a gentleman who has indulged his taste in collecting curious prints, at no small expense, for the last twenty years. It will be embellished with some beautiful engravings.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

In the manufacturing markets business continues to be transacted on a fair footing, but cotton seems to be the chief article of speculation, founded on a presumed decrease of the crop to be exported from the United States. On this expectation many of the merchants have withdrawn their samples, counting on an increased consumption and a decreased supply, and consequently trusting to higher prices. There have been moderately ample arrivals of grain, and though the foreign wheat transactions have not been extensive, there is little English left on hand. In sugar the market has been steady at rates somewhat in favour of the buyer. Coffee has been realizing good prices. In other things there has been but little change.

MONEY MARKET.—A steady market has been prevailing, with a tendency to advance. The Irish State Trials have not been attended with any injurious effect on the funds, and as tranquillity has not been disturbed in the sister country, quotations have in some degree improved. The purchases by the government brokers on account of Savings' Banks, as also those for the Court of Chancery, the Sinking Fund, and some public bodies, quite meet the supply of the market. Much interest has been excited among the banking community as to the result of the representations made to Sir Robert Peel on the desirableness of certain privileges being granted to them respecting the power of accepting bills, and of limitations of distance as the bounds of their operations.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 26th of February.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 195 one-half.—Consols for Acct. 97 five-eighths.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 97 one-half.—Three and a Half per Cents. Red. Anns. 103 one-fourth.—Indian Stock, 278.—Exchequer Bills, small, 1¼*d.* 70*s.* 69*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 54 seven-eighths.—Spanish Three per Cent. Acct. 33 seven-eighths.—Spanish Three per Cents. 33 three-eighths.—Mexican Five per Cent. 34 three eighths—Dutch Five per Cent. 102 five-eighths.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JAN. 23 TO FEB. 23, 1844, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 23.—F. B. Courtenay, Great Marlborough-street, bookseller. — F. Shaw, Loudon-wall, builder.—W. Emmins, Montpelier-row, Brompton, builder.—C. Williamson, Regent-street, hosier. — R. Maryon, Chigwell, Essex, blacksmith. — H. Cleeve, Rettindon, Essex, cow-keeper.—T. Parr, Liverpool, plumber.—J. Robinson, Nottingham, wharfinger.—C. S. Jackson, Leeds, cloth merchant.

Jan. 26.—R. Tebay, Winchester, plumber.—M. Beswick, Norwich, wine-merchant. — J. Rolfe, Uxbridge, coal-merchant. — W. Evans, Borthwen, Merionethshire, miller.—J. Rushton, jun. Nottingham, livery-stablekeeper. — G.

Morgan, Gloucester, carrier.—J. Wilson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen manufacturer.—J. Fothergill, sen., Selby, Yorkshire, apothecary.—H. Hitchin, Halifax, ironmonger.

Jan. 30.—G. Hiller, Sun street, Bishopsgate-street, varnish manufacturer. — T. Berridge, Manchester, tobacconist. — J. Tubb, Basingstoke, draper.—T. Balls, Thames-street, iron-merchant. — J. Leech, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ironmonger.—W. Butcher, Great Marlborough-street, Westminster, commission-agent. — A. Lequeutre, Chinford-mills, Essex, miller. —H. March, Norton-under-Hamdon, Somersetshire, sail cloth-manufacturer.—T. Rodham, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer and ale and porter merchant.

Feb. 2.—D. Lamont, Grapes public-house, West Smithfield, dealer in foreign wines.—W. L. Wood, Bishopsgate-street-within, export ironmonger.—R. Pettit, Exning, Suffolk, livery stable keeper.—J. H. Perryman, Birmingham, bookseller. — R. Phillott, Blagdon, Somersetshire, scrivener.—J. R. Drage, Leeds, tallow-merchant.—W. Webb, Leamington, hotel-keeper.—G. C. Cooper, Leeds, butcher.—W. Thompson and J. Mellis, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants.

Feb. 6.—H. Tisoe, Hertford, carpenter.—F. Hillam, Cambridge-terrace, Edgeware-road, ale-merchant.—N. T. Smith, jun. Lime-street, ship-owner.—T. Langridge, Tonbridge Wells, auctioneer.—T. White, Regent-street, Marylebone, lace dealer.—R. Hone, Garnault-place, Spa-fields, stationer.—J. Hardley, Newport, Isle of Wight, miller.—C. Sutton, Southampton, grocer.—M. Ogston, Davies-street, Berkley-square, watchmaker.—J. Moore, Tamworth, draper. T. Gregory, Poulshot, Wiltshire, miller.—R. Chapman. Scorton, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—J. and G. Ewart, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, auctioneer. — G. Walton, Stockton-on-Tees, wine-merchant.—S. Billington, Birkenhead, Cheshire, woollen-draper.—M. Tildesley, Porto Bello, Staffordshire, timber-dealer.

Feb. 9.— E. Minster, Argyll-place, Regent-street, tailor. — F. J. Scott, St. Alban's, apothecary.—J. Hetherington, H. Docker, and C. Johnson, Quadrant, Regent-street, lamp dealers. —C. Teesdale, and R. Toulson, Westminster. bridge-road, furnishing ironmongers. — S. W. Leonard, Frances-street, Golden-square, butcher. —W. Lewis, Bristol, carpenter. — J. Aldred. Nottingham, wholesale stationer.

Feb. 13.—J. Faulkner, Danvers-street, Chelsea, builder. — J. Milner, Brook-street, New-road, engine manufacturer. — T. Amos, Kingsland-road, builder. — E. M. Marks, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square. — G. Field, Bond-court, Walbrook, packer and merchant. — R. Turner, Woodsome Lees, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturer.—T. Higginson, Liverpool, pawnbroker. — J. H. Barry, Liverpool, merchant. — T. Lay, Dudley, grocer. — R. Lang, Mill-bridge, Birstal, Yorkshire, tallow chandler.

Feb. 16.—H. Walker, Luton, Bedfordshire, cordwainer.—J. Hannen, Little Britain, tallow melter. — H. W. Smith, Tothill-street, Westminster, woollen draper.—R. Beckley, South Audley-street, grocer.—H. R. Osborne, Truro, grocer. — M. Murphy, Liverpool, grocer. J. Holroyd, North-moor, Northumberland, farmer. —H. Holden, Dewsbury, dealer in fuller's earth. — E. Jones, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, dealer in iron. — H. Mitchell, Nottingham, fellmonger.—T. Nuttall, Rochdale, pork butcher.—T. Norman, Penketh, Lancashire, sail-cloth manufacturer.

Feb. 20.—R. Beckley, North Audley-street, grocer.—R. L. Sturtevant, Bethnal-green, soap manufacturer. — W. G. Rowley, Dover-road, Southwark, wine merchant.—I. Lumley, Cornwall-road, victualler.—T. Bryson, Addle-street, City, commission agent. — J. C. Petrie, Bedlington, Durham, miller.—T. Westren, Brushford, Devonshire, malster. — J. Glazebrook, Birmingham, carpenter.—R. Davenport, jun., Birmingham, plumber.

Feb. 23.—R. E. Lee, and J. Haddock, Craven-yard, Drury-lane, steam-machine printers. —J. Conaway, Gray's Inn-lane, cheesemonger. —E. Arnatt, Oxford, baker. — W. Golding, Glemsford, Suffolk, innkeeper. — R. Penny, Cockermouth, mercer. — W. Jackson, Liverpool, baker.—J. Hughes, Liverpool, painter.—J. Mallalieu, High Stile, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturer.

NEW PATENTS.

R. A. Brooman, of Fleet Street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in figure-weaving machinery. Dec. 28th, 1843, 6-months. Communication.

T. M. Gladstone, of the Swan Garden Iron Works, Wolverhampton, Ironmaster, for certain improvements in machines for cutting or shearing iron or other metals, which improvements are applicable to other like purposes. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

G. B. Thorneycroft, of Wolverhampton, Ironmaster, for a machine for rolling, squeezing, or compressing puddled balls of iron, and also for crushing or grinding other substances. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

R. N. Elven, of Southampton Street, Camberwell, Shoemaker, for Improvements in the manufacture of boots, shoes, goloshes, and clogs, which improvements are applicable to the manufacture of leather hose and buckets. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

H. Lowcock, of Westmoreland, Yeoman, for improvements in ploughs. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

E. Budd, of Haford Copper Works, Swansea, Glamorgan, Copper Merchant, and W. Morgan, of the same place, Refiner of Copper, for improvements in treating or reducing copper ores, and in the construction of furnaces for treating such ores, part of which improvements are applicable to other ores. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

G. Gwynne, of Regent Street, Gentleman, and G. F. Wilson, of Belmont, Vauxhall, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of candles and in treating

fatty and oily matters, to obtain products for the manufacture of candles and other uses. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

J. Champion, of Salford, Lancaster, Machinist, and T. Marsden, of the same place, Machine Maker, for improvements in drawing and spinning cotton and other fibrous substances. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

A. Denoon, of Adam's Court, Broad Street, London, Merchant, for improvements in the mode of making carbonate of soda. Jan. 1st, 1844, 6 months.

A. Denoon, of Adam's Court, Broad Street, London, Merchant, for improvements in the mode of making muriate of ammonia. Jan. 1st, 6 months.

W. Longmaid, of the borough of Plymouth, Accountant, for an improvement in the manufacture of copper, tin, zinc, and per-oxide of iron. Jan. 1st, 6 months.

J. Hinks, G. Wells, and J. Finnemore, all of Birmingham, Metallic Pen Makers, for improvements in the manufacture of metallic pens and in machines for manufacturing metallic pens. Jan. 4th, 6 months.

W. Wright, of Duke Street, St. James's, Surgeon, for certain improvements in rendering leather skins or hides impervious to wet, more flexible, and more durable. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

L. Hill, jun., of Glasgow, Civil Engineer, for improvements in machinery for manufacturing shoes for horses and other animals. Jan. 11th, 6 months. Communication.

W. Hale, of Woolwich, in the County of Kent, Engineer, for improvements in rockets. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

R. Foulerton, of the Jamaica Coffee House, Cornhill, Master Mariner, for certain improved machinery for moving vessels and other floating apparatus. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

A. M. de Glimes, of Panton Street, Haymarket, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus for propelling vessels on water, and also in machinery capable of communicating manual power to work the same, which machinery is also applicable to raising heavy bodies, and exerting power for various other purposes. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

H. Bessemer, of Baxter House, St. Pancras, Engineer, for a new pigment or paint, and the method of preparing the same; part of which method is also applicable to the preparing and treating of oils, turpentine, varnishes, and gold-size, when employed to fix metallic powders and metal leaf, or as a means of protecting the same. Jan. 13th, 6 months.

J. Lindley, of Cranbourne Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in coffins. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

T. Aspinwall, of Bishopgate Church-yard, Esq., for an improved cannon, formed either of wrought iron or steel, or wrought iron and steel combined; and also instruments and machinery used in making, and method of making said cannon. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

C. Cameron, of Liverpool, Chemist, for improvements in extinguishing fires in buildings. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

B. Cheverton, of Pratt Street, Camden Town, Sculptor in Ivory, for Improvements in machinery for cutting wood and other materials. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for facilitating the tracing and copying of designs, drawings, and etchings of all kinds, either of the original size or upon an enlarged or reduced scale. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

W. Watson, of Leeds, manufacturing chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of sulphate, muriate, and other salts of ammonia. January 16th, 6 months.

W. Nichol, of Edinburgh, Lithographer and Printer, for improvements in lithographic and other printing presses. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

J. F. Empson, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction and manufacture of buttons and other fastenings for dress. Jan. 16th, 6 months.

W. Basford, of Burslem, Staffordshire, Brick and Tile Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the mode of manufacturing bricks, tiles, quarries, and certain other articles made or composed of brick earth, and of burning and firing the same, and certain articles of pottery and earthenware. Jan. 20th, 6 months.

C. F. J. Petit, of Regent Street, Merchant, for improvements in fastenings for gloves. Jan. 23d, 6 months. Communication.

S. Wright, of Shelton, Staffordshire, for a manufacture of ornamental tiles, bricks, and quarries for floors, pavements, and other purposes, being an extension of former letters patent for the term of seven years, from the 26th instant. Jan. 23d.

T. Nash, of Paul's Cray, Kent, Paper Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the machinery for the manufacture of paper. Jan. 23d, 6 months.

H. Davies, of Norbury, Staffordshire, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of vessels for conveying goods or passengers on water; also, certain improved arrangements of machinery for communicating motion to such vessels. Jan. 25th, Six months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—Feb. 1.—On Thursday her Majesty in person opened the fourth session of the present parliament.

Having seated herself on the throne, her royal consort took his seat on her left hand. After the usual formalities, her Majesty, in a clear and distinct voice, read the following speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"It affords me great satisfaction again to meet you in parliament, and to have the opportunity of profiting by your assistance and advice.

"I entertain a confident hope that the general peace, so necessary for the happiness and prosperity of all nations, will continue uninterrupted.

"My friendly relations with the King of the French, and the good understanding happily established by my government and that of his Majesty, with the continued assurances of the peaceful and amicable dispositions of all princes and states, confirm me in this expectation.

"I have directed that the treaty which I have concluded with the Emperor of China shall be laid before you; and I rejoice to think that it will in its results prove highly advantageous to the trade of this country.

"Throughout the whole course of my negociations with the government of China, I have uniformly disclaimed the wish for any exclusive advantages.

"It has been my desire that equal favour should be shown to the industry and commercial enterprise of all nations.

"The hostilities which took place during the past year in Scinde have led to the annexation of a considerable portion of that country to the British possessions in the East.

"In all the military operations, and especially in the battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad, the constancy and valour of the troops, native and European, and the skill and gallantry of their distinguished commander, have been most conspicuous.

"I have directed that additional information explanatory of the transactions in Scinde shall be forthwith communicated to you.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"The estimates of the ensuing year will be immediately laid before you.

"They have been prepared with a strict regard to economy, and at the same time with a due consideration of those exigencies of the public service which are connected with the maintenance of our maritime strength, and the multiplied demands on the naval and military establishments from the various parts of a widely extended empire.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"I congratulate you on the improved condition of several important branches of the trade and manufactures of the country.

"I trust that the increased demand for labour has relieved, in a corresponding degree, many classes of my faithful subjects from sufferings and privations which at former periods I have had occasion to deplore.

"For several successive years the annual produce of the revenue fell short of the public expenditure.

"I confidently trust that in the present year the public income will be amply sufficient to defray the charges upon it.

"I feel assured that, in considering all matters connected with the financial concerns of the country, you will bear in mind the evil consequences of accumulating debt during the time of peace, and that you will firmly resolve to uphold that public credit the maintenance of which concerns equally the permanent interests and the honour and reputation of a great country.

"In the course of the present year the opportunity will occur of giving notice to the Bank of England on the subject of the revision of its charter.

" It may be advisable that during this session of Parliament, and previously to the arrival of the period assigned for the giving of such notice, the state of the law with regard to the privileges of the Bank of England and to other banking establishments, should be brought under your consideration.

" At the close of the last session of Parliament I declared to you my firm determination to maintain inviolate the legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

" I expressed at the same time my earnest desire to co-operate with Parliament in the adoption of all such measures as might tend to improve the social condition of Ireland, and to develop the natural resources of that part of the United Kingdom.

" I am resolved to act in strict conformity with this declaration.

" I forbear from observation on events in Ireland, in respect to which proceedings are pending before the proper legal tribunal.

" My attention has been directed to the state of the law and practice with regard to the occupation of land in Ireland.

" I have deemed it advisable to institute extensive local inquiries into a subject of so much importance, and have appointed a commission, with ample authority to conduct the requisite investigation.

" I recommend to your early consideration the enactments at present in force in Ireland concerning the registration of voters for Members of Parliament.

" You will probably find that a revision of the law of registration, taken in conjunction with other causes at present in operation, would produce a material diminution of the number of county voters, and that it may be advisable on that account to consider the state of the law, with a view to an extension of the county franchise in Ireland.

" I commit to your deliberate consideration the various important questions of public policy which will necessarily come under your review, with full confidence in your loyalty and wisdom, and with an earnest prayer to Almighty God to direct and favour your efforts to promote the welfare of all classes of my people."

The Commons then withdrew, and the House adjourned during pleasure.

The House of Lords resumed at five o'clock, when her Majesty's Speech was read in the usual manner.

Lord Eldon, in moving the Address, recapitulated and commented on the different topics in the Speech.—The motion was briefly seconded by Lord Hill.—The Address was agreed to.

Feb. 2.—The House of Lords met for the purpose of proceeding to the Palace with the Address voted on the preceding evening, in answer to her Majesty's gracious speech from the throne.—The House was adjourned to Monday next.

Feb. 3.—No House.

Feb. 5.—The Lord Chancellor communicated to the House of Lords her Majesty's answer to the Address presented by the House on Saturday. It was as follows:—" My Lords—I thank you for your loyal and dutiful Address. The first object of my wishes is to promote the welfare of my people, and I rely with confidence on your assurance of support in framing such measures as the interest of the country may require."—Earl Fitzwilliam moved for a return of the amount of military force in Ireland, and the expense of certain military works in that country. The motion was agreed to, the Duke of Wellington having previously announced that the government did not intend to oppose it.—A Committee was appointed for inquiring into the state of the laws relative to betting on horse races and other sports.—A Bill for putting a stop to the actions for penalties was brought in and read a first time.

Feb. 6.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 7.—No House.

Feb. 8.—Lord Brougham, in the absence of the Duke of Richmond, moved the second reading of the Bill for Discontinuing Actions for Penalties on Gaming, which, after a short conversation, was agreed to. Lord Brougham said that he intended to add a clause at the third reading, suspending future actions for such time as to allow the Committee now sitting upon the Gaming Laws to recommend and to have passed a general measure on the subject.

Feb. 9.—The Bill for Discontinuing Actions for Penalties on Gaming, was read a third time and passed.—Lord Campbell laid on the table a Bill for the Amendment of the Law of Libel, which was read a first time.

Feb. 10. No House.

Feb. 12.—The Earl of Ripon moved a vote of thanks to Sir Charles Napier and the officers and men who served under his command in the late military operations in Scinde. The resolution was agreed to.—Lord Cottenham laid on the table of the House of Lords a Bill, the object of which was to carry into effect the recommendations contained in the second part of the report of the Commission on the subject of the Insolvent Laws, which was read a first time. The Lord Chancellor laid on the table a Bill to amend the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts, which was read a first time.

Feb. 13.—The Marquis of Normanby brought forward the resolution of which he had given notice on the State of Ireland. After a speech of considerable length the noble Marquis concluded by moving the following resolution:—"That this House having, in answer to Her Majesty's most gracious Speech, assured Her Majesty that they entered into 'Her Majesty's feelings in forbearing from observations or comments on Ireland, in respect to which proceedings are pending before the proper legal tribunals,' feel it, in consequence, to be their duty to take the earliest opportunity, when no prejudice can arise therefrom in the minds of the jury, to record their intention to examine into the causes of the discontents now unhappily so prevalent in that country. That with a view to the removal of existing evils, and the restoration of confidence, this House look to the full development of the only principles of perfect union, by securing to Her Majesty's subjects, of all classes and persuasions, in all parts of the United Kingdom, the practical enjoyment of equal rights."—The subject gave rise to a long debate, which was adjourned to Thursday.

Feb. 14.—No House.

Feb 15.—The adjourned debate on the Marquis of Normanby's inquiry into the state of Ireland, was resumed. After a long discussion, the House divided, when the numbers were, not content—present, 79; proxies, 96; total, 175. Content, present, 80; proxies 39; total, 78; majority against the motion, 97.

Feb. 16.—No House.

Feb. 17.—No House.

Feb. 19.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 20.—On the motion of the Marquis of Normanby, (in the absence of the Duke of Richmond,) the Gaming Transactions (Witnesses' Indemnity Bill) was read a third time and passed. On the motion of Lord Campbell, the Law of Libel Amendment Bill was read a second time, and referred to a select committee.

Feb. 21.—No House.

Feb. 22.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 23.—The Lord Chancellor laid on the table a Bill for simplifying the transfer of real property. The motion was put and negatived.

House of Commons.—Feb. 1.—The House of Commons commenced its proceedings with the customary reading of Her Majesty's Speech. Lord Clive moved the Address, and Mr. Cardwell seconded the motion.

Feb. 2.—Lord Clive brought up the Report on the Address, which was read a first time. The following new members took their seats:—Mr. H. Warburton, for the borough of Kendal; Mr. Campbell, for Salisbury; Mr. P. Butler, for the county of Kilkenny; Mr. J. Pattison, for the City of London; and Mr. Duncan M'Neill, for Argyllshire. Colonel Rawdon moved for a return of the electors for counties in Ireland now entitled to vote, with the name of the barony from which each elector registers; also for a similar return of the electors registered after the passing of the Irish Reform Act. Mr. B. Wood moved for a return of malt and hops for the last year. Mr. M. Milnes moved for all the Orders in Council under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, and for any correspondence which had taken place between the government and foreign powers on the subject of criminal jurisdiction over British subjects abroad. The Metropolis Improvement Bill was read a first time.

Feb. 3.—No House.

Feb. 5.—Her Majesty's answer to the Address of the House of Commons was communicated to that House by Lord E. Bruce.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I thank you for this dutiful and loyal Address. The declaration that you are anxious to co-operate with me in my earnest desire to promote the welfare of my people is most gratifying to my feelings. It is the unvarying object, and the constant care of my life, to promote the happiness and to merit the confidence of my faithful subjects."

Mr. Gladstone, as President of the Board of Trade, proposed the appointment of

a Select Committee to consider the standing orders relating to railways. The motion was agreed to.

Feb. 6.—Mr. Sharman Crawford, after complaining of many grievances in the expenditure, moved that "It is therefore the immediate duty of this House to make inquiry into these complaints; and as this House can have no right to vote supplies except as being the representatives of the people, it is imperatively necessary that the charges brought against its present constitution and competency, in the petitions which have been received and recorded among its proceedings, should be inquired into, and, if found to be justly made, redressed, before this House shall proceed to the voting of supplies." Mr. Williams seconded the motion. The House divided —For the original motion, 130; for Mr. Crawford's, 22—majority for the original motion, 118.

Feb. 7.—No House.

Feb. 8.—Lord Ashley, pursuant to notice, moved "an address to the Crown, praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to take into her consideration the situation and treatment of the Ameers of Scinde; and that she will direct their immediate restoration to liberty, and the enjoyment of their estates or with such provision for their future maintenance as may be considered a just equivalent." After some discussion the House divided—Against his motion, 202; for it, 68; majority against it, 134.

Feb. 9.—No House.

Feb. 10.—Sir James Graham obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the amendment of the Poor Law, which was granted. The Bill was read a first time, and its second reading fixed for Monday next.

Feb. 12.—Sir Robert Peel moved a vote of thanks to Sir Charles Napier and the officers and men who served under his command in the late military operations in Scinde. The House divided. The numbers were—For the motion, 164; against it, 9; majority, 155.—The announcement of the numbers were received with loud cheers. The original motion was then put and agreed to, as was also a resolution that the Speaker communicate the vote of the House to the Governor-General of India, with a request that he would convey the same to Sir Charles Napier and the army under his command. Mr. Christie brought forward a motion that "a Select Committee be appointed to consider the expediency of recognising the presence of strangers at debates, and the publication of debates under the pleasure of the House, and to consider and report what regulations may be necessary." The House divided, when the numbers were—For the motion, 37; against it, 84; majority, 47. The Metropolitan Improvement Bill was passed, with an amendment, limiting the sum to be lent £250,000.

Feb. 13.—The Factory Bill was read a second time. Lord John Russell moved for a committee of the whole House, to consider the state of Ireland. The House adjourned.

Feb. 14.—Mr. L. Bruges took his seat for the borough of Devizes. Mr. J. S. Wortley moved the second reading of the Horse-racing Penalties Bill. The House divided, when the numbers were—For the second reading, 112; against it, 25—Majority, 87. The bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Wednesday next. The County Coroners' Bill was read a first time. The adjourned debate on Lord John Russell's motion was resumed and again adjourned.

Feb. 15.—The Offences at Sea Bill was read a third time and passed. The debate resumed and adjourned. Mr. T. H. Sotheron, and Mr. Maher took their seats, the former for North Wilts, and the latter for Tipperary.

Feb. 16.—The debate resumed and adjourned.

Feb. 17.—No House.

Feb. 19.—Lord John Russell's debate on the State of Ireland resumed and adjourned.

Feb. 20.—Mr. Hume moved for a return "of the number of persons who have been suspended, superseded, or discharged from the Customs since the 1st day of January 1841, &c. &c. The motion was agreed to.—The adjourned debate resumed and again adjourned.

Feb. 21.—The County Coroners' Bill, was read a second time.—The House went into committee on the Horse Racing Penalties Suppression Bill. The Bill passed through Commitee.—The debate on Ireland resumed and adjourned.

Feb. 22.—Resumed and adjourned.

Feb. 23.—The debate resumed. The House divided on the subject, when the numbers appeared, for the motion 225, against it 324.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1844.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Poems and Ballads of Schiller. Translated by Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. *With a Brief Sketch of Schiller's Life.*

THE ordinary course of genius is solitary and alone. Like the arrow cleaving the air, which instantaneously closes after it, soaring upwards and heavenwards, it wings its way unaccompanied, strong with a celestial ambition, to those courts which are its birthplace. It treads no beaten path, no guide can aid it, for it is an essential in the character of genius that every individual takes a different flight. So far from treading an accustomed pathway, no double footprints can be found: to trace the impression of another's travel would be at once to illegitimate the birthright, since originality is essential to the existence of the true, just as imitation proves the counterfeit. This, then, is the *ordinary* course of genius: what we now turn to is the *extraordinary*. Distinct, dissimilar, without the slightest tendency to approximation saving only in the like divinity of their origin, the genius of Bulwer has thrown itself into companionship with that of Schiller. Such an association of the highest elements of mind must have been far beyond our hopes, yet here we have spirit illuminating spirit, soul enlightening soul. Perhaps we may acknowledge that on our first recognition of this work an emotion of mortification might pass across us that he who has ever been so distinguished in originality in all that he has undertaken, distinguished too in so many various ways, should divide his interest with another, however great the name that other might bear. We had not, however, read many pages of his work before we abandoned the murmur, nay, rather exchanged it for a feeling of congratulation. Bulwer lending the riches of his genius to illustrate that

of Schiller, produces the effect of enhancing the twain. Throwing the all-powerful radiance of his own imagination and intellect over those of Schiller, we have at once the splendour of a constellation. There is no rivalry, but a combined effulgence; and in thus associating himself with the great German poet, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has bestowed one of the highest mental gratifications which his country was capable of receiving, and which was in the power of no other existing author to bestow.

We fully believe that none but a poet can estimate a poet. That Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has passed through this christening of fire is manifest in every work which he has put forth under whatever prosaic garb. He is eminently a poet in spirit even when he breathes not the music of verse. It too often happens that the biographers of highly-gifted men possess not mirror-like souls of sufficient polish to reflect back again the images which they would picture, and thus we have often a coarse daub instead of the living truth. There needs a sympathy between an author and his subject. There needs a reciprocity of feeling. Difficult it is indeed to express those finer intelligences, and to convey those subtle essences even when they are felt, but impossible where the medium is incapable of their appreciation. How, then, can we have worthy expositions of the poet's soul? An author's works resting on private interpretation can find little glory in the dull shadows of minds incapable of receiving his vastness into their littleness, possessing no gauge to measure its altitude, no power of refracting its brightness. Of what inestimable value then to the fame of the author must this work of Sir Bulwer Lytton's prove! Capable of lofty things himself, he has yet been content to throw the illuminating radiance of his talents on the works of another. With the design of disseminating and gratifying a taste for the poetry of Schiller, has Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton set himself to the task of translation; and, he justly observes, that as the intellect of Schiller cannot be estimated by detached pieces, his effusions forming part of a magnificent whole, it is requisite for anything approaching to a just appreciation that a larger scope of the poet's works should be opened out. Thus he has given us the Poems and Ballads of Schiller, with a poetry, a faithfulness, a refinement of perception, and a vigour of expression, well worthy of his prototype. But he has done more than this, for he has given us a memoir of the man, which, whilst it narrates the incidents of his life, reflects his intellectual image with all the faithfulness of a highly-polished mirror. However we may estimate his labour of translation, his preceding biography of Schiller must in a great measure engross our interest. The transition of metaphysical subtleties, and of intangible poetical aspirations, from one language into another, is a high and rare ability, but it is a still higher thing to be able to follow the history of the mind from which these have emanated. This is the peculiar merit of this biography. An ordinary historian might have transcribed the events of Schiller's life: it needed genius like his own to narrate the history of his mind; to trace the progressive changes of the poet's feelings, thought, spirit, and imagination. Yet this has Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton done. As a history of intellect, and that of the loftiest cha-

racter, his work is beyond all praise. If there is a danger, we fear that it consists in the uncertainty of our being able to separate the sentiments of our own home-poet from those of him of the fatherland. Even unknown to himself, we find Bulwer transfusing the riches of his own imagination, whilst he believes himself only expositing those of Schiller. Tracing the course of the poet's mind, he throws around it the halo of his own. The details of Schiller's life, though romantic at its outset, yet afterwards passed on in a smooth current; it is therefore the channel of his thoughts, that stream for ever widening as it flows, at first a sparkling animated rill, but gradually swelling into majesty and power, that Bulwer follows, and well assured we are that none other could so have traced its course. That stream of intellect, for ever gaining strength as it passed along, reflected on its lucid surface not only every object by which it travelled, but even the overhanging clouds, as well as the glorious radiance of the outspread heavens; and yet through all its aspects, and with all its overshadowings, has Bulwer made it roll before us. This faculty of realizing the ideal is singularly Bulwer's own; and its richest instance is the production before us. We have not entered into minute particulars of this work, because its lofty character could not be expressed by minutiæ any more than the world could be sampled by atoms, although it might be so composed. We desire, if possible, to offer a faint reflection of a whole, too beautiful to bear disjointing, and too high to be measured by parts. The work will soon pass into many hands, but meanwhile we enrich our pages with a poet's appreciation of a brother poet.

"It is necessary for English readers, who would form an estimate of Schiller's claims on posterity, to remember that he preceded the great poets who have made the nineteenth century an æra in British literature inferior only to the Elizabethan. How largely, though indirectly, he has influenced the spirit of our recent poetry must be apparent to those familiar with his writings; not, perhaps, that all in whom that influence may be traced were acquainted even with the language in which he wrote. The influence of genius circulates insensibly, through a thousand channels impossible to trace; and, as in Elizabeth's day, the Italian mind coloured deeply the very atmosphere in which Shakespeare breathed inspiration, so in the earlier years of the present century, the spirit of Schiller operated almost equally on those versed in, and those ignorant of, the German language. It affected each peculiar mind according to its own peculiar idiosyncrasy—was reflective with Coleridge, chivalrous with Scott, animated and passionate with Byron, and transfused its lyric fire into the kindling melodies of Campbell.

"In the subjoined translation a thousand thoughts, and turns of thought, will remind the reader of our later masters of song, and may want the charm of novelty merely because they have furnished novelty to others. But what distinguishes Schiller from those we have named, is the purpose, the philosophical aim, and thoughtful conception, with which most of his later pieces were composed. In all 'Childe Harold' there is not the *purpose* of 'the Walk;' in all 'Marmion' there is no glimpse of the deep and ethical meaning which exalts 'The Diver' And this brings us to the material distinction of Schiller:—his singular ardour for Truth, his solemn conviction of the duties of a Poet—that deep-rooted idea on which we have been more than once before called upon to insist, that the Minstrel should be the Preacher, that Song is the Sister of Religion in its largest sense,—that the Stage is the Pulpit to all sects, all nations, all

time. No author ever had more earnestness than Schiller,—his earnestness was the real secret of his greatness; this combination of philosophy and poetry, this harmony between genius and conscience, sprang out of the almost perfect, almost unrivalled equality of proportions which gave symmetry to his various faculties. With him the imagination and the intellect were so nicely balanced, that one knows not which was the greater; owing, happily, to the extensive range of his studies, it may be said that as the intellect was enriched, the imagination was strengthened. Unlike Goethe's poet in 'Wilhelm Meister,' he did not sing 'as the bird sings,' from the mere impulse of song, but he rather selected Poetry as the most perfect form for the expression of noble fancies and high thoughts. 'His conscience was his Muse.' It was thus said of him with truth,—'that his poetical excellence was of later growth than his intellectual:' and as the style of Lord Bacon ascended to its sonorous beauty, in proportion as his mind became more stored, and his meaning more profound, so the faculty of expression ripened with Schiller in exact ratio to the cultivation of his intellect. His earliest compositions were written with difficulty and labour, and he was slow in acquiring thorough mastery over the gigantic elements of his language. Perhaps this very difficulty (for nothing is so fatal to the mental constitution as that verbal dysentery which we call facility,) served both to increase his passion for his art, and to direct it to objects worthy the time and the care he was in his younger manhood compelled to bestow upon his compositions. From this finely-poised adjustment between the reasoning and the imaginative faculties, came the large range of his ambition, not confined to Poetry alone, but extending over the whole field of Letters. We can little appreciate Schiller, if we regard him only as the author of 'Wallenstein,' and the 'Lay of the Bell;' wherever the genius of his age was astir, we see the flight of his wing and the print of his footstep. While, in verse, he has made experiments in almost every combination, except the epic, (and in that he at one time conceived and sketched a noble outline,) embracing the drama, the ode, the elegy, the narrative, the didactic, the epigrammatic, and in each achieved a triumph,—in Prose, he has left monuments only less imperishable in the various and rarely reconcileable lands of romance, of criticism, of high-wrought philosophical speculation, and impartial historical research. His Romance of the 'Ghost-Seer' is popular in every nation, and if not perfect of its kind, the faults are those of a super-exuberant intellect, which often impedes, by too disquisitive a dialogue, the progress of the narrative, and the thread of the events.

"In History, if Schiller did not attain to the highest rank, it was not because he wanted the greatest qualities of the historian, but because the subjects he selected did not admit of their full developement. But while his works in that direction are amongst the most charming, impartial, and justly popular, of which his nation boasts, he has shown, in the introductory Lecture, delivered by himself at Jena, how grand his estimate of history was. His notions on history are worth whole libraries of history itself. As a Philosophical Essayist, he is not perhaps very original, (though in borrowing from Kant he adds much that may fairly be called his own,) and rigid Metaphysicians have complained of his vagueness and obscurity. But his object was not that of severe and logical reasoning; it was to exalt the art to which most of his essays were devoted; to make the great and the pure popular; to educate the populace up to purity and greatness. The ideal philosophy, as professed by Schiller, was, in fact, a kind of mental as well as moral Christianity, that was to penetrate the mind as well as the soul—extend to the arts of man as well as his creeds; to make all nature a temple—all artists priests: Christianity in spirit and effect it was—for its main purpose was that of the Gospel creed, viz., to draw men out of this life into a purer and higher air of being—to wean from virtue the hopes of reward below—to make

enjoyment consist in something beyond the senses. What holy meditation was to the saints of old, the ideal of Æsthetic art was to the creed of Schiller. Therefore, his philosophy, in strict accordance with his poetry, was designed not so much to convince as to ennoble; it addresses the soul rather than the understanding;—and therefore, though in the wide compass of Schiller's works there are passages which would wound the sincere and unquestioning believer; though in his life there were times when he was overshadowed by the doubts that beset inquiry; though in the orthodox and narrower sense of the word Christian, it would be presumptuous to define his sect, or decide on his belief; the whole scope and tendency of his works, taken one with the other, are, like his mind, eminently Christian. No German writer—no writer, not simply theological—has done more to increase, to widen, and to sanctify the reverent disposition that inclines to Faith.

"As Schiller's poetry was the flower of his mind, so in his poetry are to be found, in their most blooming produce, all the faculties that led him to philosophy, criticism, and history. In his poetry are reflected all his manifold studies. Philosophy, criticism, and history pour their treasures into his verse. One of a mind so candid, and a life so studious, could not fail to be impressed by many and progressive influences. Schiller's career was one of education, and its grades are strongly marked. Always essentially humane, with a heart that beat warmly for mankind, his first works betray the intemperate zeal and fervour of the Revolution which then in its fair outbreak misled not more the inexperience of youth than the sagacity of wisdom: a zeal and fervour increased in Schiller by the formal oppression of academical tyranny; a nature unusually fiery and impatient; and a taste terribly perverted by the sentiment of Rousseau and the bombast of Klopstock. Friendship, love, indignation, poverty, and solitude, all served afterwards to enrich his mind with the recollection of strong passions and keen sufferings: and, thrown much upon himself, it is his own life and his own thoughts that he constantly reproduces on the stage. The perusal of Shakespeare has less visible and direct influence on his genius than he himself seems to suppose;—the study of History has far more. From the period in which he steadily investigated the past, his characters grow more actual; his *Humanity* more rational and serene. He outgrows Rousseau; the revolutionary spirit fades gradually from his mind; he views the vast chronicle of man not with the fervour of a boy, but the calm of a statesman. At this time he begins to deserve the epithet Goethe has emphatically bestowed on him—he becomes '*practical.*' But with the study of history comes the crisis of doubt, the period of his scepticism and his anguish. From this influence he emerged into the purer air, which he never afterwards abandoned, of the Ideal Philosophy. Here he found a solution of his doubts—a religion for his mind. Almost at the same time that his intellect is calmed and deepened by philosophy, his taste acquires harmonious symmetry and repose from the study of the ancient masterpieces. From that period, his style attains its final beauty of simplicity combined with stateliness, and vigour best shown by ease. A happy marriage, a fame assured, an income competent to his wants, serve permanently to settle into earnest and serious dignity a life hitherto restless—an ambition hitherto vague and undefined. Thenceforth he surrenders himself wholly to the highest and purest objects human art can attain. His frame is attacked, his health gone for ever; but the body has here no influence on the mind. Schiller lives in his art; he attains to the ideal existence he has depicted; he becomes the Pure Form, the Archetype, the *Gestalt*, that he has described in his poem of the 'Ideal and the Actual;' living divorced from the body—in the heavenly fields a spirit amongst the gods."

The Print Collector; an Introduction to the Knowledge necessary for forming a Collection of Ancient Prints. Containing Suggestions as to the mode of commencing Collector, the Selection of Specimens, the Prices and Care of Prints. Also, Notices of the Marks of Proprietorship used by Collectors, Remarks on the Ancient and Modern Practice of the Art, and a Catalogue Raisonnée of Books on Engravings and Prints.

The taste for collecting engravings is, we think we may venture to assert, an increasing one amongst us. The different art-unions, either by meeting the augmenting requirements, or by inspiring them, confirm this fact. It is possible that, in the present day, the pursuit may not be carried on with so intense an ardour as formerly by the few, but it is, undoubtedly infused into the many. Replications of works of high art are thus widely disseminated; painters whose productions could only be known in the nucleus, whose fame might indeed spread to a somewhat wider circle among those shut out from the possibility of surveying the labours on which it might be founded, become, through the medium of engravings, extensively introduced to the world, who are thus made familiarly conversant with the most costly and exclusive productions. We cannot too much admire the taste of the collector. Formerly it might be a mania; now it is a refined and prevalent love of the arts. And yet we may truly say that there is no pursuit in which advice, that admirable substitute for experience, is more needed. Without a pre-formed plan, the young collector cannot choose but fall into expensive error. He may go on amassing, yet find himself the possessor either of the counterfeit or the valueless. None of the walks of art require a more discriminating care. Taste requires some cultivation, judgment more. Whilst attaining these, it is easy to be accumulating not treasure, but dross, and to be dispensing funds which ought to have brought important stores. The author of the valuable work now under our consideration has gone through this disappointing novitiate, as indeed have most, if not all, of print collectors, and, anxious to ward off disappointment from others, he has here laid open his experience for their benefit. This advice is of the highest order of usefulness. It embraces all that can be imparted, for it must be remembered that there is always an amount of knowledge that a man can only acquire for himself, that must rest on the due exercise of his own faculties, that can neither be transferred nor communicated. Still, though not illimitable, these advantages of advice are fixed and sterling. No young collector should commence his pleasant labour without having formed a fixed previous plan; neglecting this, his exertions will be weakened by their diffuseness. Our author most prudentially suggests various considerations in the outset; namely, "First, to consider the amount of expense which it may be necessary to incur; secondly—the space necessary to be allotted for containing the collection; thirdly—the ease or difficulty of preserving the articles when acquired; fourthly—the portability, or facility of removing from place to place; fifthly—the susceptibility of the articles to just appreciation with respect to quality and price; sixthly—the susceptibility of the articles to just appreciation with respect to genuineness; seventhly—the pleasure or utility derivable from

the collection in individual enjoyment, or in imparting this pleasure or utility to others; and this latter must partly depend on, eighthly—the popularity of the subject—matter of the collection, and the greater or less facility of displaying it." These are considerations which require duly weighing, and on all these our author offers many valuable suggestions, and much important information. His own knowledge is indeed deep and various, and he has communicated it unreservedly. Thus to the young collector the contents of the second chapter of this work will be found worthy of the closest study. It treats of the classification of prints, and explains the technicalities of the art. In the third we have warnings and helps for the detection of those thousand and one impostures which mercenary venders are marvellously skilled in perpetrating. Afterwards come dissertations on prices and their data, and how much these are influenced by adventitious circumstances. To the practical man this book will be found to contain much lucrative information, since it teaches the best mode of securing prints, of preserving them, of avoiding the modes which are in disrepute among collectors, and of doing all things in an orthodox way; but more especially the most effectual processes of cleaning soiled and damaged prints. Keeping, mounting, edging, cornering, binding, all receive due attention; and though to the uninitiated these things may seem to be trivialities, yet as they materially affect the pecuniary value of an engraving, they much deserve the attention of the collector. It would, however, be vain for us to attempt summing up the various classes of information which the work contains, all relevant to the subject, and full of interest. The account of marks and monograms displays great research, and the antiquary as well as the collector will acknowledge his obligation for the accumulated instances in the plates of illustration. This is indeed a curious feature in the work. Though abounding in information, being written without formality or constraint, and full of enlivening anecdote, this will be found a most agreeable volume for general perusal, but for the collector we must pronounce it indispensable. We turn to the volume.

"If now, with reference to these several heads, we compare prints with the various other descriptions of works of art which form subjects for collections, it will appear that in almost every item the former will be found to have the advantage. As to the articles of greater cost and greater bulk, pictures, statues, marbles, comparison on any of the first four heads above enumerated is unnecessary. One first-class picture would purchase every purchaseable print that it is desirable to possess. A suite of apartments is necessary in one case for a hundredth part of the number for which, in the other, one small cabinet would be sufficient. Pictures, statues, marbles, must stand exposed to all the sweepings and dustings of the rooms and furniture, the smoke of chimneys, and the alternate damps and dryness of the atmosphere; and they must remain as fixtures, immoveable but with assistance and with much trouble and derangement. Coins and medals, engraved gems, antiquities, and other articles of vertu, may each compete with prints, some in one, some in another of the advantages claimed for the latter, but none of them in all.

"With respect to the fifth head of distinction, the ascertainment of value, the subject of price will be noticed hereafter: meantime suffice it to call to recollection this single consideration, namely, that every picture, or marble, or gem is unique, and has therefore no fellow wherewith to

make direct comparison, and thus estimate the value; whereas of prints, there are generally speaking many of the same, and there will always be, except in some instances which are too rare to affect the observation, other prints from the same plate, of the same quality, in the same state, which can be referred to, whereby to fix very distinctly what the proper price should be, an advantage which cannot be had where the article is unique.

"But the sixth head is the essential point on which every other subject of collection lies, with respect to prints, at a prodigious disadvantage, and that is the comparative certainty, in the case of prints, of ascertaining the genuineness of the article, contrasted with the impossibility, in every one of the other departments, of having that entire and gratifying satisfaction which arises from the full assurance that every article is undoubtedly what it professes to be. Where is there a collection of pictures, or of marbles, gems, medals, coins, or curiosities, or any article indeed of vertu, unless it be prints, the proprietor of which, if he be at all sensitive on such a matter, can receive the visit of a stranger connoisseur of acknowledged judgment, without some feeling of apprehension that a doubt may be suggested here, and a suspicion insinuated there, tending to put the possessor out of conceit with some one or other of his favourite specimens? This anxious misgiving must arise on every similar occasion, and be ever operating as a serious drawback to the gratification which a collector hopes, and is entitled to enjoy from the exhibition of his stores. Where is the picture, or how often is a picture seen, of which artists and connoisseurs will be unanimous in opinion that it is a genuine work of the master, and if so, that it is pure as it came from his easel; that it is not damaged, or mended, or painted over, or worked upon, or injured by injudicious cleaning or varnishing?

"Stories are told of artists, more ingenious than honest, who have so skilfully copied a picture, to which they have been allowed access for the purposes of study, that they have ventured to substitute their copy for the original, and have succeeded in the bold attempt, and carried the latter away in exchange. In like manner, though not to the same extent, because the subjects are of rarer occurrence, doubts are frequently entertainable of the authenticity of a statue or like ancient work; and even as early as the age of Michael Angelo, a daring artist ventured to trifle with the cognoscenti of his day, producing as antique a fragment of a work of his own, purposely mutilated, and of which he had concealed the remainder, and having enjoyed the admiration bestowed on his deception, produced the evidence which he had reserved for the purpose of proving the inadequacy of connoisseurship to protect himself from imposition.

"To prints nothing of this sort attaches. True it is, that of nearly all important prints of ancient masters there exist copies, deceptive copies as they are admitted to be. And there are retouched plates, and repaired impressions; but these matters will be further alluded to hereafter. Meantime, let it suffice to observe, that though these do exist, they do not prevail in the same manner or degree as in the other departments, nor so as ever to create one moment's apprehension in the mind of a judicious collector, that he has in his portfolio a single print which is other than what he believes it to be.

"Certainly, ignorance is ever liable to be deceived, especially when accompanied by conceit and self-confidence. Hudson, the portrait painter, the master of Sir Joshua, was so fortunate as to obtain a fine impression of the very rare etching by Rembrandt, called the coach landscape. On occasion of this acquisition he gave a supper to his amateur friends, at which to display his purchase. Benjamin Wilson, his brother painter, who had a good judgment in this branch of art, and knew that Hudson had very little, though affecting great enthusiasm for it, amused himself at his expense. He etched a plate in the style of Rembrandt, and sent an

impression to Paris, and circulated a report at home, that there had been discovered in France a print by Rembrandt hitherto unknown, and apparently a companion to the coach landscape; that money had been offered for it for the king's collection, but the proprietor meant to bring it to England for sale. Hudson hereupon, to anticipate his English friends, hasted over to Paris and bought the print. On his return he collected all his amateur friends in London to a second supper, given especially for the purpose of receiving their congratulations, and which he received accordingly. Very shortly after this the whole of the party, and Hudson with them, were invited to a supper at Wilson's. When all were introduced to the supper-table every plate was found turned down, and on the guests lifting them, behold under every one appeared an impression of the unhappy companion of the coach landscape, and under Hudson's plate lay the money that he had paid to Wilson's confederate in Paris for the purchase.

A Plan to Abolish Duelling.

Concurring as we do with the utmost and most entire sincerity in our author's honest indignation against a practice which at best can only be considered as a remnant of the barbarity of gone by days, we have real pleasure in calling the attention of the public to every plan offering a hope of its mitigation, and much more to one which sets itself to overturn the evil altogether. Even if the press of the country be unable to carry more stringent, immediate remedial measures, it has it at least in its power to influence in a large degree public opinion,—and as public opinion is, in this instance, the tyrant sovereign which goads men on to the perpetration of a crime disgraceful at once to the religion and refinement of the era in which we live, such an influence may finally accomplish that which the laws of the land cannot reach against it. Our author's views of the evils resulting to social society from the existing system are clear, and only too well authenticated in the domestic sorrows of many an unhappy family who may have to trace its bitterest sorrows of heart, and the saddest destitution of life, to this heinous sin against society. It is in vain for the government to legislate, whilst they who make the laws break them with impunity, asserting in their own persons a species of aristocracy in crime which, like all the other dogmas of fashion, is sure to be followed by a host of imitators. The higher classes are always endeavouring by their conduct to assert that the laws have only been made for their inferiors, and it is difficult in these days of pride to find one man willing to consider himself as the inferior of another. Public opinion, then, is the great motive-power which the philanthropists who oppose duelling must seek to influence. If this can be brought to bear against the practice, we may rejoice in emancipation from the murderous tyranny. Our author does well, when he calls upon the press to second the work. The press is a mighty engine, and could never be brought to bear more worthily than in a case like this. We feel that the public ought to be deeply indebted to the author of this essay for the thoughtful care with which he has considered the subject, as well as for the promulgation of a plan for its subversal. The idea may have been suggested before, but it has never been brought before the world with so entire a detail

of regulation as to fit it for immediate operation. But we feel it due to our author to allow him to speak in his own words, and we therefore allot him all the space we can command.

"We have now three important points which, without assuming overmuch, I think, I may call conceded—viz. the unreasonableness of duelling, its inefficiency, and the necessity for some institution, less exceptionable, in the place of it; and it only remains for me to propose the substitute. For this salutary purpose a COURT OF HONOR at once presents itself; a species of judicature which has certainly been contemplated and recommended before, but one which has never been gone into in detail, for the purpose of demonstrating the ease with which it might be established, and the certainty with which it might be rendered efficacious. Men have exclaimed, that such a court sounds well in theory, but that its decrees would be mere dead letters as to practice; and this dictum seems to have been acquiesced in by the rest, without any adequate inquiry into the extent of its correctness. I think it the easiest part of a question, the whole of which I have found sufficiently easy, to prove the contrary of the foregone assertion; that is, to prove that nothing could more easily be reduced to practice than the following theory of a Court of Honor. Of such a court, in the first place, all our laws upon the subject are already in favour; for both our civil and our military codes unqualifiedly and penally denounce the practice of duelling; therefore the government would find no difficulty in insuring full effect to the decrees of a Court of Honor, the same as to those of a court-martial; and as the army (the military and the naval bodies) is the school, and its members the almost natural guardians and arbiters of honor, it becomes nearly indisputable that if duelling were effectually abolished in the army, it would simultaneously cease throughout the rest of the community. I am justified, by the orders and enactments of both, in believing that the Sovereign and the Parliament are equally and naturally anxious to extirpate the ceremony of the duel from the land they govern; and a belief so justified, authorizes another (which flows, indeed, as a corollary from the first) namely, that the requisite legal authority to enforce its decisions and perform its other functions, would be readily bestowed by both these powers, on any new tribunal which, in other respects, appeared, to their united wisdom, to be of unexceptionable construction. I am happy to think that, save in name merely, a Court of Honor would not be a new, nor hitherto an unauthorised tribunal; for a military reader must be well aware that a court-martial is considered, in the Articles of War, on the subject of quarrels and challenges, as the proper tribunal for deciding upon all such matters between military officers, who are, (in vain, it is true, but yet who strictly *are*) prohibited from sending, carrying, or accepting challenges, on pain of being cashiered for the transgression. So that my proposition innovates no further than to have a court expressly for a purpose to which long experience has shown a court-martial not to be equal, and yet for which all agree in thinking that an effectual provision should be made. Nothing will be necessary, as far as regards the army, beyond an additional section in the Mutiny Act, followed up in the Articles of War, authorising commanding officers of divisions, fleets, brigades, ships, regiments, or detachments, to assemble, when necessary, a 'Court of Honor,' for the purpose of investigating and deciding upon all disputes, affronts, &c., which take place between any of the officers; and so summary should the checks upon duelling be, that the said commanding officers should be empowered at once to suspend from pay and duty any officer who either refused to attend the summons of the court, submit implicitly and instantly to its decree, or presumed to take any measures whatever for redress, other than those which should

regularly be awarded. It will not at all do to make a law which may be trifled with or evaded; for we have experience enough of the futility of such rules in the little use the present ones are of, which, though most strictly and severely worded, are yet rendered nugatory by being so infrequently, so laxly, and so partially enforced. The regimental or detachment Court of Honor should be composed of the three officers next in rank to the one in command, (where one of the three was not a party to the dispute,) and it should have all the power as to evidence, &c. already possessed by the existing military courts of justice. From the nature of the cases which would come under its cognizance, it should necessarily have the power of decreeing dismissal from the service; and an offence of so flagrant a nature as to merit that award, under the new arrangement, would not be likely, and certainly ought not to be eventually screened from the penalty by the confirming authority; for it is barely possible to conceive how an individual thus sentenced by a Court of Honor, in consequence of an outrage on its nicest laws, could ever be deemed worthy of re-instatement in the army."

Such is the outline which our author presents, which he goes on to complete, but which our space does not allow us to extract. We can only refer our readers to his pages, and wish him good speed in his philanthropic labours.

Philological Proofs of the Original Unity and Recent Origin of the Human Race. Derived from a Comparison of the Languages of Asia, Europe, Africa, and America. Being an Inquiry how far the differences in the Languages of the Globe are referrible to causes now in operation. By ARTHUR JAMES JOHNES, Esq.

It is always with feelings of real satisfaction that we note the efforts of capable and talented men to combine the issues of revelation and science. To a cursory and incompetent observer there may appear contradiction in those results, but to the mind of stronger powers and deeper research, the unity of the authorship of nature and revelation must ever be apparent. We believe that in the fullest sense the ways of science are the ways of God, and we rejoice when we see those lines of wisdom traced up to their source. The various sciences all lead to this one centre, and in this work we find the skill of the linguist made to contribute to this one great end. Mr. Johnes has founded his argument on the conviction that the primitive language is the root of all others, and that it may be traced throughout every existing vernacular. Following the reasoning of Grotius, who, referring to the first form of speech, says, "That language, the Hebrews say, is the same as theirs,—the Syrians say it is the same as theirs. It may be asserted, with more truth, that the primitive language is not extant in a pure state anywhere, but that its *remains exist in all languages.*" On this foundation does our author rest his able arguments, tracing out, with a degree of industry and research which entitle him to the highest praise, correspondences in the words of different nations, which demand some solving hypothesis if they be not resolvable into arguments in favour of his position. We believe with

him, that words must have been descriptive before they became conventional, and that a language expands and adapts itself in the same ratio with the developement of civilization, thus furnishing a species of chronology by which we may arrive at some approximation to truth of the date first of communities and then of the earth itself. The arguments which Mr. Johnes adduces in support of this doctrine are both ingenious and industrious. His endeavour is to prove that "all existing languages, when viewed separately, are *fragmentary and irregular.* But when a wide and extensive comparison is instituted, the 'disjecta membra' are found to reunite, and the irregularities to disappear!" But we refer to our author's own words.

"Assuming the various languages of the Globe to have been derived from one Original Speech, it will be established that the formation of numerous distinct languages from that one Primitive Tongue admits of a complete explanation, by means of causes of which the agency can be traced within the range of the Historical era. The influence of those causes will be shown within a limited period of time to have produced dialects which display—not a *destruction*—but a *dispersion* of the elements of the Parent languages from which *they are known to have arisen.* In other words, these dialects manifest the *same relative features* as are exhibited by those languages which were formed *anterior to the period of History.* The only distinction is, that in the latter case the differences are more numerous and extensive—a result which is obviously a necessary consequence of a longer period of time.

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"In these pages are embodied proofs, from Language, of the two following propositions:—1. That the various nations of our Globe are descended from one Parent Tribe. 2. That the introduction of the Human Species into the system to which it belongs, cannot be referred to an epoch more ancient than the era indicated as the date of that event by our received systems of chronology.

"These propositions, of which the Philological evidence is developed in this volume, are supported not only by the testimony of History, Sacred and Profane, but also by the highest Scientific authorities."

Here then is our author's position, which he supports with every deducible argument. From his ideas of the origin of that primitive language which is the foundation of his views we must however differ. We believe Adam to have been created in the full perfection of his faculties. It seems derogatory to that work which the Divine Being on inspection pronounced to be "*good,*" (the term has a high signification, which in its familiar use we are apt to overlook,) to imagine that the great father of our race was left to learn the use of that faculty which so eminently marks his separation from the inferior existences from imitation of those lower creations. But while dissenting from them, we give our author's views on this subject.

"In its infancy, Language was metaphorical, but it was directly Imitative of surrounding objects at its birth! Hence, as will now be explained, another source of the synonymes in which Human Tongues abound!

"Did man derive his language from the direct instruction of his Creator, or from the natural exercise of those faculties with which he has been endowed? For the former opinion no argument, either Scriptural or Philosophical, has ever been advanced. In favour of the latter, proofs

deducible from Language, Analogy, and the actual features of the Human Mind, conspire.

"In the Hebrew, and other ancient languages, Man's first imitative efforts are distinctly traceable, and as we ascend from modern to earlier eras in the history of Human Tongues, and extend our comparison by including within its range a greater number of kindred dialects, we shall find—not only the features of a descriptive or metaphorical character, as already noticed—but also the vestiges of an imitative origin progressively increase. Thus, for example, the English words for two common birds, the 'Owl' and the 'Crow,' have no other effect on the ear than that of mere arbitrary or conventional terms; they have been too much abbreviated any longer to suggest distinctly the source from which they have sprung. But in the Swedish 'Ul-u-la,' and the Sanscrit 'Ul-u-ka,' the reiterated screams of 'the bird of night' are plainly mimicked, as is the harsh guttural croak of the crow in the German 'Krähe!'

"Those writers who have espoused, and those who have impugned, the conclusion that language is the natural fruit of the endowments which have been conferred on our species, have, for the most part, mutually assumed that conclusion to be irreconcilable with the common origin of the different nations and languages of the globe. Each ancient sept, they take for granted, must in that case be inferred to have had a distinct origin, and to have invented a distinct language for itself. But there is no necessary connexion between the premises and the conclusion. All nations may have emanated from one parent sept, and all languages may have sprung from one parent tongue, and yet the parent speech may, notwithstanding, have been the product of Man's own native energies in the earliest era of his existence! Our species may have been invested with the faculty of constructing a language adequate to meet all its first wants, and yet that faculty may have been exercised but once!

"The conclusion adopted above is supported by the dictates of Analogy, as traceable in the instance of provisions made for wants analogous to those which language is calculated to supply. Destined to pass successively through various phases of civilization, and to push his colonies into every clime and country, Man required and has received, both in his physical and mental constitution, powers of adaptation that enable him to conform to those marvellous changes which are incident to his condition as a Progressive Being. His first infantine feelings are expressed by imitations of surrounding objects, and as his higher moral and intellectual faculties are developed, they find utterance in metaphors derived from the organs of sensation. In those advances which he was mysteriously intended to make from age to age, he would have been fettered and not aided by the gift of an immutable language! His wants in this respect have been more wisely provided for by the power which has evidently been conferred upon him of framing in the first instance a language calculated to express his earliest wants as they successively arose, and of subsequently moulding it to suit the emergencies of his condition."

In closing our notice of this work, we can only say that while dissenting from some of his deductions, we consider the author entitled to high commendation for the industry of research and the power of mental combination which he has manifested. He has done his part towards proving that philology, as well as geology, bears testimony to the truth of revelation.

Chatsworth; or the Romance of a Week. Edited by the Author of "Tremaine," "De Vere," &c.

We regret to say that the deleterious fashion of authors of celebrity

lending their names to a title-page, under the character of "Editor," is not only yet lingering on, though in disrepute amongst us, but has also found a follower in Mr. Ward, the well-known author of "Tremaine." We are sorry to see this mode of introductory sponsorship, which is so frequently nothing more than a *ruse* to excite public interest by the mere confusion of identity which it creates, sanctioned by this gentleman. Author and Editor are most generally one and the same individual; and though there may be cases of exception, yet ninety-nine times out of every hundred it is the real parent who is ushering in his literary offspring, though under the semblance of mere adoption. Mr. Ward, however, disclaims this consanguinity; his name graces the title-page alone; and though it is clearly apparent that the real author is under no slight amount of obligation to him for the currency thus given to the work, we are not quite so sure that the public ought to be equally grateful. The impression that this new production, with its aristocratic title, and its well-known and highly-estimated name, was in truth a genuine emanation from the elevated and refined mind of Mr. Ward himself, procured it an immediate audience of the world: the standard of his genius immediately became the measurement of its merits; and thus has this new debutant erected for himself a tribunal before which few could stand. But as comparisons are proverbially ungracious things, we will wave them, and passing over our strong objections to this species of editorship, which does but at once confuse and mislead the public mind, we proceed to consider the work on the sole footing of its own deserts.

Chatsworth then opens with a piece of introductory writing, which we at once candidly confess we mistook for the produce of Mr. Ward's own hand; we say *mistook*, because whilst we think it worthy of his pen, we believe that its merit belongs solely to the author. Carrying us through the splendid scenery which conducts to the fair domain of Chatsworth, the power of descriptive portraiture is ample, glowing, gorgeous. The richest hues of painting seem to spread themselves around us: the melting radiance of aëriel tints, and the thousand hues of the earth's verdure, associate together in a sublime and tranquil harmony. The multitude of evanescent graces which fluctuate over the fair face of nature, momentarily changing the aspect of her loveliness, are fairly caught by the author's spirit, and impressed in his words. We are thus led to "Chatsworth," introduced into its splendid altitudes, and made to feel that the very air is impregnated with an aroma of exclusiveness, aristocracy, and refinement. The group assembled in the far-famed castle of the Peak, are of course the *élite* of society. Every individual there has gained an *entrée* through the *sesame* of fashion or of talent. The cumbrous magnificence of wealth appears robbed of its imposing weight in that *spirituel clique*. In this exclusive coterie it is that matters of literature are canvassed. The House, not of Commons, but of Taste, sits in Committee. The form of the modern novel is canvassed. Its arbitrary measurement disputed, and an axiom laid down, that the duration of a tragedy should be taken as a legitimate standard. We allow that three volumes have become the established *quantum* of works of fiction, but we are also of opinion that a custom generally grows out of, if not a necessity, at least an expediency.

Two volumes scarcely satisfy an excited interest; four overleap it, and therefore three, the gifted number, has become the established order. It would, however, be absurd to say, that whatever the passion or plot to be developed, an arbitrary duration was incumbent upon all alike, (though in assuming the tragedy as a standard this arbitration would seem to be established,) since a narrative ought certainly to be measured by its matter. Thus, then, it would seem to us to remain an open question, the present practice being on the side of expediency—an expediency considerably strengthened as a matter of business, though business would have had a wonderfully *outré* sound in the gorgeous halls of "Chatsworth," where only matters of taste and talent were canvassed or deemed admissible; but still it is *business* that gives the motive power to the very wheels of the world; and it must be confessed that when, as is generally the case, a publisher embarks large capital with a fair expectation of profitable proceeds, the form most likely to ensure him disbursement should be left open and available. Some of the imperative expenses of publishing are as compulsory on the smallest form of a work as on the largest, while it is apparent that the profits can bear but a relative proportion to its size. The fees of introduction for a dwarf in literature are as heavy as those for a giant. It will not do for us to be told that an assemblage of smaller pieces swell out to a large one. That a number of tales, the length of the legitimate drama, may be brought into the exact form and duration of a three-volume novel, so that the publisher's interest may receive its due consideration. Experience tells us, that many minor interests cannot take the place of one; that collections of tales are never so acceptable to the general reader as a continuous narrative; and that, therefore, in combating an hydra, it may after all be possible that our author has been tilting only with an hydra of the imagination.

Such utilitarian considerations were, however, undreamt of in the atmosphere of "Chatsworth." Ledgers, with their formal columns, not of Corinthian but of pounds, shillings, and pence, would have looked but unsightly things in that library, which seemed but the court of the Muses; no whispers of the expense of printing, and paper, and advertisements, broke upon the charmed atmosphere. The refined circle there unanimously agreed that novels of three volumes were monstrosities, and this conclave of Olympus forthwith decreed that the form should be abolished. That all literary progenies should be stretched on the bed of Patroclus, and that henceforth the children of the imagination should have but one stature. The imperial nod (we doubt whether it has yet shaken the world) was given, and to commence the abolition of the fashion each individual of the party agreed to produce a fiction which should realize the *ideal* of perfection established amongst them. The tales thus produced form the "Romance of a Week." The feeling that has produced them has had a lingering longing after the fictions of an olden time. They appeal to a gone-by day of imaginativeness, and as we must needs all feel that this is a world of change, and that that which delighted us yesterday, charms, alas! no more to-day, so do we doubt the ability of the public to reassume a departed interest, or the power of authorship to revivify a

defunct spirit in literature. Some objection we might also make to the want of novelty confessed in these tales, they being avowedly derived some from one source and some from another, Shakspeare himself, also a borrower, being borrowed from. In our honest estimation, the powers of the author have been best elicited in the introductory portion of the work, which is characterized both by fine taste and fine writing; and from this we select an extract—the Duke of Devonshire's Toy village—one of those futile speculations in which the shallow emptiness of artificial life is shown by its total insufficiency to supply the place of honest rugged truthful nature.

"Entering the Edensor gate of the Park, we cannot choose but be arrested, after the first few paces, by glimpses, through a pair of spacious iron gates on our right, of a scene which is unique in its way. Having looked upon it for the space of ten minutes, with impressions made up of a mystified mixture of doubt, curiosity, and a sort of uneasy pleasure which half persuades us to call it pain, we inquire of ourselves (there being nobody else at hand) *what* it is that we look on. Is it a scene in a play? Has the Duke, ever 'on hospitable thoughts intent,' been getting up Love in a Village, *al fresco*, for the amusement of his guests, and is this the 'scenery and decorations' of it left standing, ready for a second performance?

"The pleasant chimes of a little church that rises above us on the left, as we stand gazing, answer distinctly, No! And we must believe them: for that exquisite little temple of Christian worship is evidently 'a true thing,' whatever the cluster of what look like human dwellings, if it were not that human creatures of the ordinary height could almost look down their delicate chimneys, while standing on their diminutive lawns; which latter, being studded here and there with miniature flower-beds, look like so many embroidered velvet waistcoat-pieces, spread out for choice!

"Hark! a whistle from behind yonder green upland! As it does not cause the whole affair to split into two equal parts, and, moving away by some invisible agency, church and all, give place to something else, that whistle cannot be the prompter's, and what we look upon is not one of the scenic illusions we at first took it for. What else, then, may it be? and to what end designed? The gate of entrance is open; there is nobody to say us nay; we will enter, and examine the scene a little more closely.

"A broad, gravelled, carriage-road, but without a single mark of carriage-wheel to impeach the perfection of its level, leads windingly up a gentle ascent, either side of it being bounded by a raised footway of green smooth-shaven turf, immediately adjoining the inner extremity of which rise the fanciful trellised boundaries, no two alike in pattern, of certain diminutive dwellings, no one of which has anything in common with its neighbour, except the marked resemblance that each and all of them bear to the pretty plaster of Paris lighthouses that the Italian image-boys carry about London streets on their heads.

"Looking at each of these fairy habitations separately, you fancy yourself peering, with one eye, through the peep-hole of those ingenious show-boxes by which certain house beautifiers in Old Bond Street inveigle the unwary a long way from home 'in search of the picturesque.' Looking at the whole together, you may fancy them the deserted domiciles (got together by some strange magic,) of all those youthful visionaries of the last London season, who commenced their married life with ideal-ities about 'love in a cottage,' and, being unable to afford it, corrected their error before the end of the honeymoon.

"And yet the unsullied brightness of every window, the immaculate whiteness of every drapery within, the preservation of every flower and

leaf without, not to mention the blue smoke that rises gracefully from the graceful chimneys of some few of these dwellings, forbid all idea of desertion. We must guess again.

"Perhaps, then, the singular scene on which we look is the last best work—the *opus magnum*—(carried into effect by the favour of his friend the Duke)—of a certain Prince Prettyman of the May Fair coteries of the last century, who, having come to his fortune after long waiting for it, felt that he must die immediately, (as every body does under such circumstances,) and being determined not to do so without benefiting *his species*, hit upon this method, in the shape of alms-houses for decayed dandies.

"The guess is a happy one: but it evidently misses the mark. Were it as you suppose, the drawing-room window of each domicile (it being a soft summer's evening) would present the velvet-capped head, leaning on the jewelled hand, of its respective occupant,—as that of *poor* Brummel ever did under the circumstances, when he lodged over the little bookseller's shop in the Rue Royale at Calais, whereas here, there is no track or sign of human or any life; all is silent and motionless as the villages we wander through in dreams.

Yet not so. See! the window-sill (till now vacant,) round which cluster those lovely roses of Provence and honey-suckles of England, is occupied by a snow-white cat. Can it be? Have we at last found or lost our way to the long-sought domain of the transformed princess in the prettiest of fairy tales? Instead of being, as we fancied ourselves, close to Chatsworth Palace, are we 'fifteen thousand miles from everywhere?' as Planché's pretty version of the tale intimates that fairy residence to be situated.

"Reader or spectator of the unique scene that has so inopportunely stopped us in our progress, thy conjectures as to its use or destination would never hit the mark, shouldst thou guess till doomsday.

"You give it up?

"Learn, then, that this romance in stucco is neither more nor less than a real village, inhabited by real peasants and labourers, who, like other peasants and labourers, 'live by bread,' (ay, and bacon too, 'though by your smiling you would seem to doubt it);' getting that bread and bacon by the sweat of their brow; growing their own cabbages and potatoes, (somewhere out of sight); brewing their own beer; marrying, multiplying, and performing all the other offices of ordinary men and women in the like station.

"But no—the blank silence that reigns everywhere throughout this seemingly favoured spot, even now that the labours of the day are over, proclaims something apart from ordinary village life—something, if not wrong, *too right*, about this rural La Trappe—where the men, and the women too, seem to have forgotten how to talk, the dogs how to bark, the cats how to mew, and even the birds how to sing: and as for the little children, they have evidently never come to their tongue at all—a 'hush!' or an upheld finger, being the extent of their intercourse with their parents and with one another!

"Secondly, the pattern village of Edenson is the prettiest idea imaginable—on paper; and there it is that the Duke must alone have contemplated it, before carrying the design of his architect into effect; or his fine natural taste would have predicted the almost painfully artificial result.

"The case is simply this: on the spot at present occupied by the model village of Edenson, there not long ago stood (within the very precincts of the park) a squalid hamlet; comprising the usual amount of tumbledown cottages, reeking dung-heaps, dreary duck-ponds, draggletailed mothers, dowdy daughters, dirty-faced children, and all the accompanying ills and eyesores that English poverty is heir to; not forgetting the usual proportion of those amiable inventions of modern legislation, where boor and

beer are 'licensed to be druuk on the premises:'—in short, a very blotch upon the fair aristocratic face of Chatsworth, an unwholesome, unsightly eruption, for which, all ordinary modes of treatment being tried in vain, there was none left but the empirical one, of *driving the disease inwards;* and this, by the shallow counsel of the estate's physician, the good, kind, and generous Duke has adopted; little guessing the fatal result upon the patient, and as little likely to learn it from *that* quarter as from any other—seeing that the disease we are dying of is always the last to which we believe ourselves liable. The least reputable and tractable of the quondam inhabitants of Edenson have been relegated to a village about a mile off, erected purposely for them by the Duke; and the *élite* have been installed in this *beau-ideal* of a village, at an almost nominal rent, but under a tenure, the conditions of which may be guessed from what we have observed while looking on this prettiest and most plausible of mistakes—which can only be described by negatives. It has no shops, no smithy, no 'public,' no pound, no pump; no cage, no stocks; no quoits; no single-stick, no wrestling, no kite-flying, no cricketing, no trap-ball, no pitch and toss, no dumps; no shouting, no singing, no hallooing, no squabbling, no tittle-tattle, no scan—yes! one thing the miserable denizens of this 'happy village' have gained, in vice of their elevation in the scale of social life: they may scandalise each other to their hearts' content! And it is to be hoped they do so: for what is left but scandal, to those whose lives must be conducted in a whisper?"

Life of Munden. By His Son.

It is an unquestionable fact that the interests of the drama are losing their hold upon the public mind. Whether this failing taste for theatrical exhibition is a sign of the times, or furnishes us with an intimation that the tone of stage fiction is not in keeping with public feeling, would be difficult to decide. In casting a retrospective glance over the range of dramatic history, we believe that hitherto these productions have reflected as in a mirror the tone of the society through which they have progressed, and we cannot but congratulate ourselves on the palpable improvement manifest at least on the surface of the morals of our community, as evidenced in that improving tone displayed in the current theatrical exhibitions: whether or not their present failure is a sign that much still remains offensive, that a higher tone of morality demands a still more stringent purification, that the auxiliaries of the theatre are offences against the decencies of public propriety, and that, while much has been done, much also remains to be done, is a question well worthy of serious attention, for undoubtedly the stage might, with judicious care, be rendered not only the redresser of minor abuses in fashions and manners, but a wholesome teacher both to heart and mind. The follies and frivolities of the world come fairly under its censorship, and in no way could a more effective leaning towards the right and the good be inculcated than by the medium of an instruction made potent through its own attractiveness. The difficulty and inefficiency of reproof has always mainly laid in its repulsiveness; the drama might be found to charm even whilst condemning. Perhaps amongst the greatest of the evils which has

prevailed in the tone of its representations has hitherto been the injury done by it to our domestic feelings. The tenderness and sanctity of the nearest relationship of life have been continually violated. Instead of drawing closer together the links of social union, and throwing the weight of its interest into the scale of domestic affections, the drama has too often shed a poison into the paternal home. Parents, in whom the Author of our nature has planted the fullest, the deepest, and the most disinterested of all love, have been painted as tyrants, whom it was delightful to deceive, and profligates, who deserved nothing but loathing and aversion, and from whom pure-minded women must have shrunk with pain and repugnance, are made to be preferred to all that should be held dear and sacred. The influence of this subtle mischief in drawing away the hundred pure and sparkling rills of home affections into one cataract passion, of engendering the craving for some rhapsodical episode in life, for diverting the mind from all the interests of surrounding avocations, for raising a false *ideal*, the desire for which leaves nothing but discontent for the *actual*— these are a few of the evils that, perhaps in a mitigated form, still leave the stage open to objection, and still call urgently for that regeneration of its nature which might make it not only a pure and high moral school, but a delightful and unimpeachable source of recreation to the mind.

But we turn from these observations to this volume of the biography of Munden. Those of our readers who take an interest in that *dramatis personæ* of talent whose days of glory have but just departed, will find an interest in perusing this record of the comedian furnished by his son. Not that they will find so much of the private life of Munden as of a gleaning of anecdotes which embrace the doings of himself and his contemporaries. True it is that the lives of men whose energies point exclusively to one object of ambition usually afford but little diversity of interest. Thus, it follows, that the details of this volume belong more to the profession in general, than to the individual in particular. Although written by his son, the author has drawn but little on his private resources, and, in fact, that near relationship between the biographer and his subject seems entirely lost sight of, as, when commenting on his character, he speaks of parsimony as a leading feature, and is jocular on the physiognomy of an old umbrella. For our own part, we know not whether the advantages or disadvantages resulting from the chronicler and the chronicled being of a kin are greatest. On the one hand, it is true that sources of information are far more abundant, as well as authentic; but, on the other, it might almost be unnatural to expect a perfect candour, or the unveiling of those domestic privacies which best display the man. From whatever cause, however, the result is unquestionably a paucity of matter in this volume immediately connected with the comedian. Its chief amusement consists in those scattered anecdotes which relate to the profession, and from these we cull a few.

From comparing the present with the past, we may certainly felicitate ourselves that some of the worse vices of society are going out of fashion.

" 'There were clubs at which fines were inflicted on every member who

was not drunk when the sittings were closed;—whist clubs, where the members sate up to their knees in rejected packs of cards, curtains being drawn between their faces to conceal any expression of disappointment at a bad hand. This practice is said to have been introduced in consequence of Mr. Fox losing a large sum of money by the cards being reflected on the bright surface of some large steel buttons which he wore. One of these card clubs had a singular constitution. It was called 'The Never-ending Club,' and the law was, that no one should quit the table until relieved by the arrival of a fresh member. Days passed, and even nights; and the fresh dawn beheld the *parti carré*, after a snore or two, commencing a new game. They did not—

> 'Carve at the meal
> With gloves of steel,
> And drink the red wine with their helmets barr'd,'

but they did 'carve at their meals' with dirty hands, which had so long thumbed the cards, and they 'drank the red wine,' with eyes half closed by exhaustion and the fever of gambling. We have lost much of the 'wisdom of our ancestors,' and this amongst the rest."

Here we have an amusing anecdote of Bannister:—

"At this period Munden took a house in Frith Street, Soho. His next door neighbour was his friend Jack Bannister. They were chosen parish constables. With the whimsicality that attaches itself to the profession, they waited on the vestry, and were excused, by urging that their authority would not be respected; as the constant habit of appearing as Dogberry and Verges rendered them too comical for anything but stage exhibition. They established a kind of club, which met alternately at their respective houses. The actors came in the dresses they had worn during the performance at the theatres. Amongst their visitors were Colman, Peter Pinder, O'Keefe, Lord Barrymore, and Captain Wathen. Here, Peter Pinder extemporised the following epigram on O'Keefe, after the dramatist had quitted the room:

> 'Some say, O'Keefe, that thou art a thief,
> And stealest half of thy works or more;
> But I say, O'Keefe, thou can'st not be a thief,
> For such stuff was ne'er written before.'

The supper consisted of rump steaks and mutton chops; and the author's revered mother told him that she never saw anybody eat with more appetite than the luxurious prodigal, Lord Barrymore. So it is. Sweets produce satiety. A royal epicure is said to have *fallen back* on mutton chops.

"The man in this society, who was most talked of at the time, was Lord Barrymore: he was one of a motley trio known by the nicknames of Newgate, Cripplegate, and Hellgate. His lordship was the first; his successor, the next lord, who was lame, the second; and the Honourable Augustus Barry, a clergyman, the third. The latter gentleman passed much of his time in prisons for debt. The two noblemen were both addicted to gambling; with this difference, that the first played to lose, and the second to win, and they both, by their several ways, succeeded in the attempt. The habit of extravagance was early fostered in Lord Barrymore. It is asserted that his grandmother, who doted on him, gave him when he went to Harrow a thousand pounds, just as a good-natured old woman would slip a crown piece into her darling's hands at parting. The freaks that this nobleman played have not been equalled in our days, so prolific in lordly riots; but it will always be the case, when young men of rank come early into possession of their vast estates without control.

The usurer supplies them at first with the ready means of folly, and when the rents are collected, there is no want of hangers on; the very excesses they commit enable those scoundrels to take them unawares, and secure their plunder.

"Among the ingenious expedients which Lord Barrymore invented to ruin himself was,—drawing straws from a truss with the Prince of Wales; the holder of the longest straw to receive £1,000. He gave a sumptuous entertainment at Ranelagh, to which it is said only himself and two other persons came; drove a tandem along the cliffs at Brighton, close to the declivity: it was one of those high tandems, which Sir John Lade brought into vogue, and from which Lady Lade used to step into the first floor window. At the theatre in that town he played Harlequin, and jumped through a hoop. He was a very good comic actor, as may be seen from the representation of him in Bell's Theatre, in Scrub, with Captain Wathen in Archer; and, with all his wildness, at bottom a man of sense and education. In a company where more than one literary man was present, it was proposed that each person should write an epigram, upon a given subject, within a very limited space of time, and Lord B. was the only one who accomplished it. He built a theatre at his seat at Wargrave, where he played with other amateurs and occasional professional assistance. The whole audience were afterwards entertained at supper. In stepping into his curricle to convey, as commanding officer of the militia in the district, some French prisoners from one depôt to another, he accidentally trod upon the lock of his carbine, and the contents lodged in his brain. He had not been many years of age, but he had contrived to dissipate an enormous fortune."

But turning to the heroine of the drama—

"The Hon. Lucretia M'Tab will hardly ever again have such a representative as Mrs. Mattocks. That lady had great gentility of manners, which she had acquired by frequent intercourse with the nobility: she was even admitted into the presence of royalty, and much regarded by Queen Charlotte. This requisite was not shared by her successors, who did not equal her in natural humour; in the latter quality, Mrs. Davenport came the nearest. The habit of paying deference to superiors in private life had induced in Mrs. Mattocks a reserved manner, which bore somewhat the appearance of hauteur. This put it into the head of some one of her waggish colleagues (I fear it was Munden) to play off the following trick during the rehearsal, when there was a large assemblage of performers in the green-room, as well as on the stage. Perceiving a pot-girl serving the scene-shifters with beer, the wag whispered something in her ear, and pointed to the green-room, at the upper end of which sat Mrs. Mattocks in stately dignity. Her consternation may be better imagined than described, when she beheld a little slatternly girl approach and tender something she had in her hand, exclaiming, in a shrill tone, 'A glass of gin and bitters for Mrs. Mattocks!' A loud laugh from the company made her sensible of the joke, and she very good-humouredly joined in the merriment.

"J. Aikin was a very nervous man, and it was Munden's amusement, when Aikin was engaged in the serious business of the stage, to catch his eye with an expression of countenance seeming to signify that his dress was disarranged, or that some other mishap had occurred, which kept poor Aikin in an agony of suspense until the scene was over. But Incledon was their prolific subject. His perpetual boasts furnished an ample theme. One about the quality of his voice, which he said had been improved by swallowing, in mistake, a quantity of train oil, provoked the sarcasm of Charles Bannister, (alluding to his ungraceful walk,) 'that he had better have swallowed a dancing-master.' He was actually persuaded to suck

something on the assurance that it was good for the voice; and even John Kemble forgot his dignity and joined in the recommendation. One day, at rehearsal, he boasted that he had at home such Madeira as could be found nowhere else; and, on some expression of doubt, dispatched a messenger to his house with the key of the cellar, desiring Mrs. Incledon to send a bottle from such and such a bin. The wine was brought and duly approved of; but Munden observing where Incledon deposited the key, picked his pocket, and told the messenger to return, with Mr. Incledon's love to his wife, for a second bottle, directing that it should be deposited in his own dressing-room. When apprised that all was ready, he said, 'Charles, your Madeira is very good, but I think I have some upstairs that will match it.' Other actors, in the secret, were invited to be umpires, and declared *nem. con.* that Munden's was the best; an opinion in which the vocalist himself joined."

And here we have the celebrated Beef-Steak Club.

"The Beef-Steak Club, held at the Piazza Coffee-house, had for its patron, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; for its president, the Duke of Norfolk; and its honorary secretary, Joseph Munden. The steaks were dressed in the room, and served up hot from the gridiron. The members presented to their secretary a silver goblet, with a suitable inscription, and the following lines from the pen of their poet-laureat, Tom Dibdin:—

> 'This token accept, and when from it you sip,
> Give a thought to those friends who implore most sincerely
> You may never find deceit 'twixt the cup and the lip,
> But prove Fortune, like Munden, kind, honest, and cheerly.'

The motto of the club was, '*Esto perpetuâ ad libitum*,' and they obeyed its directions. Among the members were Mr. Maberly and Mr. Const. Some were late sitters. A gentleman who is no more, but who was a partner in a banking firm in Lombard Street, was wont to say, that 'no man required more sleep than could be obtained in a hackney-coach between Hyde Park and Lombard Street;'—and he exemplified his precept by his practice. He seldom departed until necessity forced him. It was his duty, as junior partner, to open the iron safe in the morning, and he calculated the time of his journey into the city exactly. On arriving at the banking-house, he took a glass of vinegar and water, gave the key to the confidential clerk, and repaired to bed for an hour or two.

"The Duke of Norfolk, the chairman of the Beef-Steak Club, sat as long as he could see, but when the fatal moment of oblivion arrived, his confidential servant wheeled his master's arm-chair into the next room, and put him to bed. The duke frequently dined alone in the coffee-room. He ate and drank enormously; and though the landlords (Messrs. Hodgson and Gann) charged as much as they reasonably could, it is said they lost money by him. His mean apparel and vulgar appearance gave rise to various ludicrous mistakes. On one occasion, he desired a new waiter, to whom his person was not familiar, to bring him a cucumber. The order not being immediately attended to, he called to the waiter, who respectfully intimated that, perhaps, he was not aware that cucumbers were then very expensive. 'What are they?' said the duke. 'A guinea a-piece, sir.' 'Bring me *two*,' was the reply. The waiter went in dismay to the bar—'That shabby old man in the corner wants two cucumbers.' 'Take him a hundred if he asks for them,' said Mr. Hodgson."

It is on these and similar anecdotes that the Life of Munden must rest its claims of acceptableness with the public.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Artist's and Amateur's Magazine.—It is with real regret that we find the twelfth number of this work its final one. It deserved longevity, and that it has gone "to the tomb of the Capulets" is certainly a reproach to the public, and not to the editor. The manly candour with which Mr. Rippingille avows his failure sits more gracefully upon him than even the best success could have done. Without indulging in the slightest censure or reproach against those who have not estimated his endeavour as it deserved, he withdraws himself as a candidate for their favour, to the cultivation of an art which is its own reward. Public taste is not yet sufficiently cultivated for the reception of the metaphysics of art: a more popular form was needed, and this adaptation would necessarily have abased the perceptions of genius. Perhaps to familiarise the sublime may be an impracticable thing, as it certainly is an undesirable one. At all events, the effort to elevate the public mind, though it might prove a Quixotic crusade, was a worthy one, and the endeavour, though ending in disappointment, is as honourable in failure as in success. The Artist and Amateur's Magazine, having reached its dozenth number, will still, however, make a valuable volume, containing as it does many precepts of art and reflections on taste which will merit preservation and attention in every painter's *studio*.

The Pictorial History of England.—This most laborious and comprehensive work has now reached in its chronicles the comparatively recent date of the installation of the Prince Regent, on the unhappy occasion of George the Third's melancholy incapacity to govern. It would be difficult for us to do justice to the extensiveness of the scope of the plan of this great national history, embracing as it does so vast a scope of material. The civil and military transactions of the period, the aspect of religion, constitution, government and laws, the condition of national industry, the state of literature, science, and the fine arts, all meet an ample and diffusive description and consideration, whilst all who have won themselves celebrity by talents, genius, and application, are brought prominently forward, and the awards of their respective merits fairly assigned them. In such a scope as this, it will be seen that the biographies of these several celebrated individuals become an integral portion of the work, adding greatly to its interest as well as to its completeness. This publication deserves to take its place as a standard national history.

Knight's London.—This publication continues to deserve its popularity. Through its medium our country neighbours will learn more of the present as well as the past of our great metropolis than could have been attainable in any other way, whilst its citizens will acquire abundant details of information respecting localities which they may be daily investigating, ignorant of all but their present aspect. The pleasant, discursive, unaffected style of the author, makes perusal partake of the nature of an agreeable gossip, enriched with abundance of information, whilst the numerous engravings enable us usefully to realize what description might fail to express.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Baron's War, including the Battles of Lewes and Evesham. By W. H. Blaauw, Esq. Crown 4to. 15*s.*
The Old Dower House, a Novel. 3 vols. post. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* boards.
Wanderings in Spain in 1843. By M. Havery, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* cloth.
Peregrine Pulteney, or Life in India. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* boards.
The Life of Charles Follen. By E. L. Follen, post 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* cloth.
The Journal of a Wanderer, being a Residence in India and Six Weeks in North America. Fcap. 8vo. 6*s.* cloth.
Letters from America. By John Robert Godley. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16*s.* cloth.
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A Memoir of Mrs. Margaret Wilson. By J. Wilson, D.D. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cloth.
King Alfred, a Poem. By John Fitchet, edited by R. Roscoe. 6 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 3*s.* cloth.
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Schiller's Poems, Ballads, and Life, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* cloth.
Narrative of the Last Campaign in Affghanistan under General Pollock. By Lieut. Greenword, 1 vol. post 8vo. 12*s.* cloth.
The Miller of Deanhaugh. By James Ballantyne, 8vo. 8*s.* cloth.
Tales by a Barrister. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* cloth.
Cardinal de Retz. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* cloth.
The Queen's Visit to France and Belgium. 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

LITERARY NEWS.—Works in Progress.

Captain Jesse's Memoirs of Beau Brummell.—The announcement of this work as in progress, has caused, as might be expected, great interest, especially in those high circles in which he was so generally known. The inquiry now is, when will the work be ready? We believe at latest in a fortnight, perhaps earlier. A very large demand will no doubt await its appearance.

Mr. Rowcroft, whose "Tales of the Colonies" has risen into such extraordinary and deserved popularity, has just ready a new work, the title of which will excite high expectation; it is, The Man without a Profession. From such a subject, in such hands, vivid portraiture, and lessons of experience powerfully enforced, may naturally be anticipated. We understand the work is to be published in a day or two.

Such has been the demand for Lieutenant Ouchterlony's Chinese War, at home and abroad, that the first edition has been already taken off, and a second demanded. The second edition, by great exertions in the printing, will be ready for delivery with the Magazines.

Mr. Mills's new work, The English Fireside, may be expected to appear about the 20th. We promise ourselves the pleasure of giving it an early place among the critical notices of our next month's number.

THE PRINT COLLECTOR is just ready, and we have received an early copy. It is one of those sterling works which grow out of circumstances, and are invaluable when they do appear.

The first series of THE TALES OF A LAY BROTHER—NEVILLE'S CROSS—is now nearly ready. It is a work we understand of great promise.

Mr. Jameson's GUIDE TO THE PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES, will appear immediately after Easter.

The new edition of BOYLE'S COURT GUIDE, corrected to April, with the Members of both Houses of Parliament, will be published on the 5th instant.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

A considerable share of speculative business has been done in the Produce Markets, and merchants find little difficulty in disposing of goods. In most descriptions of articles a lively business has been done, with a tendency to enhanced prices. The demand for all ordinary counts of yarn and Manchester goods continues limited; the prices, however, have kept generally firm. A tolerably fair supply of English wheat has met with a slow though steady sale. The demand for foreign has been but partial, the prices being too high to tempt purchasers. From the overland mail bringing accounts that shipments are progressing slowly, a rise has taken place in Ceylon coffee. The West India markets remain nearly stationary, though with prices somewhat easier.

MONEY MARKET.—The object of principal interest to Bank holders during the month has been the projected reduction of the Three-and-a-half per Cents., which has been attended with considerable firmness in the Money Market. Most of the proprietors of the 18-18 Stock have given in their assent to the conversion. The report that the Five per Cent. Debt will be paid off has revived under the influence of this rumour. The Two-and-a-half per Cents. have maintained a price of two per cent. above par. Comparatively little business has been done in the Foreign Market, but prices have maintained their firmness.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 27th of March.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock for Acct. 200 one-half.—Consols for Acct. 98 seven-eighths.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 98 seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. New, 102 five-eighths.—Indian Stock, 292.—Exchequer Bills, 68s. 70s. pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 57 seven-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, 25 five-eighths.—Spanish Three per Cents. 36 one fourth.—Mexican Bonds, 36 one-eighth.—Dutch Five per Cent. 102.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEB. 27 TO MARCH 22, 1844, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 27.—C. B. **Bayley**, Abingdon, draper.—T. Hodson, Harrow, Middlesex, butcher.—W. H. Chaplin, Isworth, Essex, bricklayer.—W. Scott, Regent-street, wine merchant.—T. Greening, Worcester, surgeon.—T. Griffiths, Stoke-upon-Trent, draper.—G. Copage, Wolverhampton, victualler.—R. Paddon, Hartlepool, Durham, chemist.—E. Brass, Taunton, grocer.—J. Goss, Devonport, draper.

March 1.—R. J. Craneis, Maldon, Essex, butcher.—J. Lark, Seymour-street, Euston-square, boot and shoe maker.—M. Lopez, Crutched-friars, wine merchant.—J. J. Johnson, Maize-pond, Southwark, carpenter.—J. Watkinson, Maghull, Lancashire.—P. Murray, Manchester, travelling draper.—J. Hellewell, Salford, Lancashire, dyer.—R. Gent, Holme, Lancashire, traveller.—P. Jones, Bristol, grocer.—W. Batty, Kingston-upon-Hull, carrier.

March 5.—N. Blake, Edgeware-road, linen-draper.—C. M. Mottram, Friday-street, Cheapside, warehouseman.—W. Cheesman, J. Hodgson, and W. O. Cheesman, Brighton, chinamen.—W. R. Hawkes, Brighton, common brewer.—E. Tuck, Haymarket, silversmith.—J. Huggins, York-place, High-street, Portland-town, poulterer.—J. Tarver, Daventry, ironfounder.—C. J. Riddley, Little Creaton, Northamptonshire,

Innkeeper.—C. Conchman, Edward-square, Kensington, Middlesex, carpenter. — J. Joseph, Peter's-hill, Paul's-wharf, City, clerk to a bookkeeper.—H. Taylor, Bilston, Staffordshire, victualler.—J. Crump, Stanway, Gloucestershire, corn dealer.

March 8.—H. Edwards, Hertford, coal merchant. — T. Wilkinson, King-street, Holborn, bootmaker. — J. Barwick, Swan-with-two-Necks-yard, Great Carter-lane, livery stablekeeper.—G. Foord, Lenham, Kent, seed merchant.—J. and J. B. Montefiore, George-street, Mansion-house, merchants.—R. Barker, Manchester, druggist. — J. Douglass, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, rope manufacturer. — T. Brewer, Liverpool, flag dealer.—R. Lewis, Perrygroes, Flintshire, wine merchant. — J. Thomson and Co., Fenton Park, Staffordshire, iron manufacturers. — J. D. Payne and L. Rushton, Birmingham, farriers.

March 12.—J. Scholefield, Cheapside, cutler. —W. Smith, Straud, printer.—T. Adams, Newport, Isle of Wight, publican.—C. Eicke, Rotherhithe, iron rivet manufacturer.—A. Sparke, Jewin-crescent, Jewin-street, wine and spirit merchant.—W. Pott, Macclesfield, silk throwster.—T. Millar, Liverpool, hosier and draper. —R. Alsop, Manchester, grocer.—R. Crowder, West Auckland, Durham, iron founder.—W. Smith, Nottingham, smallwareman.—G. Wood, Ingram, Northumberland, banker.—G. Limbert, Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, shopkeeper.—C. A. Storey, Leeds, corn and flour merchant.

March 15.—J. Bell, Norwich, surgeon.—C. Savill, Romford, Essex, grocer.—T. R. Lubbock, Butcherhall-lane, Newgate-street, licensed victualler.—J. Foakes, Mitcham, Surrey, market gardener.—J. R. Jones, Newbridge, Monmouthshire, grocer.—A. Dakeyne, Bolton le-Moors, small-ware dealer. — J. Walkington, Leeds, joiner.—J. Wade, Birmingham, paper maker.—G. Carruthers, Coventry, draper.

March 19.—C. Staples, Southampton, milliner.—J. E. Ridout, Ringwood, Southampton, wool draper. —J. Deacon, Whitechapel-road, draper.—H. Goertz, New Windsor, Berkshire, upholsterer.—M. and R. Ramsay, Scotswood, Northumberland, paper manufacturers. — J. Finney, Woore, Shropshire, builder.—J. Howarth, Lee-mill, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—G. Harding, Carlisle, tea dealer.—W. P. Ward, Liverpool, grocer.

March 22.—W. Chapman, York-place, New-road, surgeon.—J. Gundry, Hampstead, shoemaker.—H. W. Hemsworth, Primrose-street, Bishopsgate-street, wine merchant.—J. Mews, Langley-place, Commercial-road East, confectioner.—F. Ford and F. R. Brocklehurst, Bow-lane, City, wholesale stationers.—R. Hurst, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.—J. Cowan, Penrith, linen and woollen draper.—T. F. Clark, Liverpool, draper.—H. S. Hewitt, Manchester, licensed victualler.—T. Hodgson, Greetta-bank, Yorkshire, brickmaker.—E. Rogers, Newport, Monmouthshire, fire brick manufacturer.—T. Shillito, Leeds, chemist.

NEW PATENTS.

R. Johnstone, of Baker Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of lamps for the combustion of naphtha, turpentine, and other resinous oils. Jan. 27th, 6 months.

H. V. Physick, of Bath, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements applicable to machinery for driving piles. Jan. 30th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for improvements in the preparation of caoutchouc or India-rubber, and in manufacturing various fabrics, of which caoutchouc forms a component part. Jan. 30th, 6 months. Communication.

E. W. Burrows, of Swinton Street, Saint Pancras, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of engines for producing and communicating motive-power by the elastic force of steam or by manual or animal labour. Jan. 30th, 6 months.

G. M. Clarke, of Albany Street, Regent's Park, Tallow Chandler, for improvements in night lights and in apparatus used therewith. Jan. 30th, 6 months.

W. L. Sargant, of Birmingham, for improvements in the manufacture of barrels for fire-arms. Jan. 30th, 6 months. Communication.

B. Buret, of Leicester Square, Merchant, and F. M. David, of the same place, Manufacturer of Gas Apparatus, for improvements in the manufacture of gas. Jan. 30th, 6 months.

J. Silcock, of Birmingham, Engineer, for certain improvements in planes. Jan. 30th, 6 months.

W. Fletcher, of Moreton House, Buckingham, Clerk, for certain improvements in the construction of locks and latches applicable for doors and other purposes. Jan. 30th, 6 months.

R. Hodgson, of Princes Street, Clapham Road, Surrey, Engineer, for improvements in propelling vessels and in the machinery for working the same. Feb. 2nd, 6 months.

W. Sangster, of Regent Street, Middlesex, Umbrella and Parasol Manufacturer, for improvements in umbrellas and parasols. Feb. 6th, 6 months.

B. Aingworth, of Birmingham, Gentleman, for certain improvements in manufacturing buttons for wearing apparel. Feb. 6th, 6 months.

T. Southall, of Kidderminster, Druggist, and C. Crudgington, of the same place,

Banker, for improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel. February 8th, 6 months.

J. Johnston, of Willow Park, Greenock, Esquire, for improvements in steam boilers. Feb. 8th, 6 months.

C. Nickels, of the York Road, Lambeth, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of crape or substitutes for crape. Feb. 8th, 6 months.

E. J. Coates, of Bread Street, Cheapside, Merchant, for improvements in apparatus for facilitating the reduction of fractures, dislocations of bones, and for maintaining the parts in their just positions. Feb. 8th, 6 months. Communication.

C. Wheatstone, of Conduit Street, Hanover Square, Gentleman, for improvements on the concertina and other musical instruments in which the sounds are produced by the action of wind on vibratory springs. Feb. 8th, 6 months.

J. Cox and G. Cox, of Gorgie Mills, Edinburgh, Manufacturers of Leather and Gelatine, for improvements in the manufacture of leather and gelatine. Feb. 8th, 6 months.

G. Straher, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Shipowner, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in ships' windlasses. Feb. 8th, 6 months.

E. Shephard, of Manchester, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for planing, sawing, and cutting wood and other substances. Feb. 8th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for a new or improved system of machinery or apparatus for obtaining and applying motive power for propelling on railways or water, and for raising heavy bodies, applicable also to various other purposes where power is required. Feb. 8th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Gibson, jun., of Birmingham, Japanner, for improvements in ornamenting glass. Feb. 10th, 6 months.

H. H. Fox, of Northwoods, Gloucester, Doctor of medicine, for an improved mode of constructing fire-proof floors, ceilings, and roofs. Feb. 10th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for an improvement or improvements in furnaces. Feb. 12th, 6 months. Communication.

W. Geeves, of Little Portland Street, Cork and Cork Gun Wadding Manufacturer, for improvements in preparing wood for lighting or kindling fires. Feb. 12th, 6 months.

J. Haines, of Tipton, Stafford, Coal Master, and R. Haines, of the same place, Coal Master, for an improved method or methods of making or manufacturing links for the construction of flat chains used for mining and other purposes. Feb. 13th, 6 months.

B. Woodcroft, of Manchester, Consulting Engineer, for improvements in propelling vessels. Feb. 13th, 6 months.

J. Overend, of Liverpool, Gentleman, for improvements in printing fabrics with metallic matters, and in finishing silks and other fabrics. Feb. 13th, 6 months. Communication.

A. Kurtz, of Liverpool, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in apparatus to be employed for drying, evaporating, distilling, torrefying, and calcining. Feb. 14th, 6 months.

E. Galloway, of Union Place, City Road, Civil Engineer, for certain combinations of materials to be used as a substitute for canvass and other surfaces employed as grounds for painting, and some of which combinations are applicable to other purposes. Feb. 14th, 6 months.

S. Dobree, of Putney, Esq., for certain improvements in the manufacture of fuel. Feb. 17th, 6 months. Communication.

J. L. Hood, of Old Broad Street, Gentleman, for an improved composition or mixture of metals applicable to the manufacture of sheathing for ships and other vessels, bolts, nails, or other fastenings. Feb. 17th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Kibble, of Glasgow, Gentleman, for improvements in transmitting power in working machinery where endless belts, chains, or straps are, or may be used. Feb. 17th, 6 months.

W. Losh, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., for improvements in the manufacture of metal chains for mining and other purposes. Feb. 17th, 6 months.

A. Alliot, of Lenton, Bleacher, for improvements in pulling, stretching, drying, and dressing goods manufactured of wool, cotton, silk, and other fibrous materials. Feb. 19th, 6 months.

C. Bedells, of Leicester, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of elastic fabrics. Feb. 19th, 6 months.

C. Nickels and B. Nickels, of York Road, Lambeth, Manufacturers, for improve-

ments in the manufacture of elastic fabrics, and in rendering elastic fabrics less elastic. Feb. 19th, 6 months.

A. Jeffery, of Brunton Works, Limehouse, for improvements in treating wood and certain other substances required to be exposed to water. Feb. 19th, 6 months.

A. Parkes, of Birmingham, Artist, for improvements in the manufacture of certain alloys or combinations of metals, and in depositing certain metals. Feb. 21st, 6 months.

W. Sheldon, of Birmingham, Japan Painter, for improvements in the manufacture of buttons and in japanners' ware, and articles in substitution of papier maché. Feb. 21st, 6 months.

E. J. Coates, of Bread Street, Cheapside, Merchant, for improvements in the forging of bolts, spikes, and nails. Feb. 21st, 6 months.

H. C. Howells, of Hay, Gentleman, for improvements in the fastenings of parts of bedsteads and other frames. Feb. 21, 6 months. Communication.

T. Liddell, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Engineer, for improvements in apparatus for preventing explosion in steam-boilers. Feb. 21, 6 months.

R. Rettie, of Gourock, Scotland, Civil Engineer, for improvements in gridirons, frying-pans, and other cooking utensils and heating apparatus. Feb. 24, 6 months.

F. Studley, of Shrewsbury, Gentleman, for an improved mill or apparatus for grinding grain with or without sifter or dresser, also for cobling, bruising, crushing, cutting, splitting, or dividing seed, pulse, berry, or other articles. Feb. 24, 6 months.

A. Alliott, of Lenton, Nottingham, Bleacher, for improvements in scouring, bleaching, and dyeing. Feb. 24, 6 months.

T. Masterman, of the Dolphin Brewery, Broad Street, Radcliff Common, Brewer, for a certain method of mechanism for the speedy cooling of liquids being within certain degrees of temperature, and which method or mechanism he terms a refrigerator. Feb. 24, 2 months.

W. Rouse, of Great Barton, Bury St. Edmund's, Wheelwright, for certain improvements in carriages, and in parts of carriages applicable to various purposes. Feb. 24, 6 months.

P. R. Jackson, of Strawberry Hill, Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and manufacture of wheels, cylinders, hoops, and rollers, and in the machinery or apparatus connected therewith, and also improvements in steam-valves. Feb. 21, 6 months.

H. Brown, of Selkirk, for improvements in carding silk, cotton, and other fibres. Jan. 24, 6 months.

B. Bailey, of Leicester, Framesmith, for improvements in machinery for manufacturing looped fabrics. Feb. 24, 6 months.

C. Bedells, of Leicester, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of bonnets, collars, capes, caps, shawls, coats, gaiters, scarfs, stockings, gloves, and mits. Feb. 24, 6 months.

G. Conti, of James Street, Buckingham Gate, Gentleman, for improvements in hydraulic machinery to be used as a motive power. Feb. 24, 6 months.

J. Aitken, of Surrey Square, for improvements in atmospheric railways. Feb. 24, 6 months.

A. Trail, of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, for an improvement in the manufacture of sails for ships and other vessels. Feb. 24, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Queen Square, Westminster, Esq., for improvements in slubbing, spinning, twisting, and doubling cotton and other fibrous substances. Feb. 24, 6 months.

I. Larbalestier, of Noble Street, Falcon Square, Furrier, for improvements in making certain skins resemble the sable fur. Feb. 26, 6 months.

R. Kitson, of Cleckheaton, Card Manufacturer, and J. Garthwaite, of Leeds, Flax Spinner, for improvements in wire cards for carding cotton, wool, silk, flax, and other fibrous substances, and for producing tow and yarns from line and tow-yarn waste, which comes from the spinning frames commonly called hard waste. Feb. 27, 6 months.

C. Newington, of Ticehurst, Sussex, Esq., for certain improvements in apparatus for ascertaining and indicating the time at which a person is present at a particular place. Feb. 27, 6 months.

T. Harbottle, of Manchester, Gentleman, for a machine designed for manufacturing boot soles, taps, and also for rivetting leather hose, traces, and for other purposes, to which the same may be usefully applied. Feb. 27, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—Feb. 24.—No House.

Feb. 26.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 27.—No House.

Feb. 28.—No House.

Feb. 29.—Nothing of importance.

March 1.—Lord Brougham moved for copies of correspondence which had taken place between the British missionaries in the South Sea Islands and the Government touching the treatment of those missionaries since the proceedings of the French at Tahiti.

March 2.—No House.

March 4.—Lord Brougham presented a bill for further regulating the proceedings of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Read a first time and ordered to be printed. Some conversation took place respecting Irish Affairs.

March 5.—The Royal assent was given by Committee to the Horse-racing Penalties Actions Discontinuing Bill, the Offences at Sea Bill, the Metropolis Improvements Bill, and Sang's Naturalization Bill.

March 6.—No House.

March 7.—The Lord Chancellor laid on the table a Bill to Regulate Suits relating to chapels and other property used for religious purposes, and belonging to persons not of the Established Church, and to relieve Dissenters from annoyances connected with interments. The bill was then read a first time.

March 8.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council. He explained the constitution of the Judicial Committee, and described the extraordinary variety of subjects which were submitted for its decision. The Admiralty, the Ecclesiastical Court, the Equity Courts, and all the Courts of India, sent appeals from their judgments to be heard by the Privy Council. The bill was intended to render the Court complete, by the addition, as permanent members, of a President, and two Puisne Judges, so that it should not, as at present, be dependent on the gratuitous assistance of Lord Campbell and Mr. Pemberton Leigh. It proposed also, that in the Privy Council should be vested the power of deciding upon application for divorce *a vinculo matrimonii;* and the noble Lord enlarged with much force upon the injustice of the existing system, and its practical denial of redress to all who were not sufficiently wealthy to defray the enormous expense of a divorce Bill. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Cottenham, Lord Campbell, and the Bishop of Exeter, made several observations, admitting that the subject called for inquiry, but objecting to the details of the Bill. It was read a second time and referred to a Select Committee.

March 9.—No House.

March 11.—Nothing of importance.

March 12.—The Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Annuities (1818) Bill the Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Annuities Bill, and the Consolidated Fund Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.

March 13.—No House.

March 14.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Bill for improving the practice of the Ecclesiastical Courts in England and Wales. The Bill was read a second time.

March 15.—The Royal assent was given to the Three-and-a-Half per Cent. and several other bills.

March 16.—No House.

March 18.—Some conversation took place respecting the Corn Law League.

March 19.—Lord Monteagle moved for certain papers relating to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth. The Noble Lord entered at great length into the history of this Institution with a view to show its usefulness, and the expediency of augmenting the grant to it from Government. After some observations by the Marquess of Lansdowne, the motion was agreed to.

March 20.—No House.

March 21.—Nothing of importance.

House of Commons.—Feb. 24.—No House.

Feb. 26.—On the motion for going into Committee on the Supplies, Mr. Sharman Crawford moved their postponement, on the ground, previously urged by him, that the House ought to give redress of grievances before voting the Supplies. He moved that the consideration of the Estimates should be postponed till after Easter. The House then divided. For Mr. S. Crawford's amendment, 11; against it, 105; majority, 94.—Sir T. Fremantle moved that a new writ be issued to the Sheriff of the county of Londonderry, for the return of a Member to Parliament in the room of Mr. Bateson, deceased.—The Report upon the Horse-racing Penalties Bill was brought up: an amendment proposed by Mr. C. Berkeley, for extending the provisions of the Bill to certain other sports, having been negatived without a division, the clauses were agreed to, and the Report was received.

Feb. 27.—On the motion for the third reading of the Horse-racing Penalties Bill, Mr. Christie moved that the Bill be read a third time that day six months. He contended that, if *ex poste facto* legislation were to be adopted in this case, there were many others to which it was equally applicable. After some observations by Mr. Hawes, Sir J. Easthope, Mr. M. Gibson, and Col. Peel, the House divided, and the numbers were—For the third reading, 87; against it, 21; majority, 66. The Bill was then read a third time, and passed.—Captain Bernal moved for the copy of an Address presented to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from the Dublin Protestant Operative Association and Reformation Society, dated the 14th of October, 1843; together with the official reply of the Lord Lieutenant, dated "Vice Regal Lodge, October 16, 1843." The House then divided, when the numbers were—For the motion, 54; against it, 105; majority, 51.

Feb. 28.—No House.

Feb. 29.—Colonel Rawdon brought forward a resolution to the effect that, by the lateness of the period at which the proclamation to prevent the Clontarf meeting was issued, a risk of disastrous collision was incurred, and a dangerous precedent created. Mr. V. Stuart seconded the motion. Mr. Somers, Mr. S. Crawford, and Mr. E. B. Roche, supported the motion. The House then divided. For the motion, 62; against it, 90; majority against the motion, 28.

March 1.—Mr. T. Duncombe, on the motion for going into a committee of Supply, moved for a return of the names of the shorthand-writers employed by Government to report Mr. O'Connell's trial, and of the moneys paid, and the instructions given, to the reporters sent by Government to take notes of the proceedings at the Irish Repeal meetings. Mr. Bellew said a few words, and a division took place. The numbers were—Against the motion, 144; for it, 73; majority against it, 71.—Mr. S. Crawford moved that the further consideration of the Estimates should be postponed till a Committee should report on the petitions respecting the state of the representation. Mr. Blewitt seconded the motion. No debate ensued. The House divided. For Mr. Crawford's motion, 15; against it, 91; majority, 76.

March 2.—No House.

March 4.—Mr. W. Gladstone moved the resolutions adopted by the Railway Committee. He said that, with respect to Railway Bills, the principle hitherto acted upon had been to appoint the Committees upon them from Members connected with the local interests affected by them; but the Committee had recommended a different principle—that of appointing, in the case of competing lines, a Committee consisting of five gentlemen unconnected, either personally or through their constituents, with the competing lines in question. After some further discussion, the House divided: and the resolutions were carried by 200 to 3.—Mr. H. Baillie called the attention of Sir H. Hardinge to the regulations under which pensions are awarded to the non-commissioned officers and privates in the army. Dr. Bowring seconded the motion; which, on a division, was negatived by 87 to 8.—The House then went into a Committee of Supply. Sir H. Hardinge, in moving the first vote, of 100,295 men, explained that the object of maintaining this force was not to coerce the people, but to ensure reliefs for the troops, so that for every ten years of foreign service each regiment might have five years of home station. At present there were fourteen regiments which had been more than ten years absent from their native country. He proceeded to explain, in their order, the object and particulars of each of the succeeding votes, including public departments, staff, volunteers, half-pay, pensions, and other miscellaneous charges: and summed up by stating that the whole charge, for services effective and non-effective, would be 5,984,524*l*. Mr. Williams moved that there be a reduction in the proposed force of 20,000 men. Lord Howick supported the original proposition; but made a number of remarks on matters of detail,

connected with the war department. After some further discussion, the Committee divided: for the amendment, 12; against it, 114.

March 5.—Mr. Williams (Coventry) moved that no motion, if opposed, shall be brought on and discussed in the House after midnight. The House divided, when there were for the motion 16, and against it 146.

March 6.—The County Coroners' Bill went through the Committee. Several clauses were agreed to. On clause 20, which enacted that Coroners should receive 1*s.* per mile travelling expenses, instead of 9*d.*, Mr. C. Berkely moved that the clause should be omitted. The Committee divided, and the numbers were, for the clause, 98; against it, 34; majority, 59.

March 7.—Mr. Labouchere brought forward his motion for an address to her Majesty, praying for the adoption of such measures as might appear best calculated to improve the commercial relations between this country and the Brazils. After some observations from Lord Palmerston, the House divided—against the motion, 205; for it, 132; majority against it, 73.

March 8.—The House having resolved itself into a Committee, the Chancellor of the Exchequer explained the views of the Government respecting the future mode of dealing with the Three-and-a-half per Cent. Stock. He was about to ask of the House to deal with the largest sum for which any Government had ever been called on to propose a regulation, being no less than 25,000,000 of money. There had long been a general opinion that the time was approaching when it would be the duty of the Government to reduce the interest on this debt. Never was there a period when capital seeking investment was so plentiful, and the rate of interest so low, as at present; and there was nothing in the circumstances of the times which gave any reason to expect that this state of things would soon pass away. The condition of the public finances, too, was favourable to the proposed object; for, thanks to the firmness of the House of Commons, the revenue now once more exceeded the expenditure. He specified the successive creations and amounts of the different stocks bearing 3½ per cent. interest, and noticed the past reductions in them. He had not thought it right, though these stocks had been separately constituted, to deal with them separately, but proposed to treat them all upon one level, except the stock constituted in 1818, which had been accompanied at its birth with some peculiar protections. He was not disposed to purchase an immediate relief by increasing the burdens of succeeding times. He had, therefore, rejected the idea of lowering the present interest by augmenting the capital of the debt; and his intention was to propose the conversion of the Three-and-a-half into a Three-and-a-quarter per Cent. Stock, which should continue till October, 1854; after which period the interest should be reduced to Three per Cent., with a guarantee that, for twenty years from 1854, there should be no further reduction. Having stated the periods which would be allowed for signifying dissent, he observed, that by this measure the public, from October, 1844, to 1854, would save 625,000*l.* per annum; which saving, from and after 1854, would become 1,250,000*l.* per annum. He proposed, also, to make such arrangements, that from next October the payments of interest would be nearly equalised in each quarter. He concluded his most clear and able statement (amid repeated cheers from both sides of the House) by moving resolutions which embodied the proposals of his speech. Mr. Baring, Sir J. R. Reid, Mr. P. Stewart, Sir J. Easthope, and other Members on both sides of the House, expressed the strongest approbation of the proposed measure; and the resolutions moved by the Chancellor of the Exchequer were agreed to. The House then went into a Committee of Supply.

March 9.—No House.

March 11.—The House of Commons went into Committee on the Factory Bill, and the debate, on Lord Ashley's amendment, was resumed. After some observations by Mr. Hindley, Mr. Collett, and others, in the midst of much noise and impatience the Committee divided—For the amendment, 179; against it, 170; majority against Ministers, 9. Another division took place on the motion for the insertion of the word "six," for eight o'clock in the second clause. For the motion, 153; against it, 161; majority, 8. Sir James Graham said that the decision of the Committee was just the adoption of a 10 hours' Bill without any modification. He had insuperable objections to it; but still he did not think it consistent with his duty, in the present circumstances, to drop the Bill. There would afterwards be an opportunity to consider the subject in a more substantive form, when they came to the 8th clause. The House then resumed, and the Chairman reported progress. The Gaming Transactions Bill (Indemnity to Witnesses) was read a third time and passed.

March 12.—Not Members to form a House.

March 13.—The House went into Committee on the County Coroner's Bill. Sir James Graham thought that the power to alter districts given to the Magistrates in Quarter Sessions by the second clause of the Bill, ought to be coupled with the consent of the Lord Chancellor expressed thereto. Mr. Pakington agreed to adopt the suggestion. The second, third, and fourth clauses were then agreed to. Mr. Scott, on the fifth clause, objected, that the effect of it would be to take away the right of election from those in whom it was at present vested, and place it in the hands of those who had qualified to vote for knights of the shire. He would, therefore, move for the omission of the words "knights of the shire," and the insertion of the word "Coroners." Mr. Warburton seconded the amendment. The Committee divided—for the amendment, 70; against it, 45; majority, 25. Various verbal amendments were introduced into succeeding clauses. On the 20th, some discussion took place as to its wording, with the view of preventing Coroners from charging double mileage for inquests in the same place. The proviso was ultimately introduced, and the clause, as amended, was agreed to. Clause 21 was agreed to, 22 was struck out, and the remaining clauses having been severally agreed to, the Chairman left the chair, the report was brought up, and the Bill, with its amendments, was ordered to be printed.—The Night Poaching Prevention Bill was read a second time.—A discussion took place on the second reading of Lord Worsley's Enclosure of Commons bill, which was opposed. The House divided. The second reading was carried by 70 to 23.

March 14.—Not Members to form a House.

March 15.—The House again went into Committee on the Factory Bill. On the 8th clause, limiting to 12 the number of working hours for females and young persons between 13 and 18 years old, Lord Ashley proposed that the *maximum*, instead of being 12 hours, as proposed in the Bill, should be reduced to 10 hours. The Committee divided on the original motion of the Government to fill up the blank in the clause with the words, "twelve hours."—For the motion, 183; against it, 186; majority against Ministers, 3. The Committee then divided on Lord Ashley's motion to fill up the blank with the words "ten hours."—For the motion, 181; against it, 188; majority against Lord Ashley's motion, 7.

March 16.—No House.

March 18.—On the resolution of the Committee of Supply respecting widows' pensions being read, Captain Bernal moved for a copy of any correspondence between the Secretary at War and Mrs. Fawcett relating to the withholding of her pension. After a long discussion on the subject of duelling in the army, Captain Bernal withdrew his motion.

March 19.—Mr. Cobden brought forward his motion for "a Select Committee to inquire into the effects of protective duties on imports upon the interests of the tenant-farmers and farm-labourers of this country." After some observations from Mr. Newdegate, Dr. Bowring, and Mr. W. O. Stanley, the House divided. For the motion, 133; against it, 224: majority, 91.

March 20.—Mr. Gladstone moved for a Committee of the whole House to consider the laws relative to international copyright. The present law, which was framed in 1838, related only to a portion of the articles which were the subjects of copyright, and since the late Act very material alterations of the law had taken place, in consequence of which Her Majesty was not at present in a situation to conclude conventions with respect to copyrights with foreign powers. He might state, that there was a prospect of such conventions being concluded with Prussia and the Zolliverein. He asked for leave to bring in a Bill to enable her Majesty to extend to foreigners, with certain restrictions, all the privileges of British subjects with regard to copyrights. The House then went into Committee, when resolutions were passed and reported to the House. After which leave was given, the Bill brought in, read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Friday. The County Coroners' Bill, the Masters' and Servants' Bills, were advanced a stage.

March 21.—Mr. Cochrane moved for copies of any correspondence that had taken place with Sir H. Lyons, or with the Government of France and Russia, respecting the late occurrences in Greece.

March 22.—Went into Committee on the second clauses of the Factory Bill, when the chairman of the Committee reported progress. The Three-and-a-Half per Cents. Annuities Bill was read a third time and passed: and also the Consolidated Fund Bill.

March 23.—No House.

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